THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Ao Do 1728 by Benjamin

APR. 8, 1911 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

More Than a Million and Three-Quarters Circulation Weekly

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co. CHICAGO.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT PEPSIN GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE.

THE SPEARMINT GIRL WITH THE WRIGLEY EYES

This confection costs least! It benefits most!

If everybody chewed it, all teeth would be white. All breath would be right. Everyone would approve of it because everyone would benefit by it.

GET THE GOODY THAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

Look for the spear! *The flavor lasts!*

Chalmers
"30" $1500
Detachable Runabout $75 additional

CHALMERS · MOTOR · CO.
Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

Suppose All Automobiles Were Sold at the Same Price

Suppose Congress should pass a law requiring all automobile manufacturers to sell their cars at exactly the same price for a period of thirty days—and that a low price.

If that could be true, you would immediately snap up the car which had, in your opinion, the best reputation for quality. Price out of consideration, you would quickly decide solely on the basis of reputation and quality.

Of course, no such law can be passed. Prices exist. They must be taken into consideration. But the lesson in our supposition remains: Prices mean little of themselves, they have meaning only when considered in relation to values. Nothing is superior except by comparison.

Now what about the car you would take if the prices of all were the same? It would, of course, be a car up-to-date in design. It would be well built—the product of fine materials and superior workmanship. It would have a smooth running motor giving power enough and speed enough. It would be quiet. It would be comfortable and easy riding. It would have graceful lines and good finish—beauty. It would possess all the possible small refinements and conveniences. It would be known to be reliable and enduring. It would come from a great factory. It would by all means bear a name which had earned a reputation for fairness and efficiency. It would be backed by an organization that could insure service.

Now those are the things you would select in a car if the prices of all were the same. These are the right things to select, too. Go ahead and look for them: they mean quality, and quality should come first.

The man who goes into the automobile market saying, "I want to get a car selling for "about $1000," or "about $1700," or "about $5000" is going in the wrong way. What he should say to himself is, "I want to get a car that has such and such qualities in it." Then he should look for those qualities and buy them where he can get them for the least money.

You can certainly get all these qualities if you pay $5000 or $6000 for a car. But perhaps that is more money than you want to spend. Then you must see if you can find the quality you want for less.

Perhaps you have only a small sum to spend for a car. If so, you probably won't be able to get all the quality you want. There is a golden mean in making and selling automobiles as in other things. Get much below that mean and the quality cannot be put into the cars. Get much above it and it is hard to put in enough more quality to justify the higher prices.

Chalmers cars have always been made and sold on the basis of quality rather than price. Yet they are not high priced cars. The "30" sells for $1500, the "Forty" for $2800. We ask that you compare them carefully with your standards of quality. Compare them with that car you would buy if price did not have to be considered. You'll find they are not far off. We are glad to have them compared with any cars. Our whole advertising and selling effort is directed toward getting buyers to make careful, intelligent and open-minded comparisons. We are firmly convinced that the more people know about the best standards of judging cars, the simpler the task of selling the output of our factory.

If you think of buying a car selling for less than the Chalmers, we say: Compare the prices and then look carefully at the quality of the two cars, and see if it wouldn't pay you to pay the difference.

If you think of buying a higher priced car than ours, we say: Compare the quality of the two, point by point, then look at the prices and see if you can't save the difference.

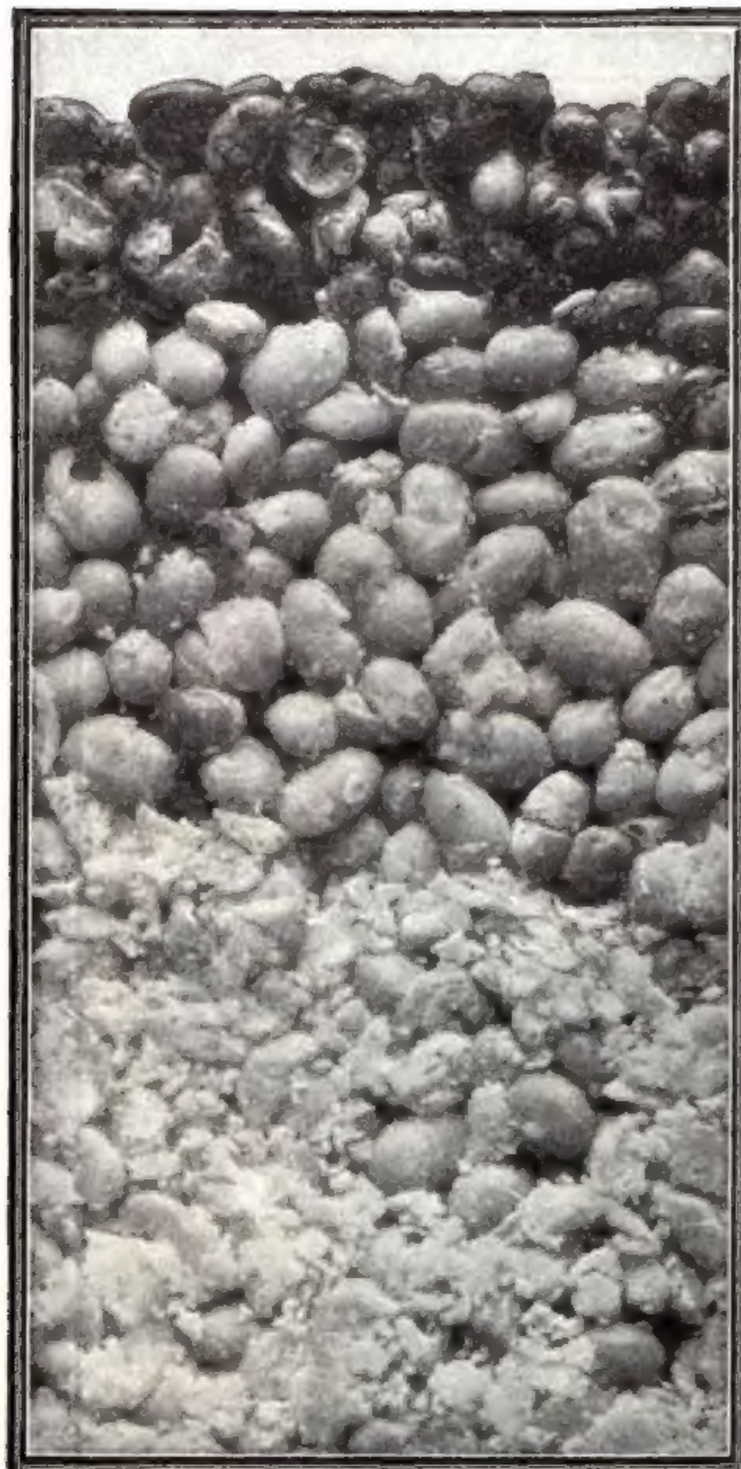
We are trying to make a worth-while selection simple for you. The cars are on show in all leading cities. In the long run they must sell themselves no matter what we or our dealers say about them. Talk won't sell them if the quality is lacking. They have always sold readily in the past. They are selling that way now.

There are twenty-five definite reasons why the Chalmers "30" is a better purchase than any other car selling for the same money—reasons of design, of materials, of workmanship, of comfort, beauty and detail. We can't put them in here, but the dealers know them. Ask what they are.

Chalmers "30," $1500. Chalmers "Forty," $2800.

Chalmers Motor Company

Detroit, Mich.



Home-Baked Beans

From Actual Photograph

Some Crisped—Some Mushy—All Broken—None Digestible

This panel—made from photograph—is a vertical section from a dish of home-baked beans.

On top are the crisp beans—burned and worthless.

Next come the beans which remain unbroken because they are not half baked. Oven tests show that these under beans rarely get heated above 100 degrees.

Next come the beans which boil during the baking—boil to a soggy mass.

And yet this dish—baked in this primitive way—since the days of the Pilgrims has been our racial food. Where is the person, American born, who doesn't enjoy baked beans?

Sixteen hours are required for soaking, boiling and baking to prepare this home-baked dish.

Then the baking is skimped. Our grandmothers, in the days of brick ovens, set the Sunday beans baking on Friday night.

The home beans of today are not even half baked. That's why they don't digest—why they ferment and form gas—why many folks can't eat them.

It isn't the cook's fault. It is the fault of the oven. It is utterly impossible in a dry-heat oven to properly bake this dish.

Note the picture again. Note what a mixture it is of the crisped, the unbaked and the soggy.

That's just what you get for all the work of preparing a dish of home-baked beans. And the folks you serve get a food they can't digest.

You must start today if you want to serve it tomorrow. You must serve it promptly, else the beans won't keep.

The result is this: Nature's choicest food—84 per cent nutriment—is rarely served more than once a week where the baking is done at home.

You serve meats in their place, at three times the cost, without a whit more of nutrition.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

From Actual Photograph

Every Bean Nut-Like, Mealy, Whole and Digestible

Here's another photograph showing half the inside of a can of Van Camp's Pork and Beans. Tens of millions of cans, exactly like this, go out from our kitchens yearly.

Note that every bean is separate and whole. None are crisped, none broken. That is the way folks like baked beans—nut-like, mealy and whole.

Yet those beans for hours are baked in a heat of 245 degrees. They are baked in small parcels so the full heat goes through. Those beans of yours—though broken and soggy—never get half so much heat.

These beans digest easily. They don't ferment and form gas. They never tax the stomach. And the whole secret lies in steam ovens.

We soak the beans just as you do. We boil in two waters, as you do. But we bake them as you cannot. We bake them in plenty, without crisping or bursting, because we don't use dry heat.

And the tomato sauce—made of vine-ripened tomatoes—is baked with the beans. Its delicious zest goes all through.

These beans come from the grocer all ready to serve. A dozen cans on your shelf mean a dozen meals ready for any emergency.

Each can is sterilized after being sealed. So the freshness and flavor remain intact until you are ready to serve.

You can serve the dish cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes. And you'll have such beans as you never will know until you first taste Van Camp's.

Order from the grocery a few cans of Van Camp's and just make a comparison. Find out how our chefs, with all their facilities, have perfected this national dish.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Ind.**

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A NUMBER OF THINGS

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

STAGE Directions: Enter, l. u. e., First Walking Gentleman. Enter, r. u. e., Second Walking —— That will never do. They were both cowmen and, therefore, emphatically always riding gentlemen. Also, the stage and setting are worthy of notice. Socorro County was the stage. There are counties and counties. The waters of Socorro drain to Atlantic and Pacific. It consistently measures one hundred and seventy-four consecutive miles from east to west, or the reverse. The pole-to-equator dimension varies from seventy-eight to one hundred and twenty miles. The diagonals connecting both pairs of opposite corners are each one hundred and ninety-eight miles—just about the airline from Washington to New York. Area, sixteen thousand square miles plus—or more than that of Massachusetts and New Jersey combined.

To put it another way, the compact portion of the county, neglecting irregularities, is considerably larger than Maryland and Delaware together. In addition, there is a little bump or swelling, exactly the size of Rhode Island, projecting from the southwestern corner; a similar excrescence, a third larger, on the southeastern corner.

Mesa, mountain and forest, valley and desert and rolling upland—silence and the mellow sunlight over all. Consider now that from every favorable height you may not only view all this vast expanse—save when a great range walls your vision—but your kindling eye may look far out, beyond these man-made boundaries, to White Mountain in the sunrise, northward to Jemez Hill beyond Bernalillo, west to the Arizonian Mogollon, down between the long parallel ranges to Old Mexico.

A land of mighty mountains, far seen, gloriously tinted, misty opal, purple, blue and amethyst; a land of enchantment and mystery. Those same opalescent hills, seen closer, are decked with barbaric colors—reds, yellows or pinks, brown or green or gray; but, from afar, shapes and colors ebb and flow, altered daily, hourly, by subtle sorcery of atmosphere, distance and angle; deepening, fading, combining into new and fantastic forms and hues—to melt again as swiftly into others yet more bewildering.

An empire for size; but the inhabitants are not numerically dense. The population of the county is fifteen thousand, mostly Republicans. It is of record, however, that a Democrat was once laughed into the sheriff's office—because of what you are now to hear.

There's the stage: Rio Grande near footlights. Also the railroad, with a thirty-mile spur to Magdalena, eighteen miles west and one mile up. Continental Divide beyond; other scattered ranges r. and l. Gulf of California in background.

Warm sunlight. Enter, l. u. e., First Riding Gentleman. Enter, r. u. e., Second Riding Gentleman. Creepy music.

I

ON A GOLDEN-BRIGHT October day, John Wesley Pringle, F. R. G., crossed the Arizona line, heading for Socorro town, the county-seat. He rode a sorrel horse and the sorrel horse was weary.

That same day and hour, Bally Russell, S. R. G., toiled through Lava Gap, in the far southeastern corner. He drove a team of mules—brown, blithe and buxom—to a wagon topheavy with hides. He, too, was for Socorro town.

Observe, now, that neither of these men had ever seen the other, or heard of the other; neither had ever been to the county-seat. Bally was going to sell his hides; Pringle to catch a train. Why Pringle was leaving Arizona is —— I don't care if Kipling did say it. It is another story. And it's high time for that The Other Stories book. We are growing old.

In general appearance the two men were rather alike. Both wore high-heeled boots, blue overalls, flannel shirts and gray hats: both were lean, hard, vigorous, brown and bald. Bally was a little the taller, balder, grayer and older of the two; but Pringle was shorter and had more hair, by weight or count. Looking closely, you saw that Pringle's hair was grizzled where Bally's was only gray, and gray where Bally's was gone. And Bally had a roan mustache, while Pringle's was a frosty brindle.

It was fifteen years since; John Wesley was years younger than he is now, but he didn't look it then and he doesn't yet. You would at once have said that he was from fifty-seven to thirty-six, or thereabout. Bally, on the other hand, looked to be anywhere from forty-five up.

There the resemblance ceased. Bally had the conventional number of fingers, especially thumbs, on each hand. He was married, hasty, smouldering, subdued, silent and iron-stubborn; while Pringle was swift, deliberate and happy. A deep, quiet twinkle lurked in the back of his eye; he sang sad songs joyously as he rode; and most of his right thumb was in California, where they use long ropes.

At Magdalena, Pringle was lucky enough to find an old-time friend, Bill Sanders, eloquently running for sheriff on the Democratic ticket, with his foot on a brass rail. A joyful man was Sanders; he introduced Pringle to all present, including McMillan, the district judge, and Elfego Baca, the prosecuting attorney. Next, he offered to give Pringle a wagon—which is to say, in English, he offered him the position of wagon-boss, rod or foreman. Pringle said he must be going, though Sanders assured him that his, Sanders', opponent, the present sheriff, would undoubtedly be reëlected. But Pringle was firm. He sold the legweary horse and his saddle to Sanders, untied his coat from the cantle, and took the Elevator for Socorro.

The Elevator made one round trip daily, taking up eight cars and bringing down sixteen, together with the express-mail-baggage-passenger combination coach each way.

Judge and district attorney were fellow passengers. From them Pringle learned that the next train out from Socorro, on the main line, was the southbound express, half an hour after the Elevator's arrival.

So, as the bus clattered by uptown, Wes' seated himself on the baggage truck, with an admiring eye for the high crest of Socorro Mountain, looming above the town—all rose and gold-dust under the low sun. The Elevator was shunted to its own little side track. The engine, switch engine *ex officio* of the Socorro yards, bustled up and down and in and out the shining rails, puffing cheerfully, bunting, pulling, pushing the cars, shuffling them hither and yon.

A wagon loaded with hides and drawn by two merry brown mules crossed the track and halted by the station. A tall, grizzly-gray man climbed stiffly down and went to the office window.

The agent was deep in waybill and voucher. The grayish man waited patiently: he waited impatiently; he tipped his hat back and Wes' saw that he was bald. The bus came back from town; the passengers grumbled bitterly, for that "Five" was late again.

The muledriver cleared his throat and tapped on the sill. "Say, mister, can't you spare me a minute? I'm looking for Sperling

Pringle Bent a Pin, Fastened it to a Rawhide Thong and Fished Patiently for the Coat

Brothers' warehouse. Got a load of hides."

The agent finished his waybill. "Other side o' the track," he snapped, without looking up.

Number 817 was pushing back a long string of cars. The muledriver climbed to his seat and whipped up to beat the cars to the crossing. He was just too late and pulled up with the wagon across the main track and the mules' noses almost touching the cars, which had now stopped. The driver lighted a pipe and settled back to wait. Wes' rolled a cigarette.

Joyce, the brakeman, came briskly by. "Hi, you!" said the driver. "Can't you open up for me? Like to unload and chew. Sun'll be down along to'ard night."

"Bruten"

Joyce grinned. He was a fine, big man, and not bad-looking when he did not grin. "Engineer's gone to the eathouse for a cup of coffee," he said, and passed over to the Elevator, where, through the wide side door of the express car, conductor Pat Savage was visible, busy with his reports.

The driver looked at his watch and settled back. Wes', interested and happy, lit another cigarette. The engineer came back and pottered by the wheels with wrench and oil can. The muledriver lifted up his plaintive voice: "Hi, mister! Wish you'd pull up and let me by."

The engineer straightened up, turned and took a good, long, incredulous look. "Aw, go and take a long running jump at yourself!" he said, and bent to his work again.

A burst of loud and mocking laughter greeted this stroke of wit; Joyce trudged over from the Elevated. "Back off, you old fool!" he said. "Passenger train's coming."

The old fool regarded him without visible resentment.

"Can't back. Them mules ain't got no britchin'. You ain't got no right to keep the crossing blocked so long, I don't think."

"You don't tell me!" drawled Joyce. A titter from the waiting passengers encouraged him. "Back off—or I'll break every bone in your mizzable old carcass!"

"Oh, don't—don't do that!" said the driver pleadingly. "I'll come down." He came down with incredible swiftness, as if the spring seat had been a catapult and had hurled him away; he hit the ground on the balls of his feet and bounded forward; his heavy blacksnake whip licked forward as he came, the lash writhed over the brakeman's shoulder and bit through shirt and skin. Joyce threw up his hands to protect his eyes; the old fool's left hand snapped wickedly up under the brakeman's guard. A quick man might have counted one, two. It was all over; the brakeman was down in a huddle. The old fool climbed back to his seat; Wes' nursed his knees and smiled a pleasant smile.

A plume of black smoke rose above the northward curve: the passenger train swung into the tangent. Some of the passengers started to run out, followed by a wrathful agent. The man on the wagon held up his hand and checked them.

"Them mules," he stated simply, "can't back. There ain't no britchin'."

Joyce rolled over, gasped, sat up dizzily and sighed. His legs were spread out to steady him. He rubbed his chin gingerly; his other hand stole over between his broad shoulders. It came back with a smear of blood on the finger. He stared hard and reproachfully at his assailant and shook the accusing bloody finger at him. "Look what you done! Five dollars fine for drawing blood on a fool! Aren't you 'shamed to pick on a poor boy like me?"

The finable one regarded his victim cheerfully.

"You're all right, bub," he grinned. The victim grinned back.

"Sure I am. But, say, daddy, you'd better back up now, sure enough. The choochoo'll get you if you don't watch out."

"My mules," said daddy, leaning forward to explain, "can't back. There ain't no britchin'."

The train was in the yards, the whistle bellowed and screamed. Men were shouting, waving their hands. The driver sat unmoved. On his truck, Wes' murmured happily to himself his own delight.

The whistle delivered a final blasphemous imprecation; there was grinding of brakes and shriek of tortured steel; the train shivered to the reverse, slid in a shower of sparks and stopped, panting indignation, not twenty feet away. Not till then did the driver look up.

Wes' rose and sauntered to the wagon. Engineer and fireman swung down, vociferous; conductor and brakeman ran down beside the train; curious passengers boiled out and followed.

The trainmen came with a rush.

The teamster reached under the seat and fished out a rusty double-barreled shotgun. He swung it around with fine carelessness, cocking the hammers. "Don't, now!" he said. They didn't.

The station agent was behind the wagon, bawling his wrongs. "Have him jailed! Arrest him for assault with deadly weapons—and for stopping the United States Mail!" he shrieked.

The wagoner turned the gun that way. "Sonny, you talk too much," he said reprovingly. "Show me that warehouse," he demanded of the station agent.

The agent pointed. "Over the-ere!" he chattered.

"Go and uncouple that train," said the man behind the gun.

The agent did this.

"Now give 'em the high ball."

The agent waved his hands and the freight cars drew apart. The wagon went through and turned the corner to the warehouse. Number Five pulled up to the station; passengers and trainmen buzzed like swarming bees.

Wes' mingled with the throng, listening. They were taking the offender's description; they were going to arrest him. Wes' pulled his hat over his eyes and thrust his right hand into his pocket; he had an idea. Standing close behind the conductor of the passenger, he said casually:

"I bet that man was a bad actor. I see his right thumb was cut off—shot off, likely."

That seed was sown on fertile ground. Other trainmen promptly remarked upon the missing member; the engineer interrupted as the agent was telephoning the sheriff:

"And his right thumb was cut off. Notice that, Jim?"

"Course I did," said the agent testily. "Think I'm blind? I saw it when he first come. Hello, sheriff! That man's thumb was cut off—his right thumb. He asked for Sperling's warehouse. Mebbe Sperling can tell you who he is. Yes, I'll swear out the warrant. And he made a brutal and unprovoked assault on George Joyce."

"Hold on there," said Joyce. "Let me tell that. Hello, sheriff! This is me—Joyce. Say, that feller didn't make no assault on me. Hey? Mule kicked me. Yes; a mule. No complaint. Perfectly satisfied. Goodby."

II

UNOBSERVED, Wes' melted away and slipped over to the warehouse. The wagon stood on the scales. Seeing Wes', the mule man picked up his shotgun. "Sheriff, I reckon?"

"Not I," said Wes'. "But, say, old man, they're after you, they're after you. You're the individual they require. You acquainted in this town?"

"Know just one man—if you call that bein' acquainted—Jim Bruten. That's his house over yonder about a quarter, betweenst them two trees."

"Bruten—Bruten?" said Wes' musingly. "Cowman?"

"Best that ever throwed a loop."

Pringle handed his pocketbook to the other, first taking out a five-dollar bill. Next came his papers, followed by his gun and spurs. "Run along—I'll be the goat. I'll wiggle out after you make a getaway. Leave your team here and I'll send 'em to Bruten's. You tell Bruten to keep my stuff till I call for it. My name's in my notebook."

"Huh? Oh, yes! I see! Why, that's right friendly of you. You'll do to take along." The teamster grinned comprehension. "You do favor me a little. You're a little the shortest at one end, though. Do as much for you sometime."

"I'll look more like you when they come for me. I'll scowl. Go! Git! Vamos! You got to hurry!"

. . . . . .

Springtime Morgan was elderly, sprightly, big, chunky, jolly, easy-going and—generally—wildly unexcitable. He jogged easily up to the warehouse and reined up. Wes' leaned back against the platform, resting his weight on his two elbows, and caroled blithesome:

Standin' on the corner; didn't mean no harm—
Mah baby!
Standin' on the corner; didn't mean no harm.
Po-lice come along and grabs me by the arm—
Mah baby!

The sheriff looked down at John Wesley, twinkling. "Fine day, sir."

"Beautiful," said John Wesley.

"Your name's Bally Russell, isn't it?"

"Why—er—no. Not precisely, that is. Why?"

The sheriff laughed. "We just asked Sperling who you was," he explained. "Guess you'll have to come along with me."

"Is what's-his-name—Sperling—sure of it?"

"That's what he said. Anyhow, you're the man, whatever your name is."

Pringle dug up a stump of pencil and a scrap of paper and wrote laboriously. "How many l's?" he asked.

"Eh? How many what?"

"One l or two—in that name—Russell?"

The sheriff regarded him doubtfully. "Say, you come along! What you want done with your mules? You goin' to try to get bail?"

"Bail?" Wes' echoed. "Oh! You're the sheriff?"

"You're a splendid guesser," said the sheriff. "What do you want to do with them mules?"

Wes' looked the team over carefully. "Are these my mules?"

"Guess there's no doubt about it, Mr. Russell," said the sheriff patiently.

"Well—if you're sure," said Pringle hesitatingly—"perfectly sure—you might get some one to unload the hides and take the outfit over to Jim Bruten's. Tell Sperling to pay Bruten for the hides."

The sheriff took Wes' to the corner restaurant, sent for the station agent and, pending his arrival, made arrangements for disposal of hides and mules according to Pringle's directions.

"This your man, Jim?" he asked, when the station agent came.

The station agent looked at Pringle, who was placidly devouring a pie; he looked at Pringle's right hand.

"That's him," he said.

. . . . . .

Pringle bade fair to become a star boarder. He waived examination and didn't want bail; he would await the action of the grand jury, which was to meet in two weeks. He would not see a lawyer; he would not see his friend Bruten; he declined to discuss the affair or feigned

"You Do Favor Me a Little. You're a Little the Shortest at One End, Though"

ignorance of it. One irritating habit he had: he paid no attention when any one called Russell. But he answered to Bally.

He was a model prisoner—neat, pleasant and cheerful. The sheriff found him a decided acquisition; the guests of the Hotel Morgan were mostly preoccupied and somber. He whistled and sang; he made a rawhide quirt for Bob Lewis, the big, jolly deputy, young but good-natured; he started on another for the sheriff, which remained unfinished because the sheriff found out that Pringle could play chess. Springtime played passionately with his deputy, but beat him with monotonous regularity. When Pringle won the first game the sheriff implored him to plead guilty. "For then they'll not be apt to give you more'n a year and you'll stay here for any time under that. We'll have a bully time; but you plead not guilty and they'll cinch you to the limit and send you to Santa Fe."

He moved Wes' to the cell next to the front door, whence he could keep an eye on the office. The table was pushed against the bars. Springtime sat in the corridor and Wes' in the cell. Springtime stood the cigars and the game went merrily on.

Here, too, sat Springtime and Deputy Lewis while they played, so their new friend might watch the game. That was why Wes' didn't stay. He had intended to stay, in all good faith; but chance brought his good intent to naught. When, late on the fourth night, Morgan and Lewis were interrupted in their game by a call for the latter's services, Wes' was tempted and fell; for the sheriff's coat lay on the floor and the keys were in the pocket. There were possibilities. He declined to finish the game for Lewis or to begin another. He said he was tired and would go to bed. The sheriff, waiting for his deputy's return, went to sleep in his chair.

Pringle bent a pin, fastened it to a rawhide thong from the projected quirt, and fished patiently for the coat. He got it at last. He removed the pin from the thong and trimmed the hole from the thong with his knife. He gently unlocked the cell door. It fastened with a spring lock. He closed it with considerate softness and stood in the corridor regarding his dreaming captor. Then a luminous smile lit up his face.

He tiptoed to the front door and examined the lock. This was also a spring lock; his smile grew more beatific than ever. Very softly he unlocked it and went out.

A block away, he entered a little candy store and purchased much chewing gum. He went back to the jail, masticating systematically. At the window where the light shone through he looked in. The sheriff was sleeping soundly. He laid two wads of gum on the windowsill, kneaded them swiftly to compactness and took careful impressions of his cell key and the great key of the outer door. He rubbed clean the wards of the keys. He went to the front door of the jail, opened it noiselessly, entered with a velvet foot, replaced the keys in the coat, left the coat exactly as it was, went out and closed the door with infinite caution until the lock-bolt snapped behind him. Then he returned to the windowsill, retrieved his precious chewing-gum moulds and set out for Bruten's house.

Bruten was aroused; after a whispered colloquy, they stole to the kitchen. Bruten pulled down the curtain, stirred up the fire and found a large iron spoon in the pantry. Then he went upstairs and brought Pringle's belongings.

Meantime Pringle melted bullets in the iron spoon and poured the lead carefully into his improvised moulds.

"There!" he said gleefully. "I can make keys from that model, all right. That gum melted and sizzed away a little. File 'em down a little smaller to allow for mistakes."

So saying, he bade his obliging host farewell and went out into the hilarious night.

Two hours later he crawled down from a freight train at San Marcial. Before he bought his ticket he went into the Harvey House to buy a cup of coffee. Miss Annie was on duty and poor Pringle forgot to buy his ticket.

III

"JUST this one—and one more—and then we'll all go home," said Little Dick. "Me, anyhow. At nine P. M. I hit the hay—me. You fellows can sleep and snooze and snore all day tomorrow; but Little Dick, he's got to fire the pusher up Lava Hill at daylight. Such a fool! Here I am, hoarse with prattlin' 'That's good! That's good!' all night, like a biscuit-eatin', red-eyed, peagreen parrot—payday three weeks off and me due to get the grand and gloomy bounce unless I win out enough to square the callboy. But I don't care!" Little Dick pushed his cap back coquettishly. "I guess I'm the wickedest man in this town!"

"I pass," said Pringle.

Little Dick looked at his cards. "I pass."

"Pass," said Thurgood.

"Pass," echoed Peterson. Cliff Hamerick, the dealer, tossed in a chip. "Ante up, everybody."

That rite performed, Pringle gathered up the cards. There was a tapping at the door. Entered Fred Richards, proprietor, and handed a small handbill to Pringle. "I don't want to delay the game, but I thought maybe you'd like to see this."

Pringle looked it over indifferently. "Why, no," he said; "this don't interest me. I don't want no reward." He tossed it over to 'Gene Thurgood. "Read it aloud, will you? I—I got a splinter in my thumb."

So Thurgood read:

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD!

For the apprehension of one Bally Russell, who broke jail at Socorro on the night of October 13. Russell is about five feet ten; pleasing manners, slightly bald, gray hair, grizzled mustache, blue eyes. First joint of thumb on right hand is cut off.

"H'm!" said Cliff Hamerick. "That fits you pretty well."

"But my name isn't Russell," protested Pringle. "My name is —— What did I say my name was?"

"Clark," said Little Dick.

"Smith," scoffed Peterson, the engineer. "John Smith—or Riley, maybe."

"Naw, it wasn't. Oh, yes—Sperling! Frank—no—Fred Sperling," said Wes'. "But, gentlemen"—he assumed an air of injured innocence—"you grieve me! Do you

"I Can Make Keys From That Model, All Right"

s'pose, if I had broken jail in Socorro a week ago, I would be in San Marcial now, only twenty miles away—and not only that, but associating with vicious characters in a notorious den, where the sheriff would be sure to look the first thing? You—you hurt me; indeed you do! And if I was the man, do you s'pose I'd get up and leave a jackpot that I've been sweetenin' an hour—and my next deal? Not much!"

"But, dear man," said Little Dick encouragingly, "what do we care if you are or aren't? Your money's what we're after. What you been adoin', anyhow?"

"Me? I don't know," said Pringle.

"Robbed a train or something," said Richards. "Read the rest, 'Gene."

"Oh, the rest is just about the mules he's supposed to be driving; and the reward will be paid jointly by the sheriff and the Santa Fe, and so on," said Thurgood. "He didn't rob the train. He just stopped the train. I may as well tell you fellows now that this isn't Bally Russell. I know Bally Russell well, and I saw him day before yesterday, out toward Lava Gap, driving these same brown mules. He went right home from jail; but he didn't have no ——"

"No what?" interrupted Pringle. He caught Thurgood's eye. Thurgood stole a swift glance at the stump of Pringle's thumb.

"No pleasant manners," said Thurgood. "And that isn't all. I met Bob Lewis, the deputy, as I come in, going out after him. Deal up, Sperling."

Wes' was looking at the handbill. "Oh!—me?" he said, startled, and began shuffling. "All right."

Thurgood passed. Little Dick opened liberally. Peterson raised. Hamerick stayed. Pringle picked up his hand. It was a small straight—the six, seven, eight and nine of clubs and the ten of hearts. He was a steady player. This hand would be good—barring improbable fours—if no one stood pat or drew or filled. It was not policy to allow the others a chance to fill. He shoved in his pile.

Little Dick spoke eloquently, but called. Peterson called for all the checks he had. Hamerick dropped out.

"That's a noble pile," said Pringle. "Dick, you and me have got about ten or twelve dollars side money."

"Fix it, 'Gene," said Little Dick. "Gimme two cards."

"Cards to you?" said Pringle to the engineer.

"Help yourself," said Peterson.

Pringle considered briefly. Peterson would not stand pat unless he really had a pat hand when his money was all in. Any full hand, any flush or any straight, with Jack or higher at the head, would beat Pringle's little straight. Sighing softly, he slipped the ten of hearts under a stack of chips, face down, and drew one card to his straight four-flush.

Dick looked at his draw. "Oh, well, I'm beat, of course," he said in disgust, showing three aces and two unmatched cards. "I never help a hand. 'Gene—he can draw to a shoestring and catch a tannery; but not Little Dick."

"And here's all I got," said Peterson. "I might stand on ceremony, seeing as how I called you; but I won't. Beat it and take the money." He spread out a mixed straight, ten-spot high.

Pringle looked at his draw and sighed again. He meditatively inspected Peterson's five cards; he made a delicate readjustment of spacing and alignment. He looked at them in critical silence. Very softly he transferred a card from one end of the line to the other and surveyed the result dreamily.

"That's excellent!" he said, and pushed the tall chipstacks gently with the back of his hand. They toppled over to Peterson in party-colored confusion. "Boys," he said, rising, "I think gambling is wrong."

"How about this side money," said Little Dick. "Did you really split?"

"You keep the side money, kid," said Pringle. "Square the callboy with it. I plumb hate to show this hand."

A chorus of protests arose at this.

"Oh, very well, then!" said Pringle. He drew out his pocketbook and turned it wrong side out. It contained two new, brightly filed keys and a ten-dollar bill. He threw the bill on the pile of chips and replaced the keys. "Only you've got to take that money, too, if you see these cards," he said, addressing Peterson. "I was afraid you had me beat. So I took a chance and split. I discarded this"—he turned up the ten of hearts—"and drew to these four clubs." He flipped over the four clubs.

Peterson's eyes bugged out. "Why—why, we were tied!"

"We were tied," agreed Pringle. "But I drew—this." He sadly turned over the five of spades. "Gambling is wrong. You keep the side bet, Dick. Goodby, boys."

"Here, you old fool; come back and get your ten dollars," Peterson called affectionately as Pringle gained the door. Pringle reached over the engineer's shoulder, took the bill and with it all the assorted chips his fingers could clutch. Dribbling some to the floor, he thrust them into his coat pocket and went out, whistling.

He betook himself to the railroad eating house. The chain of such eating houses along that particular route are each and all under the same management. It is the most systematically conducted business in America. The man at the head of it or his understudy can tell you, at any hour, exactly how many sirloin steaks are in the Bagdad refrigerator or the number of mince pies consumed at La Junta; how many dozen eggs are requisitioned at Dodge City or what was the laundry list at Bakersfield.

Railroad, express and telegraph service is his, gratis. In consideration, employees of those obliging corporations get meals at the slightest margin over cost and can usually be found when needed. Transients supply the dividends.

The eating-house meals are not half bad and cheap at half the price, which is what railroaders pay for them, as just stated. And the girls who serve in them are all good-looking. That is the one indispensable requisite. Miss Annie was the best looker in the service. She had the "graveyard shift" at San Marcial—from eleven at night to six in the morning.

Pringle took his seat on a tall stool and waited patiently. Miss Annie flitted back and forth, unseeing, serving a

group of railroaders, hungry but merry; she chatted with them vivaciously. When their last order had been brought she paused at the eating counter opposite Pringle and looked non-committally over his head at the door. Pringle looked over her shoulder at the piled fruit. "Tick-tock," said the clock—"Tick-tock; tick-tock; tick-tock ——"

Miss Annie felt a smile struggling at the corners of her scornful mouth, strive as she might. "Order?" she snapped.

John Wesley turned his eyes slowly upon her and gave a little startled jump. "Oh, good evening, Miss Annie." He brushed a lock of hair carefully over his bald spot.

"Order?" repeated Miss Annie sternly.

"You may bring me—er—grapefruit with brown gravy—asparagus—two cups of coffee, piping hot—cracked ice—a bottle of meat-sauce—maple syrup—and half a dozen mock turtles on the half-shell."

Miss Annie slid the cardboard menu along the counter to him. "When you're ready to give your order call me," she said, and flounced away to bear pie and cake and more coffee to the voracious railroaders.

The last and hungriest departed at length. Miss Annie sat beyond the cake tables and hummed a cheerful little tune. After a long wait John Wesley coughed gently. "Are you—busy?" he said.

Miss Annie came swiftly over and leaned her elbows on the counter. Her face was flushed; she looked as if she might give way to tears.

"Oh, Mr. Sperling, how can you act so? What makes you do it? Why don't you go away? Did you know there was a reward out for you?"

"Me?" said Pringle, astonished. An avaricious note came into his voice. "How much?"

"Don't tell me!" she said. "I saw you here the very night you broke jail. Why didn't you go on?"

"I liked the—the grub," said Wes'. "But I didn't do nothin', really, 'cept to break jail. I mean, they couldn't cinch me for interfering with the mail—'cause it wasn't me."

"They can send you up for breaking jail anyway," said Miss Annie. "And the way you live—a worthless gambler! Why don't you go to work?"

"You get changed to the day shift and I will," said Pringle; "but I can't sit around all night doing nothing."

"Do you think any girl is going to ——"

"Yes?" said Pringle encouragingly. "Goin' to ——"

"—— put up with your wild ways—gambling and acting the fool, and breaking jail ——" She paused—the door opened behind Wes'.

"—— and coffee," said Pringle, without looking around. "Do you serve bread and cheese, and ——"

"Coffee and cheese sandwich? Anything else?" said Miss Annie briskly.

"Not now," Pringle answered sadly. The newcomer took his seat at the corner with a ferocious scowl at Pringle. John Dewey he was, foreman of the bridge gang and, prior to Pringle's appearance, recipient of the major part of Miss Annie's smiles. He still got the smiles, for that matter; but he was dissatisfied that Pringle got so many of her frowns. A fine, big, upstanding, two-handed man was Dewey; but just now he was in a suspicious and irritable mood—a moody mood, so to speak.

Miss Annie brought the coffee and the sandwich and put them down with marked vigor, pointedly omitting the cream.

"Er—some meat-sauce, please," said Pringle.

Miss Annie pounced on a bottle of the desired condiment, slapped it down before Pringle with a jerk and tripped over for Dewey's order. As she turned away, John Wesley took the bottle up and poured a liberal portion into his coffee. Miss Annie's black eyes snapped with anger. Dewey's scowl grew surlier than ever.

After a prolonged but inaudible conversation with Dewey, Miss Annie came by again. "How much?" said John Wesley timidly. He passed over his ten-dollar bill.

Miss Annie swept it up, rang up the cash register viciously and tossed Pringle a five-dollar bill. He smoothed it out and looked at the cash register in mild surprise. The reading matter on it was brief—$5.

"Coffee with meat-sauce is five dollars here," Miss Annie sniffed.

"Ah, yes," said Wes'. He flipped the bill languidly across the counter. "Another cup, please."

Miss Annie brought it. Tears of rage stood in her eyes as Pringle emptied the bottle into the cup.

The black veins stood out on Dewey's face, but Wes' was blandly unconscious. He thrust his hand into his coat pocket and laid a pile of red, white and blue poker chips on the counter. Some rolled clattering to the floor on either side. "Some cream, please," said Pringle pleasantly.

Dewey rose, almost choking. The floor rocked under his heavy tread as he strode over to Pringle. His fists were clenched.

"This has gone far enough!" he thundered. "I like a gay lad, but you suit me too quick! When you offer poker chips to a lady ——"

"Good as gold," murmured Pringle. "Fred Richards' monogram on every chip. Cream, please."

Dewey brought his ponderous fist down on the counter with a violent blow that made the dishes jump and spilt

(Continued on Page 30)

Doing Europe—and Being Done

HOW THE LOOLOO BIRD HAS HIS TAIL-FEATHERS PLUCKED

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Heavy Baggage Might be a Misfortune, But Steve's Broad-Brimmed Hat Was a Calamity

NOW is the winter of our toil and stint made spendthrift summer by a trip abroad. City folks take it tranquilly; living where there's a theater running every night, nothing could possibly excite them. But in every American hamlet somebody is feverishly folding and unfolding maps, learning that delicious new word, "Itinerary," planning months ahead for the utmost benefit from each golden hour. The methodical person lays out his time with prudence; he figures in three decimals how long it takes to do that art gallery or proceed at a given pace through a certain palace. He will check the sights off his guidebook with the same plodding accuracy that he checks items on his balance sheet. The schoolboy speaks a piece on Friday evening—How Brave Horatius Held the Bridge—and itches to see the bridge; his sentimental sister can never sleep until she has shivered before the house in which Othello smothered Desdemona. Even to them it is no vacation jaunt to be giggled over, but a solemn and portentous epoch. Histories are "boned up," preparatory to visiting the shrines of myth and legend. Most of these eager pilgrims converge at New York, swelling a tide in the summer's madness that, rushing with a flood, leads on to Europe.

Beyond seas, the most noble army of waiters is being mobilized and drilled to stand in double rank, with palms extended. General alarm is turned in by a tap from the head porter's bell. Chambermaids, boots, cabmen, guides, chauffeurs, gimcrack sellers, are setting their nets and laying their traps. Hotels are taking down the blinds and long-shut eyes are squinting out for game again. Beggars rehearse their discarded infirmities; dust is wiped off the souvenir postcards; guileless manufacturers of antiques work overtime; simple Swiss maidens put aside their daily dress for the comic-opera costumes. It is like it used to be in olden days when the pigeon flights came over and everybody got some kind of a gun. All the traditional stage illusions are trotted out—even that most cruel deception, the shopwindow sign—"English spoken; American understood." Americans are coming, Americans will buy, Americans will pay, Americans will smile as they are being skinned—laughing jovially at their own hides nailed on every barndoor from one end of Europe to the other.

Every American is skinned—all of them know it; they submit and look pleasant. It's part of the game. When he starts out for a good time he loves to be buncoed. There's an old proverb on his racing circuits: "No fake, no fair." If he comes back from the county fair without dropping five dollars on a brace-game he feels that he's been cheated. This is not peculiar to Reuben—the city man likes it. It tickles Mr. Tight Wad to be kotowed to as the Prince Americano.

Among those who every year are doing Europe, and being done, there is a virile, combative class of Americans—successful men, who are not accustomed to smile while somebody rifles their pockets. That has never been their business system. In America one of these men would let the conductor put him off the railroad train and then he would spend a thousand dollars in lawyer's fees rather than submit to a five-cent extortion. In Europe he surrenders to petty larceny without resentment.

For instance: Old Steve Turner is a prosperous farmer from the Delta—he has never assumed the title of "planter," although his cultivated acres run into four figures. The first of these acres he cleared with his own hands. Steve thinks in straight lines and deals on the square; no curves in his business. Can you bluff old Steve? Four aces would not make him lay down a pair of jacks—if the aces were trying to bulldoze him. He gives the other fellow what is coming to him and a little more; but the little more must be an act of grace and not of graft. Every grafter lets Steve alone and picks somebody else to swindle.

"Burnt-Cane Plantation" outdid itself this year; Steve's cotton brought as much as twenty-seven cents a pound. He sold the last bale in Vicksburg, came home grinning like a boy and flung down his hat on the table: "Tillie, we are going to Europe—at last. Look at that!" His bankbook showed an astounding balance—in black ink instead of red.

It had been the dream of Mrs. Tillie's life. "Oh, Steve!" she gasped. "Can we afford it? Maybe the boll-weevil next year ——"

"Now, look here, Tillie"—the old man's jaw set firmly—"Look here, Tillie; we've worked thirty-two years on this property. We've cleared them woods, licked the high water, beat the malaria, got the mosquito shut up, wiped out the debts, whipped everything except the Yankees—and brought them around to our side. I reckon we've got a right to spend some o' that money. It's ours—and we don't owe a cent."

"Oh, Steve; it's too good to be true!" It was too good to be true when they stood on the steamer's deck, bound for Naples. They had read much. Their books were solid and they knew what was in them. Now they were going to see a lot of castles and kings, and palaces and things.

Steve Turner looked admiringly upon a traveler whose multitudinous baggage was plastered with hotel labels. His own new trunks and shiny valises told of ignorance and provincialism.

They met people: parvenu families, going abroad because the fashionables went—talking culture with a big C; rich and blasé young men, who had "done Europe thoroughly, don't you know?" and were languidly amused at Turner's illusions; school-teachers, earnest seekers for knowledge, cluttered with guidebooks; business men, running over and back again just for the voyage, talking prices, stocks and trade conditions. It was an unreal, intoxicating world. Mrs. Turner's gold tooth showed in a perpetual smile. Skeptics made disquieting remarks; but the Turners did not let practical things worry them a bit.

What happened to Turner and wife? Exactly what happens every year to thousands of other Americans. They could not guess how awkward it was for strangers, not speaking the language, to reach an Italian city in the middle of the night! First, the sickening helplessness of standing in a dingy custom-house, with a pile of baggage, amid the Neapolitan clamor of hackmen and hotel porters. Heavy baggage might be a misfortune, but Steve's broad-brimmed hat was a calamity. It made him the storm center of a boiler-bursting uproar—that hat! It singled him out for a *forestiero*, one of those weak-minded Americans who has not the sense to travel. All thrifty Neapolitans believe that people with so little comprehension and so much money become a public menace and should be operated upon. They operate with all kinds of instruments, from scalpel to meat-ax. Americans will ignorantly get into a bus of the best hotel, drive to the door and let the porters take their luggage inside without asking the price of a room. This gladdens the proprietor—such a hat!—and such heavy trunks!—one o'clock D. A. M. They can't escape. He's got that *forestiero* and can charge what he pleases. Thereupon the proprietor and the porter estimate how much trimming the victim needs.

An experienced native in Italy carries no heavy luggage. He would as soon travel with an iron safe as a trunk. When he comes to a strange city he grabs his gripsack and walks from one hotel to another, bargaining for a room; or he takes a cab, making a hard-and-fast contract with the *vetturino* for his fare, which must include the tip. In front of the hotel he never permits his baggage to be unloaded until he has made a price.

"Have you a room for three lire?"

"No; my rooms are six lire."

"Very well; I shall go to another hotel."

The proprietor expects this and tumbles, lira by lira, until the native gets a room for three lire, with no extras. A *forestiero* and wife, with all that baggage, must pay ten lire for the very same room.

Steve Turner would be ashamed to stand in the street haggling with a cabman while the gamins jeered. He could not afford to spend half a day searching a strange city for cheap lodgings. He'd rather pay the price offhand and go to see the kings and things. That's what he came for. His way of doing is to get into the cab without asking the fare—"Drive me to the best hotel." There he registers—and knows nothing of prices until the bill is presented. Then he would not know. He finds himself charged with *blanchissage, bagni, sborsi, pranzo* and various other items, which he pays shamefacedly. Steve hates a kicker. The native traveler would denounce the proprietor, with a wild Neapolitan gesture: "*Ma che!* Do you take me for a fool—for a *forestiero*? *Madonna mia!* You must purify this account." The proprietor purifies, which knocks off twenty-five per cent in items that the guest never got.

How the Wise Ones Engage Rooms

SUPPOSE Steve Turner gets into a *vettura* and makes his contract in advance. He is driven to the front door of an imposing hotel and shown rooms for twenty lire a day. Suppose he has been in Italy long enough to know that this is three times the proper rate. Suppose he tells the hackman to drive him to another hotel. The hackman winks at the proprietor, circles round a dozen blocks, climbs a narrow street and deposits Steve at a small side door. He alights, finds himself in the same hotel and gets the same rooms at ten lire a day.

On their first night at dinner they feel lonely and far away from home. A band strikes up at the window; familiar music comes floating in from the street—the Star-Spangled Banner; then Dixie. Steve rises and cheers. The dining room is full of gullible Americans who are touched by this delicate compliment to their country. "Touched" is a good word. The head waiter smiles—he understands! It is part of his job to understand. He passes a plate and his guests chip in—generously. The music has aroused their spirit of good-comradeship; they never suspect that this band plays the same airs at the same window every night—and the same waiter passes the same plate. It is cheaper for the hotel band to serenade from the outside and let the guests pay for it. That tickles the guests, saves the management and satisfies the band. Who's to grumble?

Even the best hotels hold their rooms as the huckster holds his wares—fixing rates on a professional basis, according to the ability of a client. For instance: Mr. Clifton is touring in a shiny new motor car. The keeper of every roadhouse watches him go by and prays that the gasoline may give out. Clifton has cut a full set of wisdom teeth; he speaks the lingo and is on to all their kinks and curls. Far be it from him to enter a hotel from such a

Where a Buxom Black-Eyed Girl Exhibits Watercolors

radiant advertisement of prosperity. No; he stops the motor two blocks away, removes his goggles and walks on alone—a commonplace citizen. The proprietor is not put on guard. His inquiring guest excites no suspicion of predatory wealth; nobody would distrust him for a malefactor of that stripe. He may be a wandering artist. Two excellent rooms are exhibited for twelve lire a day. They are satisfactory. "I will take the rooms."

Then he steps into the street and beckons. His motor car rolls up to the door, glistening. The eyes of the proprietor roll and glisten likewise. More of those absurdly rich Americans—the official lambs. Porters tangle with each other in hopes of being first to lift off those affluent trunks, the opulence of which gives that proprietor a pain. He and his *concierge* put their heads together, then begin a voluble explanation: "There has been an error, signore—a lamentable error in the price of those rooms! Signore, believe me, they are twelve lire each a day; bath is five lire each person ——" Mr. Clifton makes no comment. "Oakes," he calls to his chauffeur, "don't let them touch those trunks." Without another word he assists his wife back into the car and the wheels begin to turn—very slowly. Proprietor and *concierge* glare at each other; then both run in front of the car. "It shall be as the signore likes—he shall have the rooms—if the signore will only ——" "Back up, Oakes!" says the signore—and they live happily ever afterward.

From railway station to hotel the half-wise American who takes a cab instead of the hotel omnibus will generally choose a horse-taximeter. The system looks honest. He pays what the natives pay and is contented. That big dial stares him in the face; he hears the thing click as the wheels turn over. His fare is rung up in plain figures before his eyes. Here's sweet simplicity at last! But he would never observe whether a red, a yellow or a green flag were flying—a tiny painted tin flag—that could make no possible difference! That's where he slips a cog. The taximeter system varies slightly in different cities, but the scheme is somewhat like this: Tariff number one, the cheapest, is for one or two persons riding within the city. If they carry baggage or dogs they pay a trifle more under tariff number two. At night, or outside of the city, tariff number three applies—the highest. All of which is indicated by the color of the flag. The fares are shown on the same dial. Of course the American doesn't know this—Italians assume that he doesn't know anything! When two *forestieri* step into his taximeter the driver shifts the green flag into position instead of the red. The American sees the amount of his fare being registered and thinks that it is what everybody else pays. He has no kick and gives the driver a generous gratuity—"*Buonamano.*" Every street boy sees that green flag, sees the two persons in the cab, with no baggage and no dog. He grins. The *forestieri* are paying twice as much as they should. The gamin winks at the cabman; the cabman nods back: "See what suckers I've got!" Shrewd fellow! Mosquitoes were created for some good use; so, perhaps, were *forestieri*—and this is it. Turner and wife ride through the gay Italian streets smiling at people who nudge each other and point as they go by.

When the trustful *forestiero* goes to book his baggage at the railroad station—that's the Government—a baggageman in uniform exclaims over one of his trunks: it needs tying up with a stout rope, otherwise it may be opened. How kind of him to suggest it! Perhaps the *forestiero* thinks his trunk is stout enough and declines. The baggageman insists—"Only two lire." Woe be unto that *forestiero* if he refuse. His trunk will be marked for slaughter; something unpleasant will happen to it, either by accident or design. As a rule, it is best to submit to this exaction; a man can't watch his own trunk and should not block the turning of an honest penny. The cyclist knows better than to leave a toolbag on his wheel when it goes into the baggage van.

Bad Money for Tourists

STEVE begins to have trouble catching on to Italian money; Italians have none whatever catching on to his. The lira seems mighty little and the coppers nothing at all. Coming from the South he has never handled coppers. When it is given him in change he generally shoves it back—or drops it into a beggar's hand. He has yet to learn that he must weight himself down with a bushel or so of battered pennies. Every moment he has a nibble-nibble-nibble of some kind—not a bite—not enough to jerk the pole; but a mental suggestion of something after the bait. The custodian opens a door for him—somebody tells him the name of a church—*facchino*, waiter, hackman, street-car conductor; the merest sop contents these people, but they must have a sop.

Passing from country to country he gets hopelessly confused. He knows he should make a stagger at asking prices; but when the shopkeeper says "*Deechysetty leery,*" it doesn't help a bit. He forks over a goldpiece and accepts the change. He pretends to count it, but can't be sure—and is ashamed to betray his ignorance. It's like taking candy from a blind baby.

Nobody puts him wise to the bad silver that circulates in countries of the Latin confederation. The old papal coins are invalid; Italian one and two lira pieces, made before 1863, are "for *forestieri* only." Nobody else takes them. If one should stray into the hands of a native he unloads on the nearest *forestiero*. French pieces prior to 1864 are worthless. Swiss silver, coined before 1867, can only get across the counter to such as Steve; then it never gets back again. Likewise the Belgian. The tiny republic of San Marino proves its attendance through worthless money minted before 1898. Certain banknotes are valid and others are not. Some are worth face value and some are received at a discount. Steve takes them all alike and, with everything else, at face value, or he'd get no fun out of his trip.

An old couple of latent and long-suppressed sentimentality could have no sordid thoughts upon entering Venice at the full of the moon. A clanging of bells, a cloud of smoke, a stoppage of wheels, a bewilderment of voices in all the languages of earth; travelers crowd through the gates; a jostle of many people bears them along to a broad stone landing-place that fronts the Grand Canal—that's Venice.

They step into a gondola instead of a cab. Two swarthy brigands from Fra Diavolo—earringed, sashed and muscular—set them afloat upon a shimmering cañon of water that flows between ancient palaces on either side. With the moon above, the swish, swish, swish of the waves, the creaking of the oars, the song of the gondoliers, they move dreamily toward their hotel. That's Venice.

They huddle close to each other watching that gladiator-gondolier, who must have the daggers in his belt; perhaps he's of the Camorra!—they breathlessly enjoy this shivery idea. That's Venice.

They turn out of the Grand Canal into a narrow alley of water—dark, with dismal doorways like eyeless sockets, uncannily still. The gondola makes no sound and carries no light; they hear nothing except the monotonous warning

of the gondolier as he approaches a corner; perhaps the answer from another voice—and two black shadows creep past each other in the night. That's Venice.

At the darkest part of the narrowest canal the gondoliers stop rowing; the biggest fellow slips catlike over the seats and bends above Steve—they expect to hear him say: "Hist! Hist!" What is that fierce-looking brigand doing behind them? "*Birra! Birra!*" Those terrible words sound in the old man's ear—both are pointing to their open mouths. They demand their beer money. That's Venice.

It is the law, written ages ago and long forgotten, that a gondolier may not ask for a tip. Not if the police see him. He selects a lonely canal at midnight, scares the soul out of his passenger and gets the beer. That's Venice.

Through dark and silent lanes, paved with dark and silent water, they come at last to the hotel, with carpet spread on its landing-place, porters standing like statues, proprietors polishing their hands, obsequious clerks beckoning from behind the desks and chambermaids smiling on the stairs. Steve Turner—being pleasurewise instead of pennywise—tips them all and keeps his peace of mind. Here are music, gayety, men and women of the effervescent world; beyond lies the open Adriatic. Why spoil his joy for the sake of a few centesimi?

Next morning they go out together—a gondola, of course. It grates upon their medieval notions to see the insolent gasoline launch displacing the gondola. Venice can't afford to swap the swagger and song of the gondolier for the "chug! chug! chug!" of a brass machine.

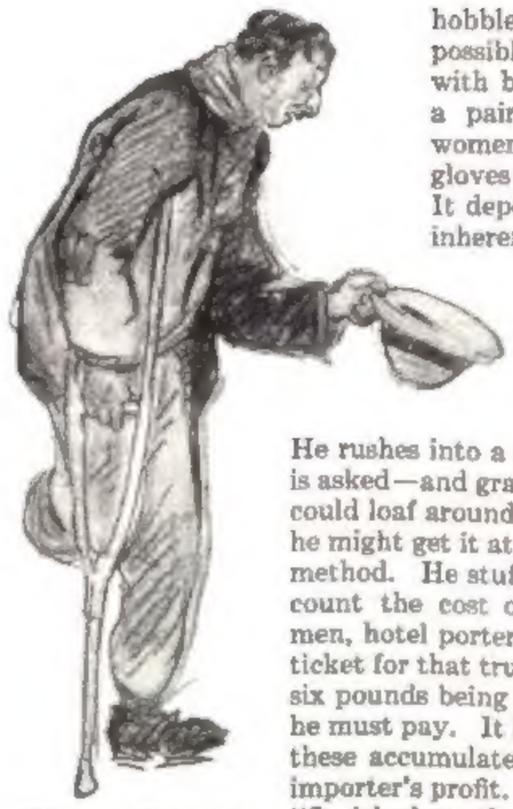
Two American girls will not be robbed of Venetian illusion. They are posing for their portraits on the rear seat of a gondola, with the shifting shadows of a palace in the background. Papa proudly pays out the ducats for a typical picture of daughter in Venice.

Petty Larceny on the Grand Canal

THE Turners' gondolier does honor to his trade. He steers straight for a mosaic shop where he'll get a rake-off from their purchases. Here he puts them out whether or no. He fails to comprehend their English protests and no longer understands the sign language to "Go on!"

When the Turners get tired of rambling around, without knowing t'other from which, they engage an intelligent guide. He is supposed to tell them stories about the palaces, the Browning house, Byron's home, and such like; but that is not a guide's idea. He rushes them through those places where they want to linger and, before they know it, has them sitting on stools in an art shop, where a buxom black-eyed girl exhibits watercolors. If they buy liberally the guide will stick to them; if not he drops the "tightwads" for a more profitable client.

The Turners were to leave Venice at nine o'clock in the night. Steve asked the hotel clerk what was the proper gondola fare from the hotel to the railway station. "Two lire." Naturally this was the American fare—doubled to begin with—the price for two oarsmen when only one would be needed. Three hand satchels at five centesimi each would have brought the fare up to two lire and fifteen centesimi, according to the tariff. Very well. Having paid his hotel bill, Turner and wife were ready to go. The head porter tapped his bell. One tinkle of that magic bell was worth a thousand men—and several women. Servants appeared from every doorway, heads bobbed up from behind every piece of furniture; domestics ranged themselves in double rank through the hall, down the stairs and along the landing. At the end a couple of them held the gondola. The Turners started to run this gauntlet. "Do I owe these people anything?" Steve inquired of the head porter. "As you please, signore," was the inevitable reply. The old man dropped something into each expectant palm and something for the two men who held his boat. They settled down to enjoy their half-hour's ride. Before arriving at the station, in a nice, deep shadow, the gondoliers demanded their fare. Steve knew exactly. He handed out two lire for the fare, fifteen centesimi for the baggage and an extra lira for beer money, which the law forbade them to demand. They demanded another lira, which Steve declined to pay. He would give what was due and no more. After much grumbling and growling the sullen men rowed on. At the railroad landing, the second porter of the hotel met them with the same old goodby smile. Steve gave him five lire to pay the gondoliers their proper fare and reasonable beer money. The second porter paid the men three lire and eighty centesimi—more than they had ever demanded of their passenger—reserved a lira for himself and handed back twenty centesimi. Thoroughly outdone, Steve could only say, "Just keep the hide, with the horns and tallow," which the porter did. After giving ten centesimi to the *rampino* who caught and held the gondola while they were getting out of it, the ride cost him five lire and ten centesimi. Under the tariff it should have been one lira and fifteen centesimi, but the ride cost about eighty cents in United States money more than a native would have paid. The hotel porter, instead of protecting his guest, is generally in league with the cabman, the guide, the gondolier or the shopkeeper. Like the poor, he has them with him all the time. They are all in the same game and must stand together.



Beggars Rehearse Their Discarded Infirmities

"Everything is so cheap in Europe!" Many Americans say this, most of them believe it and it is partly true; but the cheapness of Europe is for the experienced shopper, who understands qualities, the language, values and trading methods. Certain small articles—which come within the hundred-dollar exemption allowed by United States customs—may be brought back for less than they would cost at home; but for larger purchases, as a rule, this cannot be done. Buyers for the great department stores can buy the same goods, pay the freight and duty and sell in America cheaper than the hurried traveler can land them at his own door. Consider the guileless shopper—especially a man. He couldn't buy his wife a pocket handkerchief that would fit. With his blind-bridles and hobbles, it is impossible to catch bargains—impossible as it would be for him to catch fleas with boxing gloves on. Gloves, at sixty cents a pair, he buys with a vague notion that women's gloves cost five dollars—but there are gloves and gloves. How big is a piece of coal? It depends. Prices in Europe depend upon the inherent cost and also upon the person to whom an article is sold. There are two well-recognized prices: the American—and the other.

The tourist is always in a hurry. His route is laid out like a theatrical company's and he can't miss a date. He rushes into a shop, snatches up a souvenir, pays what is asked—and grabs the rear end of a railroad train. If he could loaf around for a week, go into that shop every day, he might get it at a lira or so cheaper—which is the Italian method. He stuffs a trunk full of purchases and does not count the cost of handling—railroads, porters, baggagemen, hotel porters. Every time he moves he must buy a ticket for that trunk just as he buys his own ticket—sixty-six pounds being allowed free in France; everywhere else he must pay. It is quite possible that before he gets home these accumulated charges more than counterbalance an importer's profit. As against this he has the joy of saying, "I picked up those laces mighty cheap in the factory at Antwerp!"—and tells one of his funny stories; but we are talking about dollars and cents.

Apropos of oriental rugs, everybody who goes to Cairo is bound to get one. If he can detect a Bokhara from a saddle-blanket, knows the imitations, and selects a genuine rug—worth less than a hundred dollars, so as to pay no duty—he may escape at the New York price. Then he's lucky. But he must spend days or weeks in the bazaars; nothing short of a week will consummate a deal with the Cairo merchant. It requires days of maneuvering to get beyond the stage of salaams, coffee, cigarettes and general compliments, before the subject of rugs can be mentioned.

A Deal in Oriental Rugs

SUPPOSE he does not speak Arabic and stands not guilty in that oriental circumlocution of barter; it is unlikely that he will secure a genuinely handsome rug—say at five hundred dollars—get it to New York and pay the duty for less than it would cost him through an importer—certainly not if we add his expenses during the negotiation. Importers buy enormous quantities; they know rugs—every hair and weave and knot and dye. It is probably true that their profit in New York is less than the average tax upon ignorance in Cairo. New York is said to be the greatest market in the world for oriental carpets, having a wider range of selection, finer weaves and better specimens than can be found in the ancient marts of Constantinople.

The purchaser may engage an agent to help him, with the result that he pays the merchant a higher price to cover indirect commissions to the agent—besides the direct charge for his services. The agent plays both ends against the middle—gets 'em going and coming. It's not in the cards for a leather-spectacled pilgrim to beat that shop game any more than for a cornfield negro to plunder the unwary on the New York Stock Exchange.

(Continued on Page 43)

Beyond Jean, the Most Noble Army of Waiters is Being Mobilized and Drilled to Stand in Double Rank, With Palms Extended

THE PIG-BRISTLE SLUGGER

Adventures of a Citizen Who Set Out to Make Ty Cobb, Lajoie and Hans Wagner Look Like Children at the Game

By LOUIS GRAVES

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. WIDNEY

FIFTY-ONE weeks in the year, every day but Sundays and holidays, Rudolph Speckeldonner officiated behind the counters of old Fritz Schneider's grocery store on Amsterdam Avenue. He was short and fat; his yellow hair stood up straight on end; and he wore a long white apron, stretching all the way from his chin to his feet, to protect him from contamination by the cheese and lard and eggs and potatoes and coffee and carrots, and countless other things that he dealt out to Schneider's customers. Seeing Rudolph in action, as he wielded the cheese knife or pushed a head of cauliflower into a paper bag, you would have said that surely he was devoid of all enthusiasm.

He Smashed Tradition by Judging a Fly Properly and Catching It

But there was a fifty-second week. Schneider was a kind boss and he gave his right-hand man this much time off every spring, with full pay. And if the Giants were playing at home Rudolph went to the Polo Grounds promptly at three o'clock, six days out of the six—unless there was a double-header on, in which case he was in his seat much earlier. If the Giants were away the Yankees were sure to be performing at the American League Park—and he journeyed thither. And if it rained, and there was no game, he stayed in the flat and played mournful tunes on the flute which his father had brought from Germany forty years before—played steadily, while his wife Gretchen hovered about and quarreled mildly with little Heinrich and little Minna. The flute would have been a poor substitute for baseball, even if three true notes in succession could have been lured from it; but it was manifestly the only thing left.

In the mornings of the glorious fifty-second week Rudolph would issue into the street soon after six o'clock, purchase his two favorite newspapers and return home to read the reports signed by the alleged baseball experts. Sometimes their opinions failed to agree with his own and he gurgled out uncomplimentary adjectives for the enlightenment of Gretchen and the children, who listened in silence and understood not a word of what he said.

When his vacation was over Rudolph went back to Schneider's, donned a clean apron and once more became the visible and animated emblem of the High Cost of Living. He still read the reports of the baseball experts, but with no complaints now, because he hadn't seen the game with his own eyes and was willing to take their verdict as gospel.

After baseball—but far, far after—the thing that interested Rudolph most was Mohadji Khan. This person was lessee and sole occupant of a little shanty on one of those unimproved blocks between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue—spaces that the Astors or other nabobs are holding for a while, until the real-estate wiseacres tell them the time is ripe for more twenty-story apartment houses. Until that day comes the nabobs sell the sides of the high board fences for advertising, to help pay taxes, and let out the aged buildings to anybody who is satisfied to dwell in them. In this particular case there was only one building and it was in the middle of the block. In the green months of the year it was almost completely hidden from the view of outsiders by the maples and elms and stunted oaks on all sides. The only approach was from the side street, a narrow path that ran between two rickety, moth-eaten fences.

Here in the shanty Mohadji Khan mended shoes and sold ropes and candles and violin strings. A sign over the gate, at the street end of the path, told the passers-by that he was there and what he would do for them if they chose to enter. Some entered and more did not; but little cared the Hindu. His rent was small, his wants were few, and he had better things to think of than the patronage of these foolish white-faced creatures who were always tearing back and forth—always going somewhere merely to come back to the same place again.

Every two days Mohadji Khan walked slowly to Schneider's to purchase his supplies. They consisted of a few cents' worth of vegetables, usually onions and carrots. Sometimes he dissipated with dried figs, but this was not often. Never was he known to spend five or ten or fifteen cents—it was always some odd sum like nine or eleven or seventeen. This was a grotesque man, with his mixture of Far-Eastern and New-Yorkish garments: shoes that the fop in a John Drew society play would not have been ashamed of, huge baggy trousers blowing about in the wind, a perfectly proper shirt—albeit with no collar—and shroudlike headgear that reeked of Kipling.

Gravely Mohadji Khan came and went, and the ordinary, every-day folks of the neighborhood eyed him with curiosity and some suspicion, for the flat-dwellers whose windows overlooked his block told of a dim light that never stopped burning, whatever the time of night—and many of them swore to hearing weird sounds, as of one engaged in the practice of magic, at hours when reputable citizens had been long in their beds.

Early one spring Rudolph Speckeldonner missed his strange customer for many days on a stretch, and presently there came to his ear the rumor that Mohadji was ill in the rear room of the shanty. The proprietor of the delicatessen shop on the corner, having carried a pair of shoes there to be resoled, had heard faint moans. The inside of the little house was so dark and desolate that the delicatessen man came away without going in, and he declared that a spell of shivers had come upon him when he looked in through the door.

Now Rudolph had long been speculating as to why such a creature as Mohadji Khan should be upon the earth at all. The utter unlikeness of the Hindu to everything right and normal was the object of his ruminations many an evening as he sat and puffed his pipe; and this is not strange when one considers that the hundreds of other human beings whom Rudolph saw every day were all of the same pattern, with variations so slight as to amount to nothing. And Rudolph was a kind-hearted man. So, when he heard the Hindu was ill, he asked leave of Schneider in the middle of the afternoon and went to call upon the mender of shoes.

There was no light in the little room that contained the workbench. Rudolph stumbled his way to the inner door leading to the room beyond and opened it. For a moment the German thought he saw a million candles, but he discovered that the effect was produced by one candle and a million mirrors, more or less. The wall was lined with them. There were round mirrors and square mirrors, mirrors whole and mirrors broken, mirrors with gilt frames, black frames, white frames and no frames at all; and every one of them seemed to shoot back at Rudolph the dim rays of the candle that stood on a tumbledown table in the middle of the floor. Except this table, the only furniture he saw at first was a chair, equally decrepit. "Vot der deffil!——" So far the visitor got in his expression of wonderment when the Hindu himself caught his eye. Mohadji Khan was lying on a cot in one corner, half covered by ragged cotton bedclothing. His breath came in little, irregular spurts, and now and then he groaned faintly. Rudolph walked to the side of the cot and put his hand on the Hindu's forehead. In less than a minute he was in the street, and in ten more minutes he was back again in the shanty with a doctor who was one of Schneider's regular patrons.

Mohadji Khan was in a bad way, but he was conscious enough to refuse to be taken to the hospital. They had to make him as comfortable as they could in the room with the mirror-walls. The doctor found time to drop in every day and Rudolph constituted himself a sort of visiting nurse. The patient was docile, swallowing whatever was given to him without a murmur; and this helped. Providence must have been extraordinarily kind, for the crude treatment was successful. The cobbler was soon free of fever and after that his return to health was rapid.

There were not many ways in which to show his gratitude to the grocery clerk, but he tried his best. He had a clever knack of making toys—scraps of wood bound together with odd pieces of rope and leather—and these he would present to Rudolph, with deep obeisances, for the children. Again and again he besought his benefactor to bring all of the Speckeldonner family's damaged shoes to him; he would feel it an honor to be allowed to make them new again. Once he brought a diamond-shaped mirror, and from his air of suppressed excitement when he offered it Rudolph knew this meant great devotion. During the Hindu's convalescence the visiting nurse had learned what a wild mania the man had for his wall decorations.

One morning—it was the second day of Rudolph's vacation—Mohadji Khan entered the grocery store and looked hurriedly around. His usually calm demeanor had departed from him and his words came quickly.

"Where is your assistant?" he asked the grocer, with the precise accent which always marked his speech.

"Rudolph? He's by home," growled Schneider, who was in a bad humor when his assistant was away. "He's loafing dis veek."

Mohadji Khan went quickly to the Speckeldonner flat, where he found the head of the family deep in the report of the baseball game of the day before.

"My friend," said the Hindu excitedly, whispering, as though he did not wish Gretchen and the children to overhear him, "I have discovered a great thing. It is the full of the moon and the great thing will happen at midnight. Will you come to my house at that time, my friend? Do not refuse me!"

Any man who had a brown skin and hung a million looking-glasses on his walls, and wore a twisted cloth

Everybody Who Had Ever Known Rudolph Climbed Up Four Flights of Steps to Remind Him of What Good Friends They Used to Be

around his head, was apt to do or say anything. There was no call to be excited about it. Anyhow, Rudolph wanted to get back to his paper. After demurring once or twice, chiefly on account of the late hour set for his visit, he consented.

"All right, Mister Mohajjy; I'll be dere," he said. "I don't know vot you vant; but, if you vant it so bad, vell an' goot."

A few minutes before twelve o'clock that night, Rudolph, yawning widely, passed under the cobbler's sign and proceeded along the pathway to the shanty. The sound of muffled chanting issued from the inner room—a weird sound that had its chilling effect even upon the German's prosaic soul. He saw that the connecting door was ajar, however, walked boldly to it and pushed it open. Then, at an imperious sign from Mohadji Khan, he closed it behind him. Mohadji, crouched upon the floor, was stirring a mixture in a three-legged earthen bowl. Every few moments he poured in a drop or two of some liquid from a vial, and whenever he did that the mixture spit and sparkled viciously. But for this, the only source of light was the three or four glowing coals beneath the bowl on a thick slab of stone.

One of His Feet Got in the Way of the Other and He Fell Sprawling

The Hindu paid no attention to his guest for many minutes. Rudolph stood in the dark, looking down at the strange performance. He was about to speak when there was a great spluttering of the stuff in the bowl and a flare of vivid light. In a moment it was dark again and Mohadji Khan had risen to his knees.

"It is the golden instant now, my benefactor!" he said in a quivering voice. "Long have I hoped that I might repay you for your deeds of goodness to me. What you wish now, that you shall have; but wish it quickly."

"Vot is dat nonsense vot you say?" asked Rudolph.

"Do not trifle, my friend," returned Mohadji, breathing heavily. "What is it that you wish most in all the world?"

"Vell, I vish I get a hit ef'ry time I come to der bat," said Rudolph. And with this he let out a loud guffaw. It was a great joke.

"So be it, until I give warning of the end." The Hindu pronounced the words solemnly and then fell backward as if exhausted. Rudolph leaped forward to catch him, but Mohadji motioned him away and said: "It is nothing—I am not ill. Go—go, at once!"

So Rudolph went; and when he was outside he began to shake his head back and forth and mutter things about "niggers" and "damfoolishness." But before he reached the street he became aware that there was something queer about his muscles. Particularly did he feel a lithe-ness in his arms that he had never known before. And of a sudden he knew that some change—he couldn't quite make out what it was—had come over his eyes. A film seemed to have been moved away from them. The outlines of things—roofs, cellar railings, trees—were clear as they had never been before. He held up his hand and looked at it. Without losing any of its size, it had taken on an entirely different appearance. The flabbiness was gone from the palm and the fingerjoints moved with astonishing ease, as if they had just been freshly oiled. Rudolph had been unawed by the uncanny doings of Mohadji Khan in the gloom of the shanty; but now, walking along under the electric lights, a cold tremor ran down his back. Something—he knew it—had happened to him!

Next day—wonder of wonders!—Rudolph did not go to see the Giants play at the Polo Grounds. Instead, he boarded an excursion boat at an East Side pier and went to participate in the annual clambake of a German-American fraternal society at Glen Island. He had found out that there was to be a haphazard baseball game during the day. On the boat he looked up the young man who was managing this part of the program and transferred to him discreetly the sum of five dollars. And it turned out when the game started, soon after the midday meal, that one of the opposing nines had obtained the services of Mr. Rudolph Speckeldonner as outfielder.

Thursday the Giants were scheduled to meet the Cincinnati Reds. An hour before the game was to start one of the attendants in the clubhouse at the Polo Grounds notified John McGraw, manager, that a stranger was clamoring to speak to him. The manager was not in the best of humor, being troubled with doubts as to which of his pitchers he should send into the box this afternoon.

"Who is it?" he asked sharply; and then, without waiting for an answer: "Show him in."

Rudolph Speckeldonner entered.

"Mister McGraw," he said, "I vant to play on your team."

For a moment the manager of the Giants was dumb with astonishment at the stumpy figure before him.

"What!"

"I vant to play on your team."

"Who are you and where did you come from?"

"My name is Rudolph Speckeldonner. I vork in Schneider's grocery store on Amsterdam Affenue."

McGraw walked close to his visitor and took him gently by the elbow.

"Now, Rudolph," he said, "I guess you're a nice man and a good hand to sell Schneider's canned peaches; but think this baseball plan over for a day or two. I'm mighty busy just now."

As he was speaking the manager was deftly turning the German around and leading him toward the door, and before he knew what had happened Rudolph was on the outside and the door was closed.

Schneider's right-hand man did not get his customary joy from watching the game that day. This was not the fault of the game itself, though it might well have been. For the New York team was in the dumps—they couldn't field and they couldn't hit the ball—and Cincinnati walked away with an easy victory; but Rudolph was thinking all the time about the outcome of his interview. When the last New York batter lifted a pitiful pop fly into the short-stop's hands the grocery clerk returned to the clubhouse, slipped through the outer door and waited for his chance to see McGraw again. At last he spied the manager walking along a passageway, deep in conversation with one of the players, who seemed rather dejected at what his superior was saying to him. Rudolph walked up to them.

"Mister McGraw——"

McGraw turned and saw the same stumpy man with the bristly hair who had broken in on his thoughts two or three hours before.

"Oh, run away!" he exclaimed impatiently, and then beckoned to a burly individual who was carrying two large flesh-brushes toward the shower-bath room. "Jim!" the manager called. And when the rubber came near he whispered:

"Bughouse! Get him out of the way—quick. Don't let him in here again."

Jim was not rough. He simply laid his huge hand on the back of Rudolph's neck and impelled him, gently but surely, in the direction of Eighth Avenue. The visitor tried to expostulate, but Jim only smiled.

"Never again," he warned, as he gave his charge a final push into the open air, "or we might have to spank you next time. Goodby, sport."

Jim did not happen to be on duty next morning. It was a perfect May day, without a cloud in the sky and with a soft breeze blowing in from the river. The team had been called together for fielding practice and the players gamboled lazily in the sunshine until the boss should come and start them at real work. Soon he arrived and summoned them to him for a few pointed remarks. In a moment they were in a group around McGraw, listening to a scolding for their performances during the first half of the week.

All at once a queer-looking little man appeared at the gate near the house and ran rapidly toward them. It was Rudolph. He had eluded the sleepy day-watchman and for the third time was seeking an interview with the Giants' manager. McGraw recognized him.

"For the love of Heaven!" he cried. "Can't they keep that lunatic out o' here!"

By this time Rudolph had reached the group.

"Mister McGraw," he said, panting for breath, "vonce more I ask you—I vant to play on your team."

At first the players were too astonished to laugh and they stared at the stranger as if he had dropped out of the sky. Then they let forth a roar of merriment. The manager was amused too. At this hour of the day the minutes were not so valuable—there was time for a good joke. He looked down at Rudolph.

"Honest, now, what are you talking about?" he asked.

"I say I vant to play on your team," repeated the man from Schneider's. "I can get a hit ef'ry time I get to der bat."

This brought forth another burst of laughter, but Rudolph didn't crack a smile.

"You can, eh?" said McGraw. "And where did you learn to do that?"

"Neffer mind—I can do it! Yust gif me a chance."

"Now, look here. I thought you were drunk when you were here yesterday. Now I see you're just plain nutty. We haven't got time to talk foolishness now; so you'd better clear out. We're busy."

"I bet you fife dollar of money you hafen't got a pitcher vot can strike me out," said Rudolph.

Mathewson happened to be standing at the manager's elbow.

"Let's try him," the twirler whispered. "We won't take his money, of course. It'll be great sport to see him, though. It won't take but a minute or two."

McGraw smiled and agreed. "Oh, you babes make me tired with your nonsense," he said; "but go ahead with this jackass business and get over with it." He turned to his visitor. "What's your name, little man?"

"Rudolph Speckeldonner."

"Well, Rudolph, pick out your bat and stand up to the plate. Meyers, you get behind—and Christy, you do the pitching."

Mathewson put up a protesting hand. "I'd rather not," he said solemnly. "I haven't been knocked out of the box for a week and I don't want to lose my reputation. Let Wiltse try to strike Rudolph out."

So Meyers and Wiltse took their places with much gravity. McGraw was umpire.

"No, sir," said Rudolph stubbornly; "I don't bat if you don't put all der men in der field—first base, second base—all of 'em."

"Get in your places, men," ordered the manager sternly. When they were all ready he planted himself behind the pitcher and cried: "Play ball!"

Wiltse tossed the first one over without speed. It looked easy, but Rudolph failed to bite, as the ball passed a foot over his head.

"Ball one!" called the umpire.

"Good eye, Rudolph!" "That's the way to let 'em go by!" "He knows how to take 'em!" cheered the players.

Wiltse let loose the next one at top speed. Again Rudolph let it pass.

"Strike one!"

At this the batsman shook his head and growled angrily, just as if he had played baseball all his life. Wiltse turned to the umpire and winked. "I'm going to give him a fast drop this time," he said. "Watch him!"

The pitcher wound up and hurled the ball with his full strength. Just before it reached the plate it "broke" and dropped five or six inches, but that fast drop was destined never to nestle in the catcher's mitt. Rudolph swung his bat; the next instant there was a resounding whack and

Rudolph Leaned Over and Lunged Wildly

the ball went whistling over the shortstop's head, long and low. When it fell to the ground nobody was within fifty feet of it and it kept going until it rolled against a fence.

While the centerfielder and the leftfielder raced after the ball the other seven players stood and looked at them stupidly, with mouths wide open. Then the Giants began to jeer delightedly at the pitcher, and the manager rolled over on the ground in his mirth.

"What did I tell you!" yelled Mathewson from third base. "Nobody can stand up against Rudolph!"

Of course it was an accident, but it was a capital joke on Wiltse, and the players wanted the trial to end before he could redeem himself.

"Rudolph's won his bet!" they cried. "Give him his five dollars, Wiltse. It's on you!"

McGraw was about to make that his decree when there came a stout objection from Rudolph.

"I vant to keep on," he demanded. "I bet you you can't make me strike out yet; and you can have yust so many chances as you vant."

The fielders placed themselves again and again Rudolph faced Wiltse. This time the batter met the first ball pitched and sent it singing over second base—as clean a hit as the Polo Grounds ever saw. Another shout went up. But when the thing happened a third time there was no sound from the players. They began to look at the stranger curiously, to see if they could find anything about his makeup to explain the phenomenon. Again and again he drove the ball between or over the heads of the fielders.

"Where did this Dutchman come from?" muttered McGraw under his breath.

The pitcher turned to the manager at last with a dazed look.

"Let the others try," he suggested.

And the others tried. Last of all came Mathewson. His banter had come to a stop several minutes before and he went into the box with sober thoughts. When he came out they were still soberer. His most formidable productions had been handled with ease. Drops of perspiration stood out on his brow and his hands shook nervously as he turned to the manager.

"I can't make it out," said the pitcher.

McGraw walked slowly to the plate and stopped within a yard of Rudolph Speckeldonner. The other men came up and closed in around the two. All of them stood and stared at the newcomer, unable to speak.

"Mister McGraw, I said I vant to play on your team," said Rudolph.

The manager's habitual air of confidence was not with him as he spoke.

"Where did you come from anyway? Where'd you learn it?" he asked huskily.

"Neffer mind vere I learn it yet," replied the German. "Vill I play or vill I not?"

"How do I know you can keep on doing it?" McGraw's natural suspicion was returning as he recovered from the shock which the batting exhibition had given him.

Rudolph gripped his bat. "Vell, let 'em get out dere and try it again," he challenged.

"Oh, never mind that. When do you want to start?"

"Righdt now—dis afternoon."

The manager hesitated a moment. Then he shook himself, as if to make sure he was actually awake.

"I'll do it," he said decisively. "Turn up at two-thirty and I'll have a suit of clothes for you."

Rudolph threw down his bat.

"I'll be here," he said shortly. "But you tell first t'at feller vat you call Yim—vot said he vould spank me if I come back."

A Moment Later the First Baseman Was Making a Futile Dive at a Grounder

Without another word he walked across the field and disappeared through the gate. Twelve pairs of eyes, more or less, followed him until he was out of sight.

"John," said one of the older players to the manager, "did you know you didn't find out whether that Dutchman could field or not?"

"I know I didn't," said McGraw; "and I don't much care."

A good crowd turned out for the game that afternoon, for the team had but lately returned from the West for a long stay at home. There was the usual noisy chatter, the eating of peanuts, the drinking of ginger ale—the usual wise prophecies as to the outcome of the approaching conflict. Cincinnati had left town with three victories to its credit and Chicago was now on deck. A string of disasters for New York had made pessimists by the thousand and there were few on the stands who were not fearful of a fresh humiliation. The scorecard held no names that were new to the crowd.

The Giants were first at bat and went out in one-two-three order. When New York took the field the boisterous fans in the right-field bleachers were startled by the sight of a strange figure on the turf before them. It was a stumpy, awkward figure, topped by a growth of flaxen hair that stood up like bristles on a brush.

"Who is that?" asked thousands of men at the same time. And then they began to exclaim, in great excitement:

"Never saw him before!"

"Say, he's not on the card!"

"Where'd they find the runt!"

"Look at those legs!"

"Why don't he get breeches to fit!"

The first Chicago batter sent an easy grounder to short and the stands heaved a sigh of satisfaction. The second, after a ball and a strike had been called on him, lifted a high fly to right field, near the foul line. It would have been an easy proposition for the Giants' regular rightfielder. The new rightfielder saw it coming, waited a second and then started in what he seemed to think was the direction of the ball. At his first movement the crowd in the bleachers joined in one roar of laughter, for the instant forgetting its concern about the fate of the fly. To see the new fielder run was a rare sight. The operation was more like waddling than running, though the speed was fairly good. His two legs appeared to be moving in opposite directions; his stomach extended outward prominently; his head was thrown back with a sort of frightened-deer expression. When he had traveled about twenty yards he stopped suddenly, turned as if to run back and circled round and round dizzily. Then one of his feet got in the way of the other and he fell sprawling. The ball fell too—several feet away—and rolled almost to the bleachers.

The merriment of the fans had lasted only a moment—while the ball was in the air. Amusement now gave place to angry disapproval, expressed in a medley of shouts:

"Rotten!"

"Pick yerself up!"

"Where're yer eyes!"

"Go back to the farm!"

"Cut off those pig-bristles—they scared the ball away!"

"Hi, sauerkraut!"

"Put him out! Put him out! Put him out!"

Meanwhile Rudolph was scrambling after the ball. He threw it to the second baseman, who had run out to meet it, and the second baseman shot it to third to cut off the runner—too late. The Chicago man stood safe on the base, and the crowd jeered more and more. The clamor grew furious when the next batter drove a clean hit to center and brought home the man on third. The fact that the New York pitcher now achieved two strike-outs did little to appease the thousands, for one run means much in the present state of the science. And, as he walked to the bench at the end of the inning, Rudolph Speckeldonner heard applied to himself every sort of epithet under the sun. The spectators told one another, in no gentle terms, what they thought of McGraw for allowing this numskull on the field. They all agreed that the manager was either drunk or crazy. The unknown must have been put in at the last minute, for his name was not on the scorecard.

A base on balls fell to the first New York batter in the second inning. And now the new rightfielder walked to the plate. There was a momentary lull in the noise as every pair of eyes fixed itself upon the stranger; but when he swung at the first ball pitched and missed it widely the jeering was renewed. Rudolph let two bad ones pass, far above his head. Then came a speedy out-curve, waist-high. He brought the bat to meet it with a full swing of the arms and a dear sound smote the ears of the fans. It was a vicious thwack. The ball sped like a bullet, some twelve feet from the ground, over the third baseman's head. It was too fast to be headed off by the leftfielder, and the Giant on first romped home easily.

"Vell, Let 'Em Get Out Dere and Try It Again"

Rudolph, though, was having trouble in his progress around the diamond. He made the journey to first without mishap, but on the second stage of the circuit he tripped and fell. Somehow he gained his feet again and went on to second, where he arrived just in time. A hit that should have sent him home landed him on third and a minute later he was ignominiously nailed at the plate by a throw from left field.

His timely base-hit had partially appeased the fans, but only partially. In view of his fielding and base-running they considered the two-bagger a mere accident. Whatever glory it had brought him was demolished by his failure to score on a clean hit. So, when he took his place in the field again, his friends on the bleachers were still liberal with their remarks. The wags had had time to concoct brutal witticisms at his expense and he was subjected to an unceasing volley of ridicule.

Luck was with him now, though, for the visitors sent nothing to right field in the next two or three innings. Once a fly came his way, but the second baseman was playing deep for just such an event and Rudolph judiciously stood still. Since no calamity came of it, the crowd did not give vent to any violent abuse—it merely hooted at the fielder and made facetious comments anent his shirking.

When he came to bat the second time neither team had added to its one run. New York had runners on first and third and McGraw had instructed Rudolph to let one ball pass, so that the man on first could take second. But his advice was ignored; the rightfielder struck at the ball and missed it. He reached for the next one, too, apparently trying to pick it off the ground—and missed that. The crowd yelled its disapproval. The pitcher smiled, for the job looked easy; he wound up and shot the ball far wide of the plate. It was a bait and the batter bit. Rudolph leaned over and lunged wildly. A moment later the first baseman was making a futile dive at a grounder that made dents in the turf just inside the foul line. Two Giants came home amid cheers and the new Giant roosted on first.

A buzzing, quite unlike the ordinary aimless chatter, was heard from the stands. Somebody had learned the rightfielder's name and it spread from one fan to another. "Speckeldonner?" every man asked his neighbor. "Who is he? Where did he come from?" Nobody knew. Nobody even attempted to guess. After he had wielded his bat a third time—and a third time made a clean hit—the crowd was aghast. The wags on the bleachers kept silent and the men who had jeered at that first awkward performance began to stare at Speckeldonner with a deep awe. At quarter past five o'clock he was a famous man; his progress from the players' bench to the clubhouse was a triumph.

As he went to the showers Rudolph spied a burly figure that he had reason to recognize.

"Here, you!" he called imperiously. "Here, you—Yim! Come here and help me off mit my shoes—qvick!"

Jim had been watching the game. "Yes, sor, Mr. Speckeldonner," he replied, and came running.

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HOW TO MAKE CAPITALISTS

By the Tariff—By Will Payne

DECORATIONS BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

BY MERELY changing one small figure in a minor item of the tariff law some forty millions of first-class capital was created and a very lively little bunch of millionaires were started upon their careers.

The McKinley bill of 1890 raised the duty on tin-plate from a cent a pound to two and two-tenths cents a pound. That may look quite unimportant; but, ten years later, Mr. Griffiths—a tin-plate manufacturer who had sold his plant to the trust meanwhile—informed the Industrial Commission that for some time after the duty was thus raised his profits amounted to one hundred per cent a year.

It is clear enough that a business that earns one hundred per cent a year doesn't need any capital. It can make its own capital as it goes along. The proprietor, for example, can borrow the money to build his plant at ten per cent interest and pay off the loan out of his profits in about thirteen months; or with his profits he can double his capacity nearly every year.

It was, in fact, too good a thing to last. Too many manufacturers did double their capacity out of profits; too many persons were attracted into a field where money multiplied so rapidly. Presently the supply of tin-plate outran the demand. As there were not orders enough to keep all the mills busy and every manufacturer wanted his mill kept busy, they began fighting for orders and cutting prices.

By the summer of 1898 there were forty-odd competing plants and the price of tin-plate at New York had fallen to three dollars a box. In October it was two dollars and ninety cents, and sales at the mills were made at only two dollars and sixty-five cents. This was disastrous.

Daniel G. Reid, one of the "tin-plate millionaires," testified before the Industrial Commission: "Competition had become so strong the business was fast drifting into a condition where there was little if any profit. A number of mills were losing money and only a few were making any."

Again he said: "I am quite certain, if the consolidation had not gone through, there would have been fifteen companies closed and seven or eight thousand men out of work."

It was this disastrous situation that engaged the serviceable attention of "Judge" Moore, who was already famous as a trust promoter. He undertook to combine the competing plants in a single corporation and succeeded brilliantly, organizing the American Tin-Plate Company for that purpose.

Values Based on Future Possibilities

THE method pursued has been described by Judge Moore himself and by other witnesses. The Judge went around to the different manufacturers and secured options of purchase on their plants at an agreed price. This was a cash price; but the manufacturers were at liberty to receive it either in cash or in preferred stock of the new company; and if they took the preferred stock they got an equal amount of common stock as a bonus. Nearly all of them did, in fact, take stock instead of money.

Now it is agreed by all witnesses that the cash price that the manufacturer fixed on his plant included good-will. It was the amount for which he was willing to hand over his whole business as it stood and retire. It is agreed, moreover, that in fixing this price the manufacturers knew they were selling out to a trust. Undoubtedly, in the main, they valued their plants not so much at what they were then actually worth as independent competing concerns, but rather at what they would be worth as component parts of a monopoly.

Judge Moore observed on the witness-stand that probably the organization, good-will and managerial talent of a going concern was worth as much as the tangible property. If a tin-plate manufacturer who was about to sell out to the Judge took the same view, we should have the following result:

Real value of tangible property, say	$250,000
Value of organization, good-will and talent	250,000
Making the manufacturer's cash price	$500,000
For which the manufacturer would receive:	
Preferred stock of the new company	$500,000
Common stock of the new company	500,000
Total stock	$1,000,000

Behind this million dollars of stock there would be two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of tangible property and seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars of good-will and talent.

What the ratios actually were it is impossible to say. "Can you say what the value of these plants was as turned in to you?" Judge Moore was asked. "No, I could not tell that," he replied. "It would require quite a memory to go over the various plants."

Mr. Griffiths, referred to above, who sold to the trust, opined that the value of the various plants might have been about twelve million dollars—"good-will and all."

The promoters' syndicate, however, raised five million dollars cash as working capital for the new company, receiving five million dollars of preferred stock and a like amount of common stock. Altogether, eighteen million dollars of preferred stock was issued, carrying with it as a bonus, of course, the same amount of common stock; and then an additional ten million dollars of common stock—making twenty-eight million dollars common in all—was issued and divided up among the promoters.

It might seem at first glance that this high valuation of "good-will and talent" made the concern rather lopsided; but the talent was really there. Competition among tin-plate manufacturers naturally ceased.

The new company was organized in January, 1899. "When it took over the contracts of the old companies," said Mr. Reid, "it assumed contracts, I presume, amounting to four million boxes, at two dollars and sixty-five cents to two dollars and seventy-five cents a box. In January and February, sales were made at three dollars and three dollars and twenty-five cents. From that the price rose to three dollars and a half and three dollars and seventy-five cents. The present price [October, 1899] is four dollars and sixty-five cents a box."

Multiply the output of tin-plate by two dollars difference in the price of each box and you will see for yourself that talent may be worth more than plants.

In fact, the American Tin-Plate Company was decidedly profitable. Little more than two years after its organization it was taken into the United States Steel Corporation. This was another case of valuing a concern not according to the amount of money that had been put into it, or according to the worth of its tangible property, but according to what it might probably earn as part of a big, protected and monopolistic combine. So each hundred dollars of the Tin-plate Company's preferred stock received one hundred and twenty-five dollars in preferred stock of the Steel Corporation; each hundred dollars of Tin-plate common stock received one hundred and twenty-five dollars in Steel common and twenty dollars in Steel preferred. Thus the forty-six million dollars of Tin-plate capitalization was converted into some sixty million dollars of Steel capitalization, the market valuation of which at this writing is around fifty-eight million dollars. Probably the largest actual investment of capital ever made in the business was the five million dollars cash turned in by Tin-plate promoters.

Riches From Steel, Wire and Water

CLOSELY following the organization of the Tin-plate Company, Judge Moore promoted, on substantially the same plan, the National Steel Company and the American Steel Hoop Company, which issued fifty-one million dollars of common stock that was certainly all good-will. These companies were taken into the Steel Corporation and again, as with Tin-plate, the good-will capitalization was increased.

John W. Gates told the Industrial Commission that as early as 1890 concerns in which he was interested practically controlled the barbed-wire business in this country—heavily protected by the tariff. The most important of these concerns was the Consolidated Steel and Wire Company, capitalized, I believe, at about five million dollars. In 1898 this and a few other wire concerns were taken into the American Steel and Wire Company of Illinois, capitalized at twenty-four million dollars; and the next year—when trust-promoting was getting into its most palmy state—this Illinois concern and a few others were taken into the American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey, capitalized at ninety million dollars. This also was absorbed into the Steel Corporation and the capitalization was increased in the process

Mr. Gates, with the powerful assistance of Mr. Morgan, also promoted the Federal Steel Company, a consolidation of the Minnesota Iron Company, the Illinois Steel Company and the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern Railroad. The holder of one hundred dollars of Minnesota Iron stock paid in twenty-seven dollars and ten cents in cash and received one hundred and thirty-five dollars and fifty cents in Federal Steel preferred stock and one hundred and eight dollars and forty cents in Federal Steel common stock. The holder of one hundred dollars in Illinois Steel stock paid in twenty dollars cash, receiving one hundred dollars in new preferred stock and eighty dollars in new common. For one hundred dollars of the railroad's stock, upon payment of seventeen dollars and fifty cents cash, eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents in new preferred stock and seventy dollars in new common were given. The railroad, I believe, had never paid a dividend. The Illinois Steel Company—itself an old consolidation—had paid dividends only in an irregular and intermittent fashion. But for Steel Trust purposes their good-will and that of the iron company were valued at about fifty million dollars.

Mr. Morgan had promoted the National Tube Company with a copious issue of good-will stock; and when it was taken into the Steel Trust still more good-will stock was issued.

Indeed, although the companies that I have named above were already vastly inflated, when they were taken into the Steel Corporation there was a further inflation amounting to seventy-four million dollars; and all this inflation, both old and new, is now perfectly good capital.

The Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines, a Rockefeller concern, was also taken into the Steel Corporation. It had a little less than thirty million dollars of capital stock outstanding, in exchange for which eighty-one million dollars of the capital stock of the Steel Corporation was given; but there was really no water in the Steel Trust's stock, said Mr. Schwab, who was then its president.

"In the case of the United States Steel Corporation," he was asked, "about what proportion of the capitalization would be counted as tangible assets?"

"It is entirely a question of what you put your raw materials at," he replied. "The corporation, for example, has over five hundred million tons of ore in sight in the Northwest. Now it does not take many dollars a ton on that ore to equal the whole capitalization. . . . I should say you ought to have a profit of two dollars to two dollars and a half a ton on every ton of ore in the Lake Superior region."

Not a great while before, Mr. Schwab had stated in writing that the Carnegie mills could turn out steel rails at a cost of twelve dollars a ton, which was less than the cost at the best English mills. Being staunchly protected by an import duty, however, the Steel Corporation was selling its rails at twenty-eight dollars a ton. Obviously, if you can get all the profit you want on your rails, then your iron ore, out of which you are making your rails, may be worth whatever you choose to say.

As to the original investment of capital in the trust's vast ore deposits we have some interesting testimony from James Howard Bridge, author of The Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Company.

Mr. Bridge, I may mention, enjoyed unusual opportunities for getting the facts. For several years he was employed by Mr. Carnegie in a literary capacity—partly to assist in preparing the ironmaster's celebrated book, Triumphant Democracy. Later on there was a deplorable family row in the Carnegie company between Mr. Carnegie and the most powerful of his partners, Henry Clay Frick. Mr. Carnegie formed the amiable intention of kicking Mr. Frick out of the company—a proceeding as to which Mr. Frick had very decided convictions of his own. He began a lawsuit, thereby divulging certain facts concerning the company's earnings. It is supposed that this family squabble was of considerable assistance to Mr. Bridge by way of making available for his history many records and documents that had never been intended for publication.

The Alliance With the Rockefellers

IN 1892 the Carnegie company had become decidedly the greatest consumer of iron ore in the country. The ore came from the Lake Superior regions, where it was mined and marketed by many independent and competing concerns. The Carnegie company bought its ore in the market—no doubt shrewdly playing off one mine against another so as to get the lowest price. In the year named, however, Henry W. Oliver, a very able Pittsburgher who owned a number of blast furnaces, formed the Oliver Mining Company to operate the Missabi Mountain Mine. Mr. Frick then suggested to Mr. Oliver that an ore combination between himself and the Carnegie company might be advantageous.

"The enormous consumption of ore of the united plants"—the Carnegie and Oliver plants says Mr. Bridge, "would enable them to offer a guaranteed tonnage to railway and steamship companies in exchange for low rates as well as to make exceptional offers to mineowners who were willing to let their ores be worked on a royalty basis. Oliver, therefore, viewed the suggestion with favor and agreed to give the Carnegie company one-half the stock of the Oliver Mining Company, conditioned on a loan of five hundred thousand dollars, to be secured by a mortgage on the ore properties, the money to be spent in development work. In this ingenious way Mr. Frick so arranged that the Carnegie ore interest would not cost a dollar."

Mr. Carnegie vetoed the plan. From Scotland he wrote: "If there is any department of the business which offers no inducements it is ore." Mr. Frick, however, had concluded the bargain with Oliver; whereupon, says Mr. Bridge, ensued the first coldness between Oliver and Mr. Carnegie. Yet, somewhat later, as the Carnegie furnaces were greater consumers of ore than the Oliver, Mr. Carnegie required Mr. Oliver to sell him an additional third interest in the mining company, making the Carnegie interest five-sixths of the total. Mr. Carnegie always insisted upon having control. At this time the capital of the mining company was one million two hundred thousand dollars.

Meanwhile the Rockefellers had secured control of a large body of Lake Superior ore, and in 1896 they made a lease with the Oliver-Carnegie interests, the gist of which was that the lessees should mine on the Rockefeller properties at least six hundred thousand tons of ore a year, which, with a like amount from the Oliver mine, should be shipped over Rockefeller railroads and lake boats at a freight rate of eighty cents a ton by rail and sixty-five cents a ton by lake; also that the lessees should pay a royalty of twenty-five cents a ton on the ore mined.

"This alliance with the Rockefellers," says Mr. Bridge, "had an unexpected result. It produced a panic among the other mineowners. Stockholders in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland and the Northwest hastened to get rid of their ore properties at almost any price. This was Mr. Oliver's opportunity; and, backed by Mr. Frick and some of the more enterprising Carnegie partners, he hastened to secure options on all the best mines in the Lake Superior region."

These details make the ore situation up to 1896 perfectly clear. Obviously the great consideration among ore producers was to find some outlet for their product. They were so anxious to secure a market for their ores that a great consumer like the Carnegie-Oliver interest was able to bargain with them pretty much on its own terms. We have seen that even the Rockefellers, in spite of their immense resources and great business prestige, were so little sure of an outlet that they were willing to lease their ore lands to Oliver and Carnegie on a royalty basis of only twenty-five cents a ton, provided they could be assured that a large quantity would be mined regularly every year and shipped over the railroad and steamboat lines in which they were interested. And when the Rockefeller deal seemed to assure a full supply of ore for the Carnegie and Oliver furnaces, thereby taking the greatest consumer out of the market, the other mineowners were panic-stricken.

Astutely taking advantage of their panic, Mr. Oliver proceeded to secure options on the Norrie, Tilden and Pioneer mines. "The only cash obligation that we will have, if my plan is carried out," he wrote, "is in the purchase of the Norrie stock. The amount that we would invest in the Norrie is a very small item, considering the immense stake we have in the business. . . . I propose, at a risk of using our credit to the extent of five hundred thousand dollars, or possibly one million dollars, to effect a saving of four million dollars to six million dollars a year."

Mr. Oliver then pointed out that the mines he proposed to take over, together with those already in the Carnegie-Oliver combination and the Rockefeller properties that they held under lease, would give a commanding position.

This ingenious scheme, says Mr. Bridge, was vetoed by Mr. Carnegie, who thought so poorly of ore that he didn't care to own it on any terms. Undoubtedly Mr. Carnegie, as the greatest consumer, preferred to buy his ore from a lot of independent competing producers, playing off one against another. Mr. Oliver insisted, however; and Mr. Carnegie, then in Scotland, finally left the decision to his managers in Pittsburgh and they promptly authorized Oliver to close the deal.

It appears, then, that the Carnegie company secured its vast ore deposits with hardly any investment of capital, for the first five hundred thousand dollars advanced to Oliver was merely a loan secured by mortgage on the property.

When the Steel Trust was formed the Minnesota Iron Company—already a part of the Federal Steel Company—was taken in. Thus a vast body of Lake Superior ore, comprising the pick of the region, was concentrated in the hands of a single owner and that owner was far and away the greatest consumer of ore in the country.

This is the five hundred million tons of ore on which Mr. Schwab thought the trust ought to reckon a profit of two dollars or two dollars and a half a ton, giving a capitalization value of a billion dollars or so, which would wipe out all the water in the trust's stock. But if that five hundred million tons of ore were in the hands of a score or more of independent competing producers, and the trust, in buying ore, were playing off one against another as Mr. Carnegie used to do, it is very safe to say it wouldn't be able to reckon the profit mentioned by Mr. Schwab. We have seen that Mr. Rockefeller, under those conditions, was satisfied to reckon a profit of only twenty-five cents a ton. Again, the profit on ore must depend upon the profit on steel products. Holding up the latter to a high-tariff and monopolistic basis is what holds up the former, after the ore also has been placed in a monopolistic position.

How It Would Work With Potatoes

IT MAY be recalled that, soon after Mr. Oliver's exploit, James J. Hill, with very little capital outlay, secured control of a great body of ore lying farther away. The Steel Trust couldn't call its ore worth two dollars a ton in the ground unless Mr. Hill's ore also was worth about as much. So the trust leased the Hill ore, issuing certain ore-purchase certificates, which are now valued in the market at about one hundred million dollars.

The United States produces about three hundred and fifty million bushels of potatoes yearly, worth, say, fifty cents a bushel. If somebody got control of all the potato land on a fifty-cents-a-bushel basis, and then, by the aid of a stiff protective tariff, jumped the price to one dollar and fifty cents a bushel, the resulting profit, it is clear, would pay ten-per-cent dividends on a capitalization of three and a half billion dollars, and it would be said there was no water in this capitalization because, with potatoes at a dollar and a half a bushel, the potato lands would be worth three and a half billions. And if anybody proposed to fetch down the price of potatoes he would be accused of assaulting sacred capital.

Mr. Carnegie, it is well known, took out of the steel business something over two hundred million dollars in good first mortgage five per cent bonds. His original investments in that business may possibly have been as much as one per cent of that amount. In 1859 two brothers named Kloman, immigrants from Prussia, had a small forge near Pittsburgh. They valued the establishment at forty-eight hundred dollars. "Among their clients," says Mr. Bridge, "was the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway, then called the Ohio & Pennsylvania. The purchasing clerk of this railway was Thomas N. Miller." Wishing to raise sixteen hundred dollars for the purpose of installing a second trip-hammer, the

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WESTERN WOMEN FARMING

By WALTER V. WOEHLKE

Curing Raisins on the Woman Farmer's Ranch

EXCEPT at the sick-bed, patience was not the doctor's long suit. He wanted action, rapid action, for his money; and the delay in the settlement of the Rawhide Mining Company's affairs set his nerves on edge. When the fifth summons in the long litigation over the property was served upon him he exploded. Snorting with anger he pawed through the pile of papers until he found the stock certificates. Without untying the bundle he carried it to the fireplace and tossed it upon the barely smouldering eucalyptus logs. Then, with a nervous sigh of relief, he kicked the door of the safe and reached for his satchel to hurry off just as Minna, his eldest daughter, entered the office, her nose in the air—sniffing.

"Anything burning around here, father?"

"Not that I know, unless it's that fool Rawhide stock I threw into the fireplace." He brushed past his daughter. "Even there the pestiferous thing does not stop plaguing me," he added, the wave of irritable resentment rising again. "Goodby. You need not keep lunch waiting for me. I have a case out on Piedmont Avenue."

Even before the door slammed shut the girl was in front of the fireplace to snatch the brand from the burning. She succeeded. Only the lower end of the bundle was charred and blackened, but the fire had not destroyed the essential parts—the seals, numbers and signatures of the certificates.

A year later the Rawhide developed a shoot of high-grade ore and the litigation became even fiercer, until the warring factions realized that the lawyers were getting away with the best part of the pay streak. Then the litigants compromised. Three years after the rescue of the certificates Rawhide cut the juicy melon that had grown up during the period of strife and the doctor's slice amounted to fifty-four thousand dollars. Being a just man, the physician turned the money over to his forehanded daughter, who divided it with her sister. With the twenty-seven thousand dollars she had literally pulled out of the fire, Minna acquired an unimproved ranch of six hundred and eighty acres in the San Joaquin Valley of California.

Department Store Methods on the Ranch

THAT was twenty-five years ago. Today Mrs. Minna E. Sherman's holdings exceed eleven hundred acres. Upon this area she has one of the finest herds of pure-bred Holsteins in the West, with some sixty head of blooded Percheron stock and a piggery of registered Berkshires as side lines. As an antidote to the distant piggery twenty-five hundred rosebushes of three hundred and thirty varieties scent the air about the home ranch buildings. The olive grove of forty acres, lying just beyond the end of the rose jungle, is one of the two best and most remunerative in California; and none of the Golden State's vineyards produce more or better table grapes than Mrs. Sherman's hundred and ten acres of Red Emperors and Malagas. Besides blooded stock, roses, butter, olives and table grapes, there are one hundred and eighty acres of raisin grapes on the ranch, forty acres in peaches, five in oranges, five in plums, a hundred and twenty in alfalfa and some five hundred in grain and pasture. It is evident that Mrs. Sherman did not put all her eggs in one basket. As an example of a well-balanced, diversified farm, her vineyard need not yield the palm to any ranch—whether managed by man or woman—in the West.

After Mrs. Sherman had paid for the original section, a quarter of a century ago, she had three thousand dollars in cash left; but she had no intention of improving so large an acreage with so small a capital. She bought as a speculation, hoping to make a quick, profitable turn. Buyers being not quite so plentiful as blackbirds, the ranch stayed on her hands until she was forced to do something with the land in order to make her capital produce interest.

"Ever so many women write and ask my advice as to whether they should choose agriculture as a career." A whimsical smile spread over Mrs. Sherman's features. "It has been my experience that the career usually does the choosing. If they would only do the work at hand to the best of their ability—use their brains as well as their hands and exercise common-sense—the career, whether it's in farming or something else, will take care of itself."

With the elephant of a ranch on her hands and but a small amount of money to make it work, Mrs. Sherman began her operations very modestly by planting ten acres to the new crop—muscat grapes. Raisins were an experiment and all the neighbors advised against the venture. Stubbornly the old settlers maintained that wheat and cattle were the only products the valley was fit for; that the long, hot, dry summer would wither the vines, kill the rosebushes and burn the flower-seed these fool tenderfoot women were putting into the ground. Immense grain and stock ranches, comprising thousands of acres, were the rule in the gigantic valley, and among these mile-square wheatfields the little vineyards of the pioneers assumed ridiculously insignificant proportions.

In the front rank of the raisin pioneers two school-teachers were helping to break the difficult trail. While Miss Austin and Miss Hatch were wrestling with the stubborn soil and the rebellious muscat vine, two other teachers, silent members of the partnership, were wrestling with the equally stubborn and rebellious child-mind back East, remitting regularly every month until the vineyard came into bearing and showed a profit. The teachers performed splendid work. In the early days of the raisin industry the output of the vineyard, managed by the energetic schoolma'ams, was most popular with the trade and often commanded a premium. Many of the curing, sweating and packing problems were solved by these two women; and their success encouraged Mrs. Sherman's raisin venture until the ten-acre vineyard had grown to two hundred acres. When that area came into full bearing the value of diversified farming was brought home to her by a ten-thousand-dollar lesson.

One year the output of her two hundred raisin acres brought five cents a pound. The next year the price dropped to three cents without warning. Instead of twenty-five thousand, Mrs. Sherman received but fifteen thousand dollars for the year's crop, and there were no other products to make up the deficit. Immediately she cast about for insurance against the mercurial fluctuations of the raisin price and decided upon a dairy as the right counterweight to give her ranch the proper balance.

Good milch cows were not for sale in the San Joaquin Valley except at prohibitive prices. Rather than pay fancy figures for inferior local stock, Mrs. Sherman sent to Arizona for sixty head—two carloads of raw material—costing twelve dollars apiece. The material turned out to be extremely raw when it arrived. At the sight of the milk-pail these "dairy" cows made frantic attempts to jump over the moon. Special apparatus had to be constructed to keep them on earth. The pastoral pursuit of milking was transformed into a rousing Wild West show.

How Alfalfa Affects the Cow

AT MILKING time the cows were rounded up and maneuvered into solid, tapering chutes, where timbers were placed fore and aft to hold them horizontally, while stout crosspieces fastened over the top of the chute prevented perpendicular ascensions.

Approaching the caged animal cautiously from one side, the milker noiselessly removed a board at the bottom of the pen, inserted his hand through the opening and, with five men holding the cow down, projected the milk through the timbers of the chute into the pail outside. Though it was hard work, the herd was broken to the pail in four months and the task of weeding out the weak sisters by means of the Babcock test could begin. Careful detailed records of the yield of each cow were kept. Those not earning their keep went to the butcher; and at the end of the first year the average production of the herd had been raised from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty pounds of butter-fat a year for each cow.

At the time Mrs. Sherman was transforming wild, snorting range cattle into mild-eyed dairy cows alfalfa was just coming into popularity as a fodder; but its use was confined to beef cattle. Dairy cows were denied the benefit of this richest of stock foods. Alfalfa taints the milk, the dairymen asserted; and they would not feed an ounce of it to their herds. Mrs. Sherman, however, refused to abide by this law of the dairy. In her opinion, nothing taken into the stomach could taint the milk, though the food would affect the quality of the lacteal fluid. If alfalfa was good for the production of beef it ought to be good for the production of milk. She fed onions and cabbages to her cows without reproducing the odor in the milk. If onions did not taint the milk why should alfalfa? she asked herself; and she set about looking for the reason.

From Roses to Pigs, Everything on Mrs. Sherman's Eleven-Hundred-Acre Ranch is Pedigreed. Six Registered Percheron Breed Mares are Shown at Work

She found that alfalfa never tainted the milk inside the cow; that the contamination always took place after milking—the alfalfa manure and the strong breath of cows fresh from an alfalfa meal invariably imparting a disagreeable flavor to the milk kept in the barn, even if exposed but a short time. To avoid this contamination, Mrs. Sherman stopped feeding alfalfa two hours before milking-time, had the cows led into a clean pasture to breathe off and caused the floor of the barn and milking shed to be kept scrupulously clean and covered with gypsum, thus removing all sources of the taint.

The first batch of alfalfa butter from the Minnewawa Ranch found the gate to the market locked and barred. The Fresno dealers, despite all explanations, refused to believe the testimony of their noses and declined to handle the butter from alfalfa-fed cows. Undismayed, Mrs. Sherman went direct to the consumer, whose unprejudiced nose rendered a judgment favorable to her pocketbook—so favorable that the dealers by-and-by fell eagerly into line.

Before the convention of the California Dairymen's Association Mrs. Sherman related her experience with alfalfa fodder for milch cows. The dairymen howled with laughter at the idea of alfalfa butter advanced by this farmer in skirts. For months after the convention the hilarity lasted in the dairy barns and expressed itself in numerous sarcastic letters to the alfalfa woman. The mirth did not cease until Mrs. Sherman's ridiculed alfalfa butter swept forty-two competitors off the boards at the state fair the following year, capturing first prize with ninety-eight and three-quarter points out of a possible total of one hundred—a percentage of excellence that remained a national record for several years.

Mrs. Sherman's System

BETWEEN the range and the grange, deep, solid grooves had been worn by the ranchers of the San Joaquin Valley at the time the young woman burdened herself with a section of land; and the travelers in these grooves freely predicted that the vehicle of the lady farmer seeking new agricultural roads would soon land in the financial mire—but it didn't. Though it was hard, slow work—bringing nearly seven hundred acres from a low to a high state of cultivation on a working capital of three thousand dollars—Mrs. Sherman's methods appealed to the common-sense of the men who had the cash she needed. When she asked for two thousand dollars to buy forty registered Holsteins, with which to start a pure-bred dairy herd, the banks advanced the money on her personal note; and in later years successful expansion made it possible for her to carry a load of obligations aggregating a hundred thousand dollars without disastrous consequences.

The money paid for the registered Holsteins proved to be one of the best investments ever made by the owner of Minnewawa Ranch. Out of this nucleus Mrs. Sherman bred animals that found buyers in all parts of the world. One block of a hundred, sold for ten thousand dollars, became the foundation of one of the most famous Holstein herds in the West. From a South African agricultural college an order came for ten of the Minnewawa animals, and practically every youngster in the herd is spoken for months before the new crop is ready for the market.

For her own dairy Mrs. Sherman retained only true and tried performers. To belong to the élite, the two-year-old heifer, upon becoming fresh for the first time, must furnish at least ten pounds of butter-fat in seven days. The heifer that cannot reach this standard is disposed of immediately. A good many of Mrs. Sherman's Holsteins by far surpassed this standard. Julianna De Kol, bred on the ranch, broke the world's record when she gave twenty-two pounds of butter-fat in seven days at the age of two, a record that was unbroken for eight years—until 1909.

"See that bunch over there in the corner—in the shade of the liveoak?" Mrs. Sherman stood up in the buggy, adjusted her eyeglasses and studied the black-and-white contented beauties. "Not one of those cows gives less than five hundred and twenty pounds of butter a year under ranch conditions of feeding, and three of them exceed six hundred pounds every year continuously."

A tanned young man with a bristly little mustache and clear gray eyes rode up to the buggy and touched his hat.

"Two of the heifers over in the pasture look rather poor, Shorty." The tone of Mrs. Sherman's voice was all business. "Better cut them out and have them looked after."

Shorty nodded

"Tom seems to have trouble in the triangular piece he is plowing. Don't you think we had better give him two more horses until he has the Bermuda grass all out?"

The taciturn Shorty nodded again.

"And will you see to it that the fence around the new bull is strengthened? I don't want any accidents until we see how the tuberculin test comes out. I see Red is hauling wood with the two colts he is breaking. Tell him not to overwork them. Two China boys are coming in the morning to start pruning. Send them back if they're not first-class. That's all, I think."

Shorty nodded once more, touched his hat and was gone without a word.

"That's my foreman," Mrs. Sherman explained. "He doesn't say much, but he knows his business and tends to it. Now let us take a look at the Red Emperors."

The buggy stopped at the edge of a small vineyard, bare, reddish branches hanging disconsolately from the gnarled heads of the black vines.

"See those red and white marks on the stakes alongside of some of the vines?" The whip pointed out several examples. "When this little patch of table grapes came into bearing the culls, the waste fruit unfit for shipping, amounted to forty per cent of the total crop. That loss was too high. So, one fall, I marked the best vines, those producing an abundance of large, symmetrical clusters with the highest color and the largest berries. The next fall I narrowed down my choice to the best of those with a white mark, placing a red one alongside of the white spot on the stake. From these selected plants I took cuttings, and out of those cuttings the best performers were culled a third time to furnish the stock for the large vineyard. The selections took time and patience, but the work paid, for the percentage of waste was reduced from forty to three per cent."

Between the blooded vineyard and the pasture of the blooded stock stretched forty acres of olives, one of the two best paying olive groves in California, both of which are owned and managed by women.

"How does it happen that so many olive orchards turned out failures?"

Mrs. Sherman flicked the whip over the broad back of the mare and turned the buggy into a long row of trees, the wintry white, resplendent crest of the Sierra Nevada closing the background of the green lane. She pointed with the whip to the soil.

"That forty-acre piece is as good a tract of land as there is on the ranch"—the whip went up toward the crown of the trees—"and the olives have received as much care as the vines or the cows. See how low and broad the trees are? They have been trimmed and fed regularly, and they have never disappointed me. That formula, good land, the best breed and the best feed, whether it is applied to plants or animals, is a good rule to follow in farming. Everything on the ranch here is pedigreed, from the roses and vines to the pigs and Percherons. The best plants and the best animals eat no more than the scrubs; and with good care the profit is always greater and more certain.

"Take the olive, for example. When the olive fad started, any old piece of dry land was considered good enough for the trees and most of the growers did not think it worth while to prune or fertilize the orchard. Of course olives did not pay. No crop would pay under those conditions. Handled rationally, the olive will respond to good care and proper food as readily as any other tree."

The country around Fresno is a region of specialists in viticulture and dairying. Muscat grapes and alfalfa are the staples; and, though milk, butter and raisins blend harmoniously in the pudding, on the farm they are usually kept far apart. The shining exception among these specialists is Minnewawa Ranch, with its roses and raisins, its Percherons, Holsteins and Berkshires, its peaches, plums, oranges and olives; with its grainfields, alfalfa patches, dairy barns, raisin stemmers, packing sheds, sulphur houses; with its silo and its olive mill—a ranch with products so diversified that the varieties and the equipment needed to handle them are bewildering, that one woman's head seems insufficient to supply all the detailed technical knowledge necessary to make each crop pay. And yet the ranch of fifty-seven varieties by no means limits the activities of its owner. In her spare time Mrs. Sherman lectures before farmers' institutes and on demonstration trains as a member of the state agricultural college faculty, contributes largely to the horticultural and agricultural publications and takes active part in the work of California's women's clubs, besides absorbing the contents of practically all pamphlets and bulletins published by the numerous experimental stations throughout the country.

Mrs. M. E. Sherman's Ranch House. Twenty-Five Hundred Rose Bushes of Three Hundred and Thirty Named Varieties Surround the Dwelling of the Woman Farmer's Home Ranch

The Value of Time

MRS. SHERMAN admitted that modern agriculture is a subject bewildering in its complexities to the uninitiated. A formidable library of agricultural works, flanked by long rows of bound and indexed bulletins, supported her admission. "But," she continued, "there is no field of human endeavor that is not complicated to the novice. Housekeeping requires wide technical knowledge and a good deal of ability—and in their fundamental principles and objects housekeeping and farming are practically alike. The woman who is a good housekeeper has the making of a good farmer. The farm is but an enlarged household, with a multitude of living things that require motherly care, attention, food and healthful surroundings if they shall grow up and accomplish their purpose in the world. And the work on the farm is not much harder than the tasks of the household. In both there is too much waste, both of material and of effort. I never give an order until I can see before me clearly the picture of the result I want accomplished. If I did not know exactly what I wanted, and how I wanted it done, it would be impossible for me to give an intelligent order that could be understood by the help and carried out efficiently.

"Most of the women farmers—and the men farmers too—try to do too much with their hands and forget that the Creator gave them a head. Take the pickling of olives, for instance: Olives are intensely bitter when they are picked; to remove this bitter acidity they are soaked in a solution of lye, which neutralizes the acid. Every year the olives contain a different percentage of acid and the length of immersion required to cut the acid varies also, of course. The first batch of the new olives always gives me the correct number of hours required in the cutting process for the entire crop throughout the season, but this simple problem in arithmetic seems too hard for many growers who do their own pickling. Instead of timing their first olives, they watch over the vats day and night, testing each batch a dozen times until it is done—losing valuable strength, sleep, rest and time.

"That seems to be the besetting sin of women in the farming business—this inability to appreciate the value of their time. Trained to think from childhood that their

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COUNTER ENCOUNTERS

On the Trail of the Bargain—By Corinne Lowe

THE corset lady's head was "sunning over with curls"—of borrowed profusion—and the corset lady's tall, slender figure was sleekly clothed in black. Altogether, a decided contrast was she to the woman on the other side of the counter—a plain, plump body, whose clothes hung as limply as her straight locks of hair. Clutched tightly in her hand, the shopper bore a tiny piece of paper, which she handed now to the other with the same air of successful consummation as that with which the messenger intrusts dispatches brought through hostile lines.

"XY-721"—the corset lady read these mystic words aloud, with a slight frown at the woman standing before her.

"That's it," breathed the shopper tensely. "That's the one I want."

"For yourself, madam?" inquired the corset lady.

The other nodded briskly.

"But this is not the corset we would sell for you, madam," protested the corset lady. "This number is for a tall, athletic figure."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the shopper trustfully; "that is the corset my friend, Mrs. Brown, got here, and her figure's simply elegant since she's worn this corset."

"Yes, but ——" still protested the other.

"Oh, very well," responded the shopper stiffly; "I can get it some place else if you don't happen to have it."

Whereupon the corset lady turned grimly to the row of boxes behind her head, put her hand unwaveringly on "XY-721," unrolled the corset for the other's inspection. Five minutes afterward, when the shopper had turned away with her burden, the corset lady folded her arms and remarked gloomily:

"Ten to one that woman brings the corset back here tomorrow and blames me for selling it. Worst of it is, too, that every other woman is just like her. They want to buy a figure—not a corset. And when their friend, Mrs. Smith, tells them to get a certain corset they are determined to have it. Just like sheep, women are—what one gets the rest want too."

This is almost the universal testimony of the girl who stands behind the counter of the modern department store. Every one of such will assert that the imp who laughs behind each bale of merchandise and each kind of apparel is one called "Fad," a queer monster who sticks a waggish tongue in his cheek at the mention of long wear and who cries "What merry quip!" at the mention of low price. Gone are the days when the women held the distaff and plied the wheel in the spinning of immutable fabrics. Nowadays women do not wish their garments to be immutable. "How much does it wear?" was the question of Vrow Jacobeg, of New Amsterdam. "How much is it worn?" is that of her descendant, Mrs. Hildegarde, of the Bronx.

How Gasoline Has Affected Fashion

IN CONSIDERING clothes fads of this generation it is necessary to note the influence of the automobile; to pause at the thought that not only the woman who gets out of the car but the woman who gets out of the way of the car is passed over, sartorially speaking, by this modern Juggernaut.

It is the automobile, in fact, that is responsible for scattering the hitherto solid phalanxes of the suit-wearing. Not a manufacturer of women's suits who did not suffer during the past year; not a retail coat-and-suit business that was not overstocked. In vain did the sweet saleswoman spread her whipped-cream smile and set the old suit-traps. Why, this year even that quondam irresistible "Makes you look slender about the hips," was met with the indifferent reply: "But a long coat is better—a long coat hides my hips entirely."

Unbelievable as it would have seemed a few years ago, there are actually women nowadays who admit that they have not one tailored suit in their wardrobe. "What is the use?" argue they. "I can wear a top coat over a gingham apron or a party dress; and with the money I save in suits I can buy that many more frocks." Of course the manufacturers and the retail trade have their own theories about the decline of the fall suit and claim that the slackness was due to insufficient change in style and fabric from that of the past season. However, it is idle to belittle the influence of the automobile in shaping this state of affairs. So long, in fact, as the woman who walks sees the woman who rides going to theater or shop in a coat no more dressy than the aboriginal blanket, she is going to do the same. And the fact that the fashion is on the whole an economical one cannot blind the modern shopper into evading the conclusion that, did the motor demand tartatan ruffles, the obedience would be just as unquestioning.

"If I Were You, Though, I Wouldn't Economize on Hair"

On the millinery departments the automobile may be said to have laid the same blighting hand. During the past season these sections wore, for the most part, the sociable look of a picnic ground in winter; and the whole situation was all along o' the outdoor hat. Witness the millinery saleswoman when I asked her what in the world was the matter with business:

"The velours hat's put the crimp in Sadie all right. Why, I never used to have any trouble selling a thirty-five dollar street hat with a handsome egg-rette"—she placed emphasis on the first syllable. "Now I can't persuade a woman to take an every-day hat with an egg-rette unless her husband's with her. He likes it being soft and fluffy and becomin'. But nowadays, unless for very dressy wear, a woman gets a velours hat at seven dollars and puts a quill in it herself."

The velours hat! Could anything, in fact, record a more eloquent tribute to the mastery of a fad. Grim and determined women of forty-five tossed the saucy thing over a severe and knobby brow; the girl with a tiptilted nose and the girl with an aquiline nose put it on with the same pathetic trust in its adaptability to their charms; little girls of eight and their grandmothers of eighty adjusted it at the same daredevil angle. The velours hat, as may be recalled, is simple of outline and even more simple of trimming. Indeed, the woman of today has, like the legendary hero, "stuck a feather in her hat and called her macaroni." As a result, she has robbed us of our tone of awe in speaking of the woman "who trims her own hats."

Yet the joke of the newspapers is not yet to become absolutely tasteless. There are still women who buy expensive hats—women who do not balk at one hundred dollars or more when the crown holds the label of some great French milliner. A waft of tulle and a ray of trimming command as exorbitant prices as ever when the purchaser is assured that the waft cannot be achieved by American fingers and that the ray is of inimitable fabric. For, insistent as she may be on having the fad—the very latest cry of the hour—most women like it adapted in a way far removed from the purse of the majority.

For instance, there were some colored lingerie hats that came over from France to a certain store. Pretty? Indisputably. *Chic?* But—of course. And *certainement*, the little French saleswoman assured you, they came from a milliner whose name was a byword on the Rue de la Paix. Yet, in spite of all this, women were unwilling to pay the stipulated thirty dollars; and it was simply because the hats could be copied by the little milliner around the corner in exactly the same effect at five dollars.

In speaking of fads of any kind, it is unfair to gloss over the one classic exception. In old days the feather bed was a matter of inheritance. In this twentieth century the feather head will probably form an equally conspicuous codicil. Indeed, the willow plume is fast becoming the one really stable possession in a woman's wardrobe, the mainstay of a wobbling sartorial life. Willow plumes range from four to fifty dollars in price and a little group of three or four will trim any temperate woman's hat. When one has formed a collection, too, it appears on straw or velvet, lace or net hat, with all the fabled constancy of the oriflamme of Henry of Navarre.

As a cement for troubled domestic relations, a poultice on matrimonial quarrels, the willow plume occupies a recognized position. Whenever a man dashes wildly into the untrimmed millinery section and gasps wildly "A willow plume!" the sagacious saleswoman gets out one at fifty dollars that has been in stock for the last three months; for, argues she, he has either had a disagreement with his wife or a desperate bill from his wife's milliner. In either case she is safe in making out an advance schedule for two.

Concerning Our Savage Sisters

AUTHORS of various countries, from Victor Hugo to the late O. Henry, have written about the woman who sacrifices her hair for some desired object. Nowadays we have a reversal of this case, and the stores are crowded with women willing to sacrifice any desired object for the sake of a twelve-dollar set of hair. Hair-exchanges are pursued quite seriously, with a superb unconsciousness on the part of both saleswoman and purchaser that hair is somewhat of a postscript in the list of "things needed."

"We have them as low as two-ninety-eight," explains the saleswoman to her customer, with a nod of her own bepuffed head toward the glass case of "transformations," *nattes* and Medusalike fixtures. "If I were you, though, I wouldn't economize on hair. I paid twelve dollars for this of mine, but I haven't ever regretted it. You see mine's made out of the real thing—hair from the German peasant girl's head—and I always think a lady can't afford to skimp on her hair."

"How much would a nice piece cost?" asks the customer timidly.

"We could match your hair up great in this at twelve dollars."

"That's really more than I had expected to pay," responds the customer, rather sinkingly.

Whereupon the saleswoman takes out two specimens from the case—one at a low price, the other at the sum specified. Of course, at one glance of comparison, the shopper capitulates.

"Well, it's more than I had expected to pay," she remarks sighingly; "but I guess I can stop Mary's music lessons for a quarter—she's really overworked at school anyway."

However, there is such a thing as economy in ready-to-wear hair. The woman who has a thought for the future, who reflects on the Protean nature of coiffures, invests in the good old conservative switch. Switches of gleaming hair come at nine or ten dollars and upward; and the

woman who buys one wisely reasons that this vassal will bend to all possible uses—will plump out the unco-skinny "Psyche," separate into excelsiorlike spirals, or build up Gothic buttresses on top of the head.

This is only one instance of today's expensive "extras." Another is supplied by dress and blouse trimmings. Once a supernumerary in the play of Fashion, they have been promoted to the chief rôle. A woman may very plausibly, indeed, pay eight dollars for the material of her gown and three times that for the trimmings. Garnitures of iridescent threads, caught with a few painted beads or some bit of tinsel, come unabashed at twenty-five dollars a yard, and the single gorgeous "motif" or medallion of a waist may cost eight or ten dollars.

Then there is the case of neckwear. Nowadays when a woman asks for "something inexpensive in neckwear" she is shown a tag of embroidery or lace at two dollars. Those who really wish to wear something *très chic* buy a front frill of batiste embroidered in color at six or eight dollars; or a collar-and-cuff set that has been brought from France to sell at the modest sum of five dollars.

As for blouses, the time is rapidly coming when only the very wealthy can afford them—when it will be a sort of insignia of rank to possess one. A *soupçon* of chiffon, scattered with a few beads—yet this, the blouse of today, will cost as much as the suit of yesterday. As for the lingerie blouse, the cobweb of handwork, this airy trifle of stitches may easily cost as much as a month's rent for a most respectable flat.

Forestalling the Up-to-Date Shopper

SHOES, too, constitute a growing item in the list of yearly expenses. Instead of being personally conducted through the season by that one pair of black shoes, the woman of today—she of moderate income, that is—demands at least three changes. And to the usual shoe responsibility may be added that of the "orthopedic."

Nowadays every store sells 'em—their particular kind of orthopedic shoe. Go into a shoe department, admit that you have had trouble with your feet, and you will promptly be put into the care of a judicial-looking young man. He kneels down beside you, strokes the side of your foot and then, looking up into your face with the pained expression of one who recognizes a misspent life, mutters: "Yes, yes, you should have been wearing our orthopedic shoes long ago. Your foot has been almost ruined; but, perhaps, it is not yet too late."

You look at the young man gratefully and a tear trembles in your eye. "Let me—let me see a pair of those shoes," you say brokenly at last.

He disappears for a moment then, and when he returns he brings you—Well, well! In the words of Petruchio, "What call'st thou this?" It is as monotonous as plain; its toe is as expansive as a commercial smile; it has a heel that extends almost to the toe—in brief, a thing which no self-respecting penguin would put on his feet.

However, you submit to having them tried on; you watch the young man sleek the arch of your foot, and presently—you understand not how it is—you are taking back to your lonely hall bedroom those orthopedic shoes. Incidentally you are taking to this same L. H. B. a bill of ten dollars.

The mental strain on that harassed person, the salesman, is undoubtedly being much increased of late years by the intellectual character of our advertisements. In those former good days, when advertisements consisted of such lean announcements as that all-linen cloths would sell at one dollar a yard, the purchaser came in, and after putting that one throbbing question, "Is it all linen?" she interrogated the salesman no further. Nowadays, however, the linen advertisements go into definitions of Flemish, Irish, Scotch and German damasks; and in place of the old conventional patterns we have grown a bewildering array of roses, chrysanthemums and lilies. So, though a woman still assures herself that a thing is all linen, she now wants to know where the linen came from, of what quality is the flax that enters into it and by what nation were executed the designs.

Indeed, like the famous Rosa Dartle in David Copperfield, the modern shopper is always "asking for information." Not content with the erstwhile soothing assurance that a thing is a bargain, she obliges the salesman to tell why it is a bargain. She inquires the reason why the manufacturer has given it to sell at such low price, and wants to know the ethical standards of the importer.

Particularly is this the case with furniture. Furniture selling, therefore, is no longer the blithe business of showing a sofa or a chair or a sideboard. Indeed, no! Your woman of this era never furnishes her guest room in walnut or her parlor in mahogany. She furnishes them in "Jacobean oak" or "Colonial mahogany" or "Sheraton satinwood." Before buying so much as a chair she reads great, erudite books on furniture, and is uneasy unless the salesman can tell on sight the distinguishing points between a Charles I and a Charles II chair.

One day one of these well-informed shoppers came in and asked for a "curate." Up-to-date folks will recognize in this a quaint muffin stand that usually gets hauled around in the inevitable tea-and-butler business of the modern comedy. But the salesman did not know this—he was an old salesman who had sold horsehair furniture in the sixties—and he reiterated wonderingly: "A curate?"

"Certainly," replied the woman, "a mahogany curate."

Again the salesman scratched his head in discomfiture. Then, irradiated by a sudden association of ideas, ingrained probably by childhood dinners at which the clergyman was generally company, he looked up and said: "Could you—could you be referring to a dining-room table?"

The buyer in this section, happening to hear of this wild surmise, immediately saw the necessity of training his salesmen apace with modern advertising methods. He set them at a course of reading and each day gave them a "quiz." In this respect, however, he was only imitating the example set by the English furniture houses, where every salesman must pass a thorough examination, not only upon the period-grouping of furniture but upon its proper assemblage.

The necessity for better-informed salespeople is demonstrated, too, by many other than the furniture sections. Every department that has to do with the house shows the need for this gift of assembling. Hangings, wallpapers, rugs and pictures are not sought in the haphazard fashion of earlier days and salespeople are expected to help in the proper selection. Even in the ready-to-wear departments the unevenly balanced information that lies between the advertisement and the salesperson is immediately felt.

Yet how difficult a problem is that of training the man or woman behind the counter is at once perceived by any one who considers the small salary of the average clerk and the small amount of time that may be devoted by the buyer to the instruction of his people.

In speaking of this situation it would be careless to overlook the luminous case of the woman who comes to look at Oriental rugs. As a guarantee of gentility this rug is a lineal descendant of the coveted velvet carpet of Civil War times. In order to possess one for the parlor the wife of your small-salaried man will skimp for months and even years. Indeed, in her concentration upon this item there is ground for fearing that she may soon reach the mental viewpoint of the Arab sheik, whose idea of a complete set of household furniture is—rugs.

When your average woman of small allowance saves sixty or seventy dollars—or even less—she commences a definite campaign. In this the first move is a book on Oriental rugs. Now if there is anything unfathomable in this world—anything destined to send a spinning and baffled intellect forth on the quest of frothy calculus and simple cuneiform inscriptions—it is an Oriental rug book. Nevertheless, by the time she has finished with it the woman considers that she has mastered the question. She is then ready to tell the salesman, by way of the colored illustration of a thousand-dollar Sennar, just exactly what she expects to get for her sixty dollars.

As for the actual quest, that generally occupies about a month. During this time she visits every Oriental rug store in town and incidentally reads all the advertisements pertaining to the subject. At every store she takes the fateful volume of instruction, and whenever a carpet is shown her she fumbles feverishly over its pages to find some guiding comparison. "You say this is a Kermanshah?—I can find nothing in my book which corresponds to that!" "But have you counted the knots?" "Are you sure that only vegetable dyes have been used in the coloring?"—these are a few of the questions that the intimidated salesman has to answer.

The Housewife Reaps a Harvest

AT LAST she indicates that she "is thinking over that one at sixty-five dollars," and asks whether you will mind holding it until her husband can see it. The next day the husband comes and grunts something, which sounds like approval. However, the woman will not commit herself. She hints that, before doing so, she would first like her married daughter to see it. And so the poor rug runs the entire gauntlet of friends and relatives. At last, however, the carpet is ordered home and the salesman enjoys several untroubled days. At the end of that time, however, the woman again crosses his path. This time she shakes her muff angrily in the air and wants to know how he dared to deceive her in that rug!

"I have a friend who knows all about Oriental rugs and she has just told me I have been frightfully cheated in that rug. It isn't worth half what I gave for it; and if you don't take it back I'll never buy another thing in your store."

Shrinking before this awful threat, the poor salesman does his best to reassure her. Certainly, they will take it back—a hundred times, yes. Will she look at any others today? Eventually she does send it back—it and half a dozen that follow—and it is generally several months before one is permanently installed in her home, there to make up for any deficiencies of china, wallpaper, piano or the children's clothes.

About a year ago there appeared on one of the advertising pages of a New York paper something that read approximately as follows:

> **IF YOU DO NOT CARE WHETHER IT IS LAST YEAR'S STYLE**
>
> **Here are Girls' Coats at About Half Former Prices**
>
> We wish to state that a small collection left over from last year is here. Sizes are from six to fourteen. Materials are broadcloth, serge and worsteds. In both light and practical shades.

Suppose that you were confronted with the problem of dressing four or five small girls. Suppose, too, that your income was limited. Would you have cared whether the coats had a plait on the sleeve according to last season's styles or two plaits according to this? At any rate, the

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The Hats Could be Copied by the Little Milliner Around the Corner at Five Dollars

There are Still Women Who Buy Expensive Hats—Women Who Do Not Balk at One Hundred Dollars or More

His Succulency—the Oyster

SOME EXPERIENCES IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG BIVALVE

Some Enemies of the Oyster

By Harry Snowden Stabler

You talk about your roast of beef,
Your chicken and your Smithfield ham;
You even talk about your liver,
Your lobster Newburg and your lamb!
Shucks! I'll sing you of the oyster—

BUT here my ditty ends, for it is quite as difficult to find a word that rhymes with him as it is to find anything to compare with him in deliciousness and delicacy of flavor. It does not matter whether he is stewed, fried, broiled, roasted, steamed or pickled, he is like unto nothing on earth or in the waters under it. He is good any old way, but at his best when raw in the shell, carrying to your palate that tang so reminiscent of the salt sea, which is so marred in the cooking.

And yet the writer remembers going one night into a restaurant famous for its oysters and, after having disposed of a dozen Honger Creeks, watching a man who took a seat on the next high stool in front of the "raw bar."

Ordering half a dozen on the shell the newcomer reached for a quarter section of lemon, the juice of which he squeezed into a plate; then came the vinegar, the horse radish, the pepper and the salt. While he was stirring all this together his roving eye lit upon a bottle of tomato catsup. Adding a generous portion of this to the mess already made, he looked up with fork poised over one of several oysters that lay on the marble slab in front of him.

They were beauties, a light slate in color, fattened in their own natural beds and filling the deep concave shell from rim to rim.

"I don't like the looks of them," the man said, eying them askance and putting down his fork.

"What's the matter with 'em?" demanded the shucker.

"They don't look right to me; they're too dark looking, as though they might be spoiled. Have you got any that are white?"

"Where are you from, Mister?" the shucker interrupted, smiling.

The man told him, giving the name of a small town in the Middle West that shall here be nameless, though it might as well have been any town.

Then followed an argument which, though mostly one-sided, was vastly interesting. The result was that the man from the West was finally persuaded to try the oysters, compromising on a mere drop of lemon juice. And when the writer left the stranger was swallowing the thirteenth—an extra one for good will and measure—his ears drawn back and his eyes half closed in the ecstasy produced by the real thing.

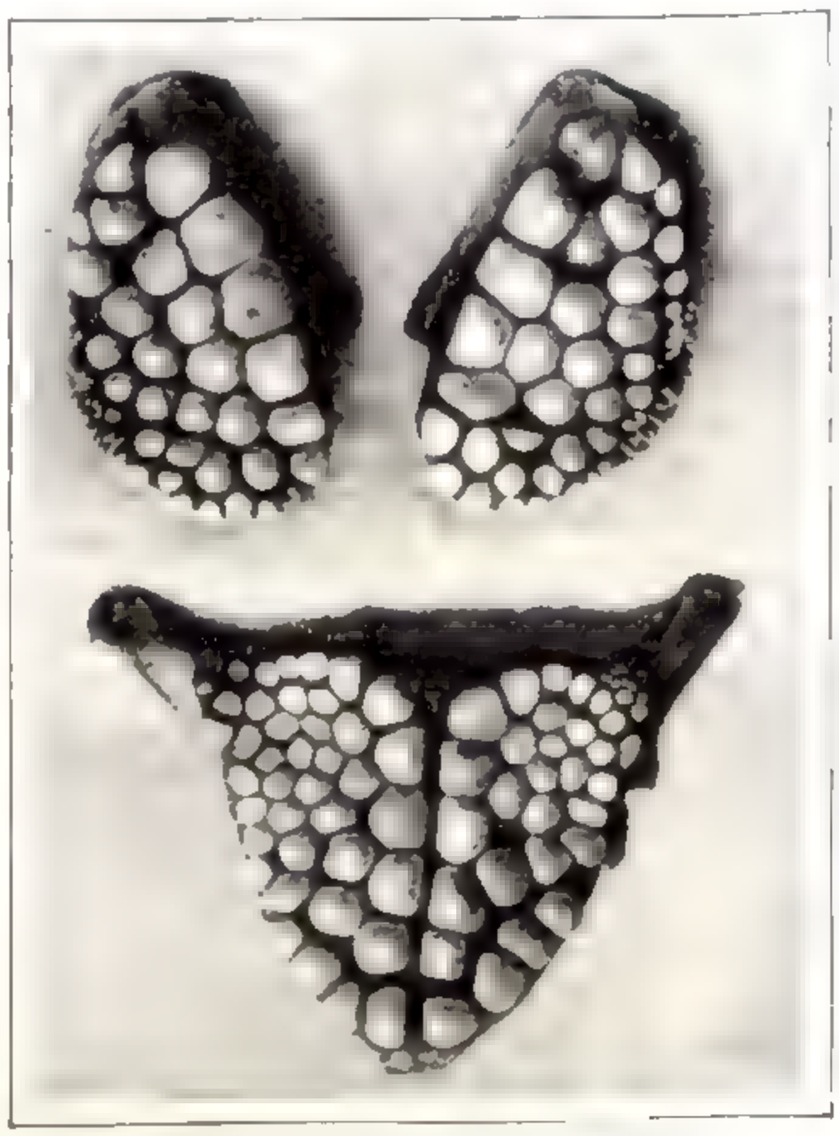
A Friend to Cæsar

NOW this man's ignorance of the oyster's real flavor is not to be wondered at, the reasons for it being quite another distinct part of this story. But it is remarkable that the tonger, the dredger, the packer and the retailer will tell you that the oyster is in many ways one of the most mysterious of animals; that he is, from birth to maturity, subject to so many dangers and vicissitudes that it is hard to make a living in the industry. As the case stands today that is true—more or less. But, notwithstanding that, there is no good reason why you should not include the oyster in your regular daily list of purchases at market, just as you include the various meats—and at a price that would bring him into direct and formidable competition with the Beef Trust.

That is a strange statement, for though the oyster was one of the principal foods of primitive man and the business of catching him one of the most ancient of industries, he has always remained a semi-luxury. It has been said that Cæsar conquered Britain for its oysters, and Lucullus himself wrote a treatise upon them, nine-tenths of which was wrong. Indeed it is only in comparatively recent years that the scientist has discovered the most important things we know about the bivalve; exploding with his wonderful microscope and patient experiment numberless theories and traditions, some of which are still adhered to with curious persistence.

The biologist will tell you that the only species of oyster of any importance in America is the *ostrea virginica*, native to all the coastwise states from Maine to Texas, and beyond. There are several species on the Pacific coast, but they are of comparatively small value as food. The scientific description of him is extremely technical, but for a thorough understanding of what follows, suffice it to say that he is a mollusk with two shells—a bivalve, in other words—the lower or left valve being deeply concave, the right or upper valve being nearly flat.

The body of the animal, if you open the valves carefully, will be seen covered with a thin, transparent membrane called the mantle, and through it may be seen the gills. This is the part that curls up when he is stewed and, in the raw oyster, may be separated easily with a knife blade or the point of a pencil. These gills, besides other parts of the body, are covered with minute, microscopic hairs called *cilia;* and when the oyster's valves are opened to feed, these hairs are constantly in motion. Their movement is swift in one direction and slow in another, exactly like that of an oar. They all swing in unison, but being fast to the gills they create a surprisingly strong current of water against these gills, which strain it of the plant and animal life upon which the oyster feeds. At the same time these *cilia* work the food thus caught forward—not backward—to the mouth that is situated near the hinge that joins the two valves. These particles of food slide along the surface of the gills about as fast as the minute hand of a watch moves. This seems a slow process, but the result is amazing.



Teeth or "Dental Pavement" of the Drumfish

How the Oyster Satisfies His Appetite

DR. H. F. MOORE, the Government expert, tells of experiments in this connection, in which it has been shown that the daily average meal of an oyster five inches long is about equal to a cube one-twentieth of an inch in diameter, composed of microscopic plants and other organisms. In order to obtain this supply of food the oyster must filter through his gills nearly ten gallons of water each day.

"If," says Doctor Moore, "we employ these data in making an estimate of the united activities of the oyster in a given body of water, the results are overwhelming. It is estimated that there are in the Chesapeake Bay about four hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of public grounds, and conservative estimate of their total content of oysters is fifty bushels to the acre, or a total, say, of twenty million bushels.

"A bushel of oysters will filter about one thousand gallons of water a day, and all the oysters on the public grounds twenty billion gallons. In the course of a year the oysters in the Chesapeake Bay will filter a volume of water equal to at least half the contents of the bay south of Baltimore; and the probability is that they actually far exceed that amount."

That tough portion in the middle of the oyster's body is not the heart, as is commonly supposed, but the muscle that closes the valves. The heart lies deep between this muscle and the hinge, where it may be readily exposed and seen to beat, though the pulsations may be as long as a minute apart if the animal has been out of the water a great length of time.

It is not possible to distinguish the male from the female by any external characteristics. The simplest method of determining the sex is by examining with a microscope the product of the glands which in the female produce the eggs. The male produces the milt. Both are cast off into the water during the spring and summer months—traditionally those months that are spelled without the "R."

It is purely by chance that the egg comes in contact with the fertilizing milt, and by reason of this countless myriads of them are lost. In fact, there is probably no organism that leads so singularly precarious an existence, from the time it is cast off an unfertilized egg until it reaches full maturity, as does the bivalve. If the egg is not fertilized within a few hours it perishes. But when by good luck this happens its growth is astonishingly rapid—so rapid, in fact, that photographs taken every two or three minutes through this embryonic stage show marked change in the shape and structure.

Then comes a time when these embryos swarm to the warm, sunlit surface of the water, where they float closely crowded together and perfectly helpless

at the mercy of the fish, a single one of which may swallow in a few mouthfuls a number equal to a whole season's catch of full-grown oysters. A sudden fall in temperature or a cold wind or rain will destroy countless millions of them, so delicate and helpless they are.

Fortunately this most critical stage is passed in from twenty-four hours to several days, when they scatter, still at the mercy of winds and tides, to find by chance some object to which they may attach themselves. A stick, a stone, an old shoe or a tin can—almost anything will serve, provided it is hard and clean at the time, remaining free from sediment that will smother the young animal. Once having secured a resting place the youngster is much more secure from accidents and enemies. Yet so small are its chances from the beginning that Mœbius, a European scientist, has estimated that each oyster born has but one chance in a million and a half of reaching maturity.

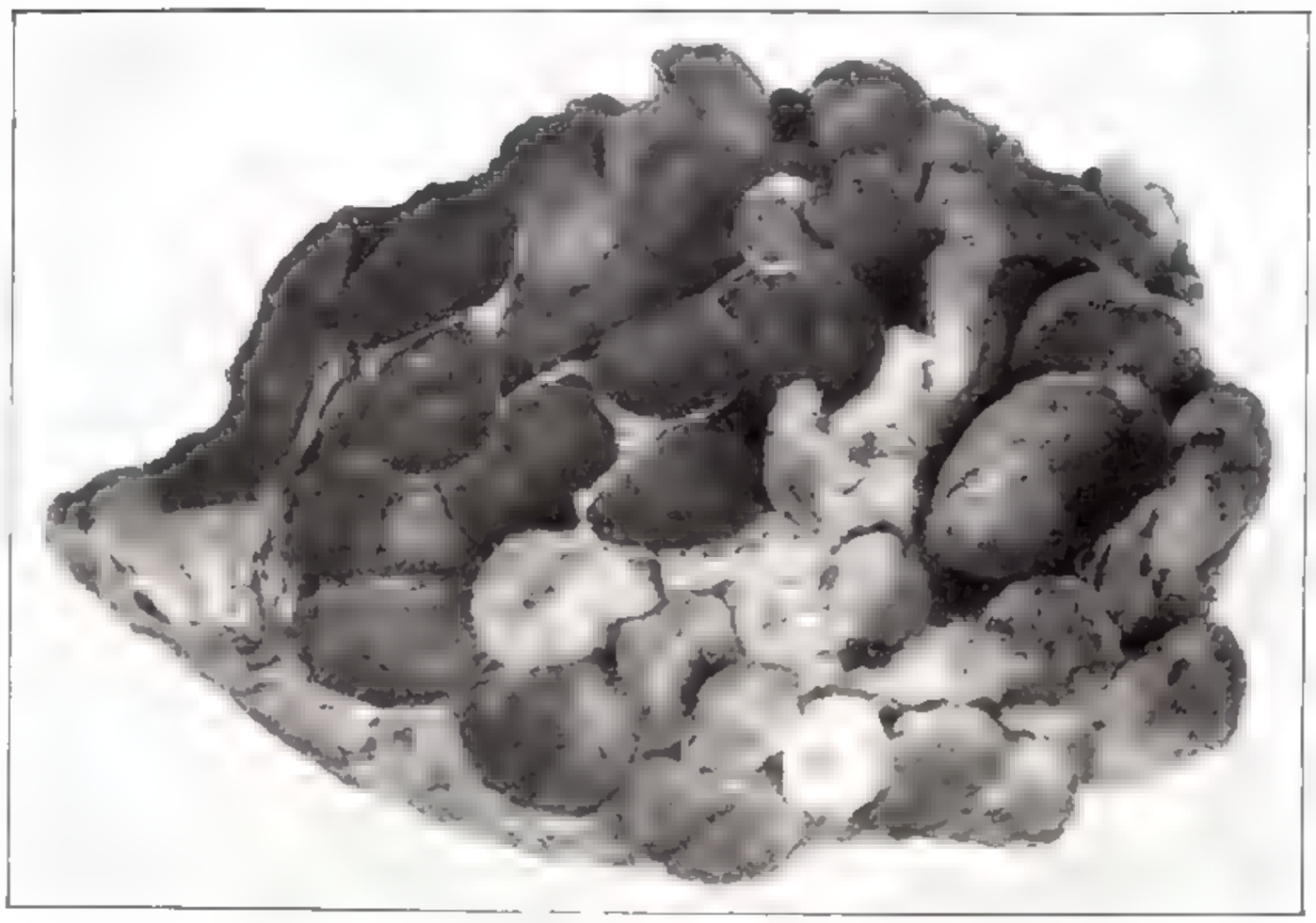
He was dealing with the European oyster, but as its American cousin produces nearly ten times the number of eggs and is subject through life to the attacks of a greater number and variety of enemies, its chance of survival is correspondingly less—say one in ten millions. One of Nature's wonderful ways of adjusting what might be termed her natural balance is in enabling the female American oyster to produce from sixteen to sixty million eggs in a spawning season. The number of spermatozoa thrown off by the males is so great that they have never even been estimated.

The young oyster appearing as a speck upon the object to which it is attached is known as spat or spawn. It soon begins to show distinctly the double—bivalvular—character of its shells. And then, because he looks exactly like one, he is colloquially called a "blister." The writer once saw an old cast-off wooden leg completely covered with them. The general term cultch is applied to any object to which the oyster is attached, the ideal cultch being the empty shells of oysters thrown back upon the beds. These always reach the bottom concave side up, like a saucer, which leaves the edges of the shell well up out of the mud.

War Among the Mollusks

THE young oyster always attaches himself by his left valve, and his growth from this time on is best described by Doctor Moore, of the United States Fish Commission: "The valves are strongly concave and symmetrical, and are composed of a horny material quite different from the finished shell of the adult. The mantle, a thin flap of tissue which envelops the body of the oyster on each side, projects freely from between the lips of the valves and is the organ which secretes the shell. Upon its outer surface successive layers of horny material are laid down; these becoming impregnated with calcareous matter . . . thus forming the stony shell which characterizes the adult. This mantle increases *pari passu* with the growth of the soft parts in general, and, as it is always capable of protrusion a little beyond the lips of the valves, it follows that each successive layer of shell is slightly larger than the one which preceded it, and the shell increases in length and in breadth as well as thickness."

If the young bivalves have plenty of room to grow they will be fairly uniform in size and shape; but if they are fixed too closely together upon a piece of cultch many of them will be crowded off in the process of growing,



Oysters Attached to an Old Shell

to fall, perhaps, on a soft bottom and smother. Others will be twisted out of shape and die in the effort to conform to spaces too small or too irregular.

Having thus under so many adverse conditions achieved a limestone house to live in, which he can open and shut at pleasure, one might think the oyster absolutely sure and safe to live to maturity. And some of them do live to a great age. But man is not the only animal that thinks the oyster delicious.

The enemies living in his own element are just as deadly and far more numerous; and their various methods and apparatus of destruction are quite as strange as they are effective. Of these the starfish is the most destructive by reason of its numbers and voracity. In the New England waters and Long Island Sound these pests do enormous damage annually. Coming suddenly and without warning during the latter part of the summer and fall they roll in from the sea in great hordes, to strike an oyster bed and go right through it, utterly destroying everything in the way of a mollusk.

Without going into the minute details of the operation this spine-clad robber may be said to settle upon an oyster, firmly inclosing the helpless creature in its five fingers, which are lined with suckers. Then by a constant steady pull the oyster's shells are drawn apart far enough to allow the starfish to project the mouth of its stomach into the opening, and the rest is easy. Attached to this stomach are pouches that extend far into the rays or fingers. If the oyster is a large one the stomach of the enemy is pushed farther and farther in between the valves. These pouches are drawn out of each of the fingers and are filled with oyster, until the starfish has literally turned himself inside out.

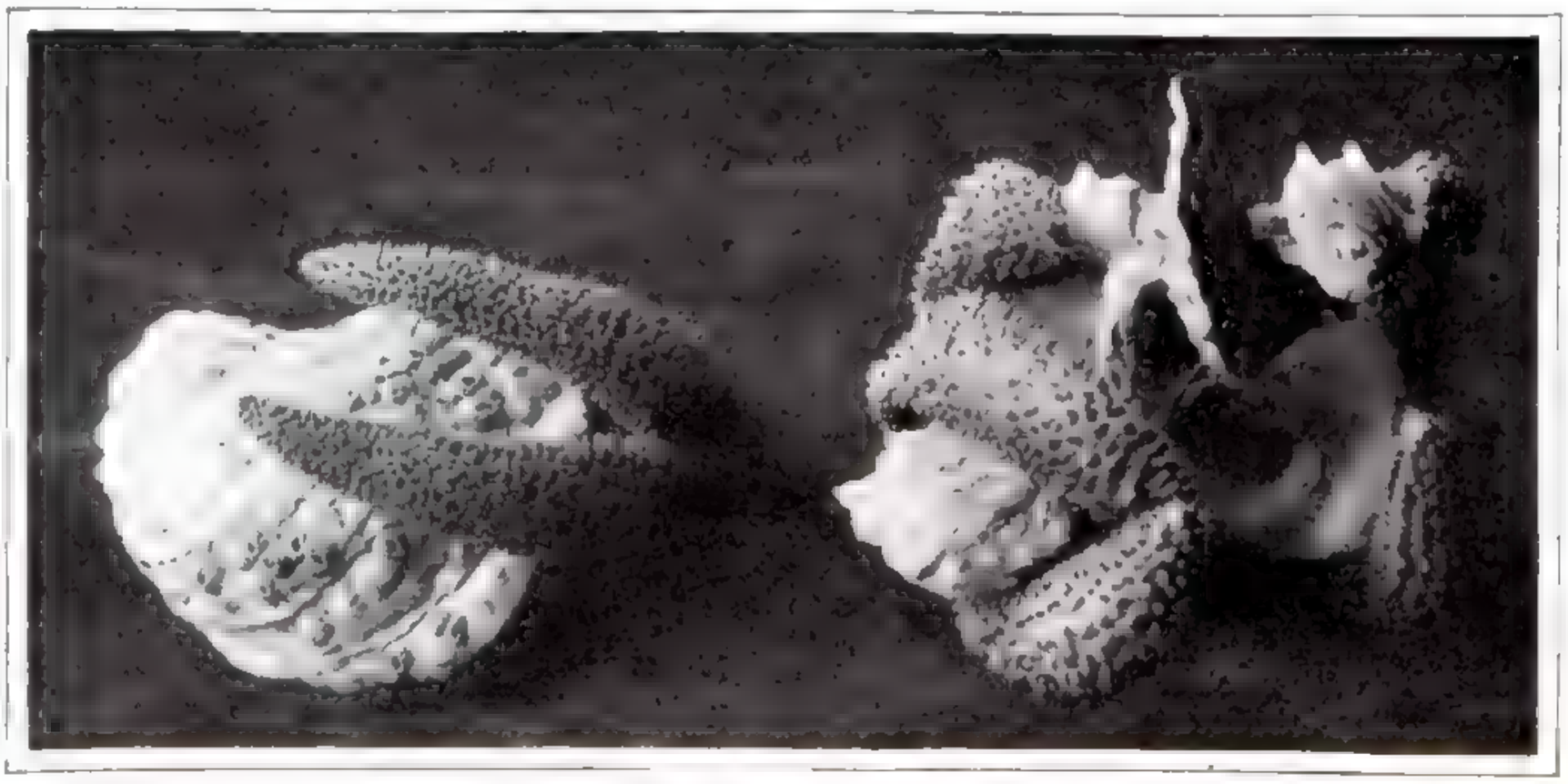
In former times the oyster planter found it utterly useless to struggle against a horde of these vermin, unless he immediately put a large force of men at work to take the oysters up bodily out of the way. But now the starfish are destroyed by dragging huge mops or tangles of cotton waste or rope yarn across the beds. The spines with which the starfish are covered become entangled in the threads, and they are drawn out in tens of thousands and thrust, mop and all, into boiling water or live steam.

Before the much-abused scientist came along to tell them better the ignorant oystermen caught the starfish as best they could, tied them up in bundles, cut the bundles in half and flung the pieces overboard. Ingersoll says it was hard to make the oystermen believe that each one of these pieces would develop into a complete starfish; and that, instead of destroying them, they were actually causing several to grow where only one grew before. He rather humorously observed that "it was a case of multiplication by division, which," he added, "may be an invariable paradox in mathematics, but is by no means always one in zoölogy." Even Mr. Ingersoll was wrong in that supposition, for it is now known that the common "five fingers" of the northern waters has not the power possessed by its cousin in the southern latitudes of multiplying itself; also it is quite harmless in one's hands. Nevertheless, it gets the hot-water cure from the oyster planter.

A Thief That Works With His Teeth

QUITE a different proposition is another enemy called the drill or borer, for this small mollusk, not more than an inch and a half long, is armed with an apparatus called a tongue ribbon with which it actually drills a hole through the stone shell of the oyster. This operation is so remarkable that the clear description of it by Rev. Samuel Lockwood, who seems to have been a keen scientist as well as a minister, is worth repeating: "The tongue is set with three rows of teeth like a file; it is in fact a tongue file or dental band and is called by conchologists the 'lingual ribbon.' . . . With its fleshy disk, called the foot, this small mollusk secures by adhesion a firm hold on the upper part of the oyster's shell. The dental ribbon is next brought to a curve and one point of this curve—on its convex side—is brought to bear directly on the desired spot. At this point the teeth are set perpendicularly, and the curve resting at this point, as on a drill, is made to rotate one circle or nearly so, when the rotation is reversed; thus the movements are alternated until, after long and patient labor, a perforation is accomplished. . . . The hole thus effected by the drill is hardly so much as a line in diameter; it is very neatly countersunk. The hole being finished the little burglar inserts its siphon or sucking tube and thus feeds upon the oyster within. To a mechanic's eye there is something positively beautiful in the symmetry of the bore thus effected—it is so true—the workman could not do it better, even with his superior tools and intelligence."

Possibly the only reason why the drumfish is not in the aggregate so destructive to oysters as the star and the drill is because it is not always present; but, according to the season, roams the waters of the Atlantic from the Gulf to Cape Cod. However, when the drumfish do come in great numbers they fairly rip the oyster beds to pieces. Their presence may be known by a queer booming sound exactly like that of a distant or



"Five Fingers" at Work

(Continued on Page 61)

THE BLUE ENVELOPE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

He Was Asleep in His Chair, the Picture of Weariness

IV

IT WAS late that night before we were ready for sleep not late according to our lifetime standards, but late by the standards of the village, for it was after midnight and the village had long since gone to bed.

Before going to bed ourselves we went out on the porch and walked up and down the garden path in the soft glow of a waning moon. In the city one never knows whether the moon is shining or not!

To us the scene was full of magic. Here and there the gleaming water showed; beside us trees stood stately and tall; the houses along the village street were outlined in lines of dignity and grace, and our own home—for already we knew that we must try to make it really our own—took on unsurpassed beauty in that mystic light. The line of hills had new dignity and to us it seemed that our own hill—for our acreage ran back to the hillcrest—was the most noble and the most beautiful of all; that, in fact, it was really distinguished in its small way. We were learning that there can be dignity and impressiveness with mere hills and not only with mountains.

The intense silence was a revelation to us; so charming and peaceful was it all that we wondered how we had lived for so many years with the idea that one cannot be happy away from the clang and clatter, the din and uproar of the city.

Without either of us noticing it, we found ourselves walking hand in hand, like young lovers instead of a married couple of over fifteen years' standing, and in that way we strolled on into the old orchard and then back to the house. Now this is not in the least a sentimental narrative; and if I say that we kissed each other out there in the moonlight, laughing at the idea of the sleeping villagers seeing us, I say it only to set down that in that way, and without words, we made a pact to spare no labor of hand or brain to hold for our own this place where peace was.

Next day we began our learning of the many things in which the country differs from the city. Marketing was a matter of problems. The village store had only what might be called rough necessaries. There was no bakery; things of this sort must come from a distance or be homemade. Meat could be bought from a wagon that came twice a week, or could be purchased in the city, with express charges added. We were outside of the territory of wagon delivery from the city, but groceries and many other things were shipped by freight—free, if the order was for five dollars or more; but even then there was the matter of hauling heavy packages for the two miles. This, which would have been an annoying item, was taken care of on that first day of village life.

The man who ran the stage also did carting and hauling for the countryside for miles around. A tall, capable, lank Yankee he was, whom I may call Lem Hadley—a man of about thirty-five, a bachelor and a character. Somehow one finds more queer characters, queer individualities, in the country than in the city. The more open and untrammeled life develops and encourages individuality. In the city men and women are more cut to measure and to certain ways of life by the conventions; outwardly, at least, there is much of conformity; whereas in the country one's natural or acquired idiosyncrasies are permitted to have free course so long as they do not offend against certain broad and general limitations.

Lem Hadley, having bought and outfitted a house five or six years before, in anticipation of his marriage, kept on living in the house although the engagement had been broken off. He had become a recluse, but not a misanthrope. His loneliness and disappointment must, indeed, have added a certain sweetness to his nature, for every child in the place loved him. Who the woman was that he was to have married was still an insoluble village puzzle. It was positively tantalizing! For, as Lem had never been known to visit outside of the circle of his hauling activity, the woman who disappointed him must, therefore, be living somewhere within a radius of a few miles from the village; yet so quietly had the courtship been carried on that no one could even make a reasonable guess as to her identity! And as Lem had confided in no one during his courtship, so he said not a word afterward about his disappointment.

The furniture was really expensive, in the best plush taste! Lem had saved some money and had spent it freely for his home; and now he lived there, a bachelor, cooking his own meals, living in the kitchen and sleeping in a little adjoining room, leaving most of the house deserted except in fruit season, when, for he owned a fine pear orchard and vineyard, he laid out his fruit, for picking and sorting, on rough benches built across his best rooms. But of course I did not come to know these things until some time afterward.

When I looked Hadley up to ask him what I was to pay him for carrying ourselves and our belongings he said, with an odd sort of slow frankness, that he didn't know just what to charge, as the goods had been hauled by one of his men and he hadn't had time to check up the timeslips. "I'm all behind on accounts and letter-writing," he said apologetically.

Something in his manner, some dim suggestion of need, caused me to say: "Is it a temporary condition or is it so right along?"

"Right along and getting worse. I guess I ought not to try to do quite so much business."

Here was assuredly a hot iron to strike. "Why not arrange with me to do your letters—I've got a typewriter to do them on—and a good deal of your books and bills and accounts?" I said. "We could arrange, I think, to balance my work with your hauling for me and perhaps plowing my garden, or whatever else may turn up."

He looked at me for a moment. "Glad to!" he said. "I've often thought of arranging with somebody; but in the first place I didn't see anybody that could help me, and in the second place I couldn't see how I could add to my Saturday-night list."

After that it was just a matter of arranging details. His letters and bookkeeping and bills, that seemed so formidable to him, were easily handled. Years before I had picked up the general principles of bookkeeping—they are very simple and can be learned in a few hours—and therefore I knew how to post and balance and run double-entry accounts.

The arrangement with Hadley meant much to me: it meant one way of avoiding money-spending; and—to anticipate—the arrangement within some weeks was working most satisfactorily to both of us. I did more and more for him, because he really came to lean upon me for the things that I could do for him; and in exchange there was not only his stage-carrying but also the bringing up of any shipments from the city stores, plowing and harrowing my garden and fields and furnishing our daily supply of milk. Then there were other developments that I shall set down later, but at the very first I secured from him on the account a rooster and two hens, so as to make a prompt starting of the poultry yard.

And now I shall set down the exact basis of the beginning of our new life, as we planned it: To reduce expenditures to the minimum; not to spend a dollar if it could be avoided; to grow our own vegetables and chickens; after a while probably to keep a cow and thus have milk and butter and cream; to earn enough money for small expenditures actually necessary and to increase these expenditures only as earnings should increase.

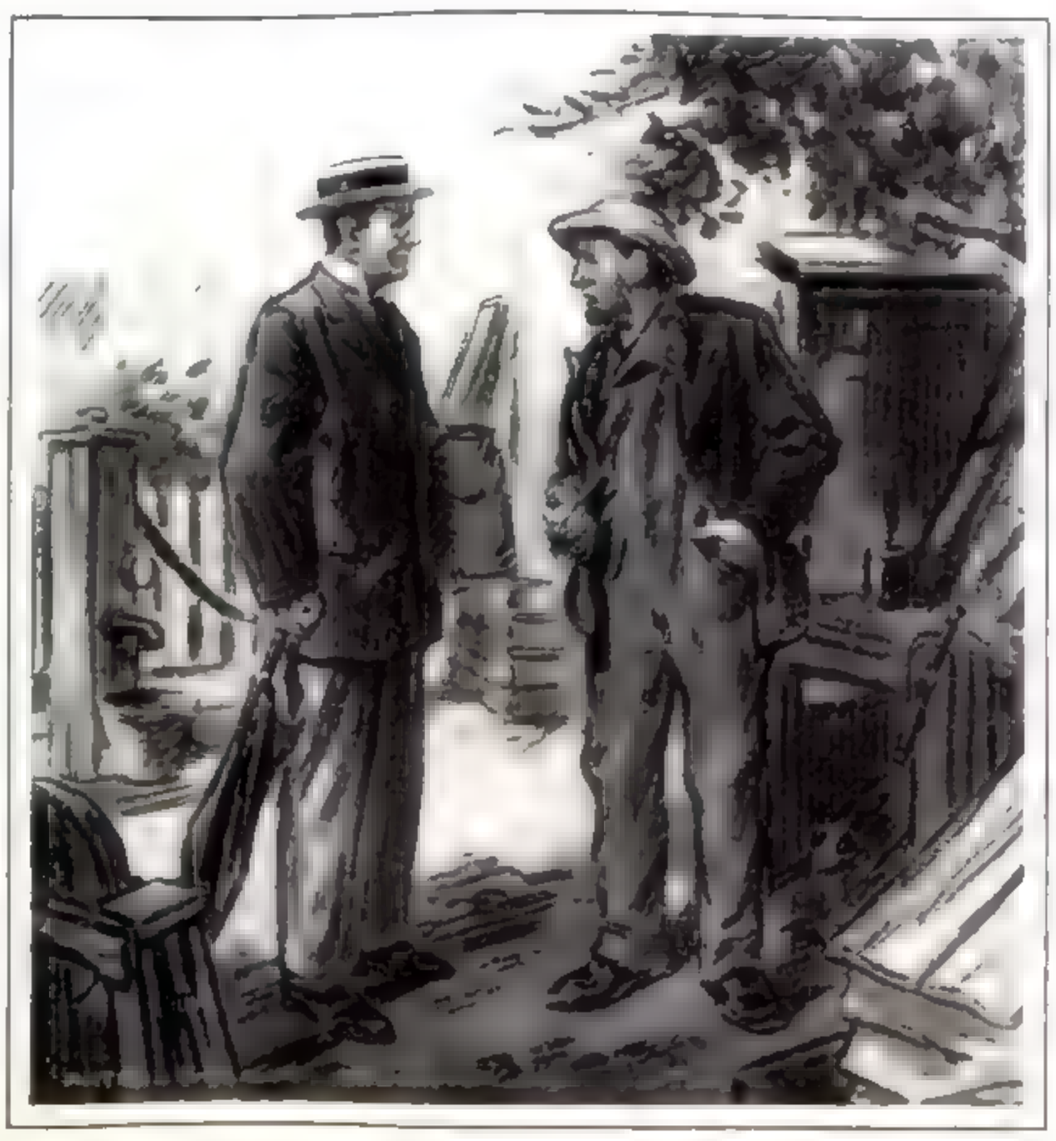
We had estimated before the actual day of moving that two hundred and fifty dollars ought to cover our total cash expenditure for one year; and in making this estimate we had figured on the necessary meat and coal and tea and coffee and sundries—and the eight dollars a month rent. It was odd to plan deliberately the spending of less money in a year than we had grown accustomed to spend in a month and to feel at the same time that we should continue to face the world with no diminution of proper pride.

The sum we started with, when we were actually in our new home, was a little over eight hundred dollars. If our figures were correct we could live on for three years, even if I should not be able meanwhile to earn a single dollar, and could then go back to the city, if it should turn out to be necessary to go back, with health and strength so improved by perfect air and outdoor life that we should be not three years older but three years younger. That each of us had a good supply of clothes on hand was an asset in our favor, for it would minimize our spending in that direction.

The general uncertainty of it would alone have been desperately disquieting to the man of regular salary who had all his life known what to look for on payday, but that feature of it did not disturb me as, like most near-professional or professional men, my earnings had varied not only from week to week but from day to day.

The whole thing seemed, soberly, not only attractive but feasible. We were to find that the item of sundries became much larger than dreamed of in our advance estimates of the cost of living, for the constant and unavoidable dribble of small items mounted quickly to unexpected totals, and we were also to find out a good many other things, but meanwhile we were to work at last for ourselves. In the city a man works hard just to earn money to pay rent and bills; and from that slavery we were striving to emancipate ourselves.

On the third day of our village life Hadley drove up to the house and came lumbering up the path with a big, oval sheet-iron thing clasped in his arms.



"I Don't More'n Get a Woman Fair Bruk in Then She Ups and Dies"

"Woodstove," he said briefly as I hurried out to meet and help him; and then: "I noticed you folks have been sort of expecting to keep warm with fireplaces. Had this in a room I'm not using," he added.

"Thank you; that's awfully thoughtful of you," I said, thinking of all I had ever heard of the healthfulness of open fires and remembering how charming we found it to sit in front of a flickering blaze. "I think we did expect to keep warm with open fires, and I suppose that's absurd."

"Well," he said judicially, as if trying to give my idea as much courteous consideration as possible, "an open fire's all right in warm weather!"

I so strongly felt his good will and so fully believed in his knowledge of conditions that I did not question or protest; it was simply another thing learned.

"Baseburners or woodstoves," he said, "is the only way." Furnaces in the cellar were still unknown there. "And now, which room are you going to sit in mostly?"

I showed him, my wife by this time looking on and, like myself, acquiescent. To be perfectly frank, our backs had been pretty chilly the evening before.

"And where's the fireboard?"

"What's that?"

"Why, a board to fit in there—close it up."

I didn't know where such a thing was; whereupon, remarking that it must be in the garret, he went up there and in a few moments returned with it. It consisted of a few boards cleated together as one, of just the size to fill the open space of the fireplace; and it had a hole for a stovepipe.

"There's boards up there for your other fireplaces if you want 'em," said Hadley, as he fitted this in place. He helped me put the stove in position and then went back to his wagon for a few lengths of pipe. "Nothing like a woodstove in cold weather," he said. "Plenty of wood, haven't you?" We had that, at least.

The air was growing colder even as we talked. The sun was setting, lusterless and dull, in a murk of cloud. "I'll build your first fire!" said Hadley. Surely he was becoming a sort of benevolent household deity, cut and fashioned to the New England measure rather than from ancient models. In a few minutes a fire was roaring; and he showed us how to get a quick and fervid heat and how to build a fire to keep it burning for the longest time. Then, with a cheery good night, he went out into the early darkness, leaving us cozy and snug, with our face-burning, draft-throbbing and very effective stove.

A dreary wind was rising and I felt a sort of sinking discouragement as I looked at the wilderness of boxes in the hall and dining room, and the barrels of dishes that seemed so endless to begin with. There were no gaslights or electrics to turn on—just the lamp in the kitchen and our old student lamp. It had seemed quite a triumph to get oil and an oilcan bought and in the house, but now suddenly the disadvantages of oil lighting became annoyingly apparent; but I put the discouragement aside.

The noon meal had used up the last of our city bread and some other things; so I went to the store for a replenishing of necessaries. As I walked home the wind was blowing stronger and more chill.

Darkness fell and a stinging cold crept out from it. I plied the stove with fuel. We ate our dinner together and then looked out again at the night. It was darker and gloomier than before; there was no temptation to walk in the garden tonight! By eight o'clock it was snowing. An hour later the wind was coming with a grisly roar. So thick was the snow that I could no longer see the glimmer of lights in the village windows.

The cold became piercing; it was a stinging, deadly cold, such as neither of us had ever experienced.

Our lives had been the lives of city dwellers and we had gone out into the cold and snow only when well bundled up—with a warm house to go from and return to. Now it was bitter cold to go even into the hall, bitter cold to go into any of the other rooms except the kitchen and the room with our woodstove; and in the hall I noticed that fine snow was filtering in under the door and sifting in long lines down the boards.

The roaring of the wind increased; it became a tempest; the sound of the wind shrieking against our house and the increased cold were almost appalling. Yet it did not make us feel more lonely and depressed; it somehow drew us closer together and made us feel more ready to meet either storm of wind or storm of life.

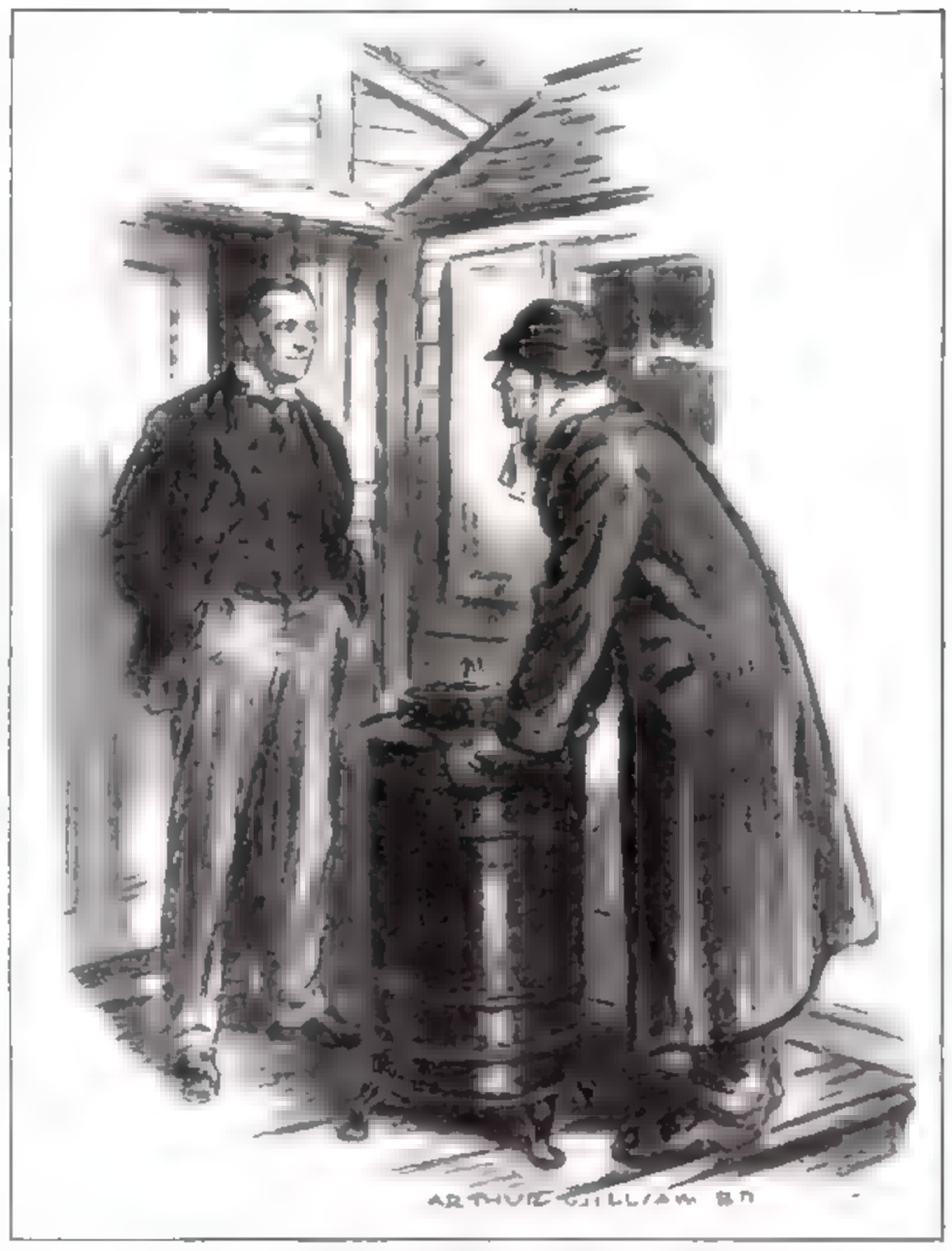
I remembered our rooster and two hens and feared that they would not be warm enough in the old chicken-house, where windows and siding were shattered; so out into the storm I plunged, found the three fowls huddled miserably in a corner and carried them to the house and down to a packing-box in the cellar.

I now saw that I should need more wood. There was some in the cellar, but I had had no idea of how rapidly that stove would eat it up, so out into the storm again I went, feeling my way to a pile of wood; and trip after trip I made, carrying armful after armful, with my wife, shawl-wrapped, waiting just inside of the closed door and opening it instantly at my call and then shutting it again. Most of the wood needed chopping to length; so it had to follow the chickens to the cellar and there I did my first woodchopping since boyhood. The cold grew more intense. It fell far below zero and still the terrific wind continued.

I went up to our bedroom and found that it was too terribly cold for sleeping. There was nothing for it but to forget one's traditions and carry the bed downstairs and set it up in the sitting room. I gathered up the rugs, too, from the several rooms through which we had scattered them, and laid them all, one on top of another, on the floor of that one room, for we were realizing how cold it was underfoot—another of the experiences that our life in the city had not taught us.

The warm area grew more and more circumscribed. The cold seemed a sentient force, persistently driving us closer and closer to the fire. There began to be something horrible about it.

Suddenly there came a crashing of glass. It was in the next room; and hurrying in I found that one of the solid wooden shutters had come loose from its fastening and had been flung against the window, through which the storm was now rushing. I tried to close it from the inside, but a few moments told me the futility of it. There was nothing for it but to go out-of-doors, mount upon a chair and capture and fasten the shutter, which was flinging itself fiercely, time and again, at the broken window. It was a hard task, for the snow swirled furiously by me and the wind was so fierce as to make it almost impossible to keep my foothold on the chair; and the cold was fiercely keen. In the city I had not imagined what cold there could be in these neighboring hills.



"An Open Fire's All Right in Warm Weather!"

A crash upstairs—another window to close in with its wooden shutters; fortunately in this case I could do it from the inside.

For over three hours I had to go from window to window fastening and bolting doubtful shutters. After each window-fixing it was imperative that I warm myself beside the woodfire. From time to time wood from the packing-boxes was used for fuel, but only a little of this, as the boxes and crates were mostly to be taken to the garret and stored for some future possibility of change.

It was after midnight before we felt settled and safe and ready for sleep. Looking out I saw a faint brightening, just the merest suggestion of light, and I knew that the pale and waning moon was up behind the rushing clouds; but the rising of the moon made no lessening of the storm.

We drew embers to the stove door and made some toast; then went to bed and to sleep, with all the feelings of the besieged. We were imprisoned by a storm; but we were provisioned—we had fuel—we were barricaded. What matter, then, to us how the night behaved, what matter how the north wind raved!

We went to sleep with the wind still roaring furiously, hurling itself at the house and making it quiver and rock, and with the snow driving by in swirling clouds and piling in huge drifts; but we felt that we had triumphed. It was another good omen; and people in straits, even though far from being superstitious, are always glad to meet with good omens! It was another good omen, for, as my wife murmured when the house shook under another blast, if we could stand this and be superior to it we ought to be superior to anything.

V

TWO or three times in the course of the night I got up and put wood on the fire to keep it going, and each time the wind was still roaring with that terrible hungry roar. Early in the morning—it seemed very early to me, a newspaper man, for it was about seven!—I got up and built the fire anew, for it had gone quite out; and I soon had the first chill off the room; but it was well toward noon before we could get over huddling our shoulders. It was really a misery of cold.

The wind was a trifle less strong, but the snow was falling even more heavily. I went into the kitchen, built the fire and soon had water boiling. It was fortunate that we had any water at all; even as it was I had to break thick ice in the bucket. Our supply was a well, and at the beginning of the storm I had filled what buckets and vessels I could for a reserve. That the bread was frozen—something we had never even heard of!—was a distinctly pioneer touch.

I opened the hall door to look out, and a mass of snow that had drifted door-high fell inside and in a moment was swept by the wind the length of the hall. It was with

Neighbors Often Stopped and Commented, Leaning Over the Fence

difficulty that I got the door shut again; but before shutting it I saw that everywhere were mighty drifts and that through the thick-falling snow it was difficult to pick out dimly the outlines of even the nearest house.

All my life paths had been cleared for me. It was good for me to have to go out and clear my own. All my life I had found bread and milk on the doorstep or on the dumb-waiter. It was good for me to learn that there were other ways of getting food.

My wife was now up and dressed and had come out into the hall after me. She would have been up earlier had I not positively insisted that this getting up, with the thermometer below zero, in an icy house, was a man's work and she must stay in bed till there were fires going. Together we set about getting breakfast. This kind of life is like camping out and there comes to be no regarding of the lines that custom has drawn as to woman's work and man's work, for they merge into each other in mutual helpfulness. I may as well say here, too, that it is surprising how much of one's days, with both man and woman, is expended on the mere matter of chores of one kind or another. There are a host of things to do, when a house is assumed, of which the apartment dweller knows nothing whatever.

I carried the bed back upstairs. There was the temptation of sitting down beside it to eat breakfast, but we both realized the danger of letting down our standards. To carry it down again at night, if need should again be, was a different matter.

The bed back in the bedroom, we sat down cheerfully and had scarcely more than begun our breakfast when there came a knock at the front door. It was Hadley, who with great difficulty had come wading through the huge drifts to inquire solicitously how we were getting on and if he could do anything for us. He came in to get a cup of hot coffee.

"You certainly are comfy," he said.

"Thanks to you and your woodstove!" I replied.

"Well, open fires certainly have their drorbacks," he said sententiously and with a twinkle.

Although we faced it bravely and found our mutual profit in it, there was very real hardship in the experience and a very great deal of inconvenience; but we permitted nobody but ourselves to know it. From the first we tacitly agreed to keep our struggles from the knowledge of any but ourselves and this is the first time they have been told. Yes; those first days were hard for both of us and particularly so for my wife, but she did not say a single word of complaint.

During the continuance of that cold spell we learned to shut out ill fortune and shut in happiness. We ate early, so that we could enjoy long and cozy evenings. With the lamp, the fire, books, some red apples from the storekeeper's own cellar, some tea and buttered toast—toast made on a fork over a bed of embers—we didn't want to know that midnight was approaching, for we had never known anything like the pleasure of this isolation and companionship. The last look out into the sharp, cold air and up to the glimmering stars!—it made us look forward with cheery anticipation to the coming day.

It was a record blizzard that had come upon us as an introduction to village life; not only were the roads blocked for wagons for two days but for one full day trains did not run and there was consequently not even mail for those who waded their way to the combined post-office and store. From almost every family some one floundered down there, for in the country the daily mail looms strangely large. Men go to the post-office every day as if in the observance of a religious rite, even though letters seldom come to them. On my own first visit through the deep snow I found, with his sharp nose poked into the little square inquiry hole, a doddering little septuagenarian who, so the postmaster confided to me, had made his way there for no other purpose than to ask for mail, although in the last three years he had received not a single letter and only one postal card. For my own part, I grew to have a sympathy with the old fellow's standpoint, as I came to realize what a human want is represented by the post-office window. Like the others, I got in the way of going every day, though it was seldom I had a letter, as neither my wife nor I had given our address to many of our friends, nor did we care to write freely to even the few who knew where we were. We might feel more like writing after a while, but for the present my mailbox was largely filled with advertising circulars forwarded from my city address; and I have seen villagers look at my morning pile, apparently of letters, with positive hunger.

The first mail out after the blockade carried three letters from me that represented my first effort to find a way to earn money. I had run over possibilities, had made guarded inquiries of Hadley and the postmaster, and had seen a possibility in regard to fencing; whereupon I wrote to three wire-fence manufacturers, offering to act as agent for selling their product in my vicinity. I thought also of selling agricultural implements, but decided that, although I could quickly learn the necessary facts about fencing, I should not, at least for a long time to come, know enough of practical farming to make a success with the elaborate machines of present-day agriculture.

The first mail that arrived after the snow blockade brought letters from our relatives, to whom our change of address had been communicated before we left the city.

"And so you have retired to a charming place in the country!" wrote a rich brother. Everybody, it seemed to me, had been getting rich except myself! "And so you have retired to the country! There is nothing I so much desire as to be able to imitate you. Lucky man! Only men like you are fortunate enough to get at the real secret of life. I wish I had money enough to go and do likewise. I have always understood that there is nothing on earth to equal the lot of the literary man in the country. I am glad you are so well off financially. Now, if you were like me and had to work hard every day ——

"But there are a few things you should be sure and see to. Be sure and examine all the plumbing, drains, sinks and cesspools. Pour essence of peppermint in the cesspool and one hour after sniff at each washbasin and bathtub to find out if all the traps are in good order."

That it was possible that there was neither bathtub nor sink nor running water did not occur to him. As a matter of fact there was a good well near the house, and back on the hillside an excellent spring from which water could, without any great expense, be piped to the house and furnish running water there; but that was a thing for the prosperous future.

"So you are actually giving up your apartment and going into the country!" wrote my wife's sister. "Put all your furniture in a storage warehouse and do run down to my favorite hotel in Florida. Later, now that you are footfree, you can run up to the White Mountains. Storage will not cost you over fifteen dollars a month—and how lovely it will be to be independent! How I envy you!"

Envy us!—that, I remember, was the strong note of most communications then and thereafter from relatives and friends. I ought to feel grateful that both my wife and myself possess some degree of humor, for it saved us from feeling any great bitterness; and we certainly did not wish anybody to pity us

The extreme cold lasted for a week—for all that time the thermometer did not once, even in the middle of the day, mark above zero; and for that week we got on with the woodstove and cooking range. All the fireplaces were boarded in, not to be opened till spring; for, even though they were in closed rooms, each was sucking away too much of the heat of the house.

I was more and more astonished by the amount of time required for chores—the time demanded for doing the necessary things around the place; and I was to be astonished still more as time went on. For the work involved in the care of petty things about a house and land in the country is very great at any time of the year. In cold weather the chores are different from those of warm weather, but always they are many. The theory, of course, is that it is best to hire work done, while the owner goes on and earns more money than he pays out; but that may be a very poor theory for a man with a doubtful and limited income, for he will often find it necessary to spend hours of every day upon work that he would gladly have some one else do. It may seem foolish to spend hours of toil instead of paying out two dollars—but it isn't always convenient to pay out the two dollars.

On the fourth day of the cold weather the postmaster asked me if I did not care to go fishing; there was to be a party of three or four men, he said.

Till now my ideas of fishing had altogether been associated with a hot sun and a broadbrimmed hat and a spot by a river's bank; but the winter idea appealed to me and I at once accepted. Each man was to take his lunch.

We went to a lake some three miles away. We built fires. We cut holes through the ice. The fish—bass and pickerel—were delightfully hungry. We hauled them in rapidly. At noon we gathered about a roaring fire to eat and talk. As night came on the fish were divided equally. Eight beauties were my share, and at home they were put in cold storage.

That was my introduction to the fact that one's very recreations may be of very practical value. All at once I realized that sport could mean to me what it meant to primitive man—both pleasure and food! Later I was to learn that there is a good deal of this sort of thing. I was to learn, for example, that the rabbit season is more than excitement and slaughter; that it means change of meat, and days when the butcher need not be thought of. Even the squirrels, attractive little things though they are, invited profitable destruction when they tantalizingly attacked my pear tree; for they did not frankly eat, but ringed and tossed down pear after pear, making hunting a necessity and a virtue, and furnishing for us many a squirrel stew. In blackberry season berry-picking was a joy and yet was not waste time, for it was the accepted custom of the countryside to go out over the hills and fields, with no regard to private ownership, picking great luscious berries that grew in clumped bushes in many a field of rocky undesirability, giving not only daily fruit and jam but cellared treasure besides.

The few hours of work that in the early period of our arrangements I spent each week for Hadley did not keep me from looking closely for some other possible opening; and I soon found that there was at least one class of steady work open to me—if I were only willing to take it!

What I found was that a man can readily earn a living in a country town, at least in a country town not far from a great city, if he is willing to work for others at shoveling, digging, repairing, general laboring, jobbing. There is sure to be room for such a man; often there is room for two or three. Any day in the year, with hoe or hammer, with willingness and a fair degree of skill with his hands, a man can go out and earn a dollar and a half. It is almost pathetic to see how people long for and seek for men to shovel snow, dig the garden, plant seeds, trench celery, mend the porch floor, tack up curtains, gather fruit. I have seen even the town vagabond implored to help, and have known him to respond like a tyrant bestowing a favor. I have seen a pious deaconess piloting a drunken man to her vegetable patch. No man with arms and a willingness to use them need complain of inability to make a living. It is the modern version of "arms and the man."

However, from all this I felt barred. I was ready to work my hardest for my wife and myself. I was ready to dig, paint, plaster, chop, lift, carry. I was ready to toil and moil, early and late, for ourselves and our home; but I was

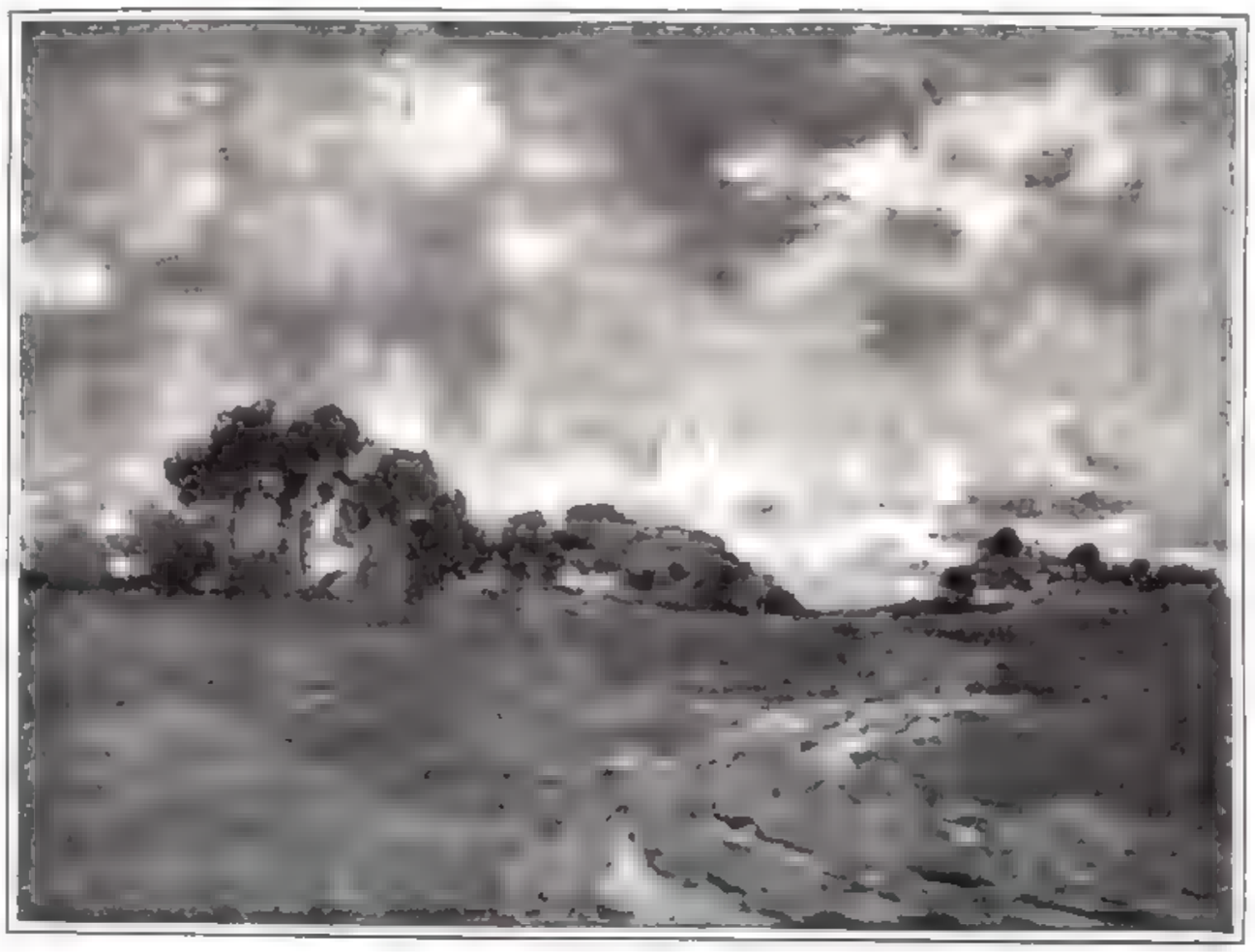
(Continued on Page 55)

"Well, Open Fires Certainly Have Their Drorbacks"

THE GRAIN OF DUST

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



XVIII

IT WAS not many minutes after ten when Tetlow hurried into Norman's office. "Galloway's coming at eleven!" said he, with an air of triumph.

"So you mulled over what I said and decided that I was not altogether drunk?"

"I wasn't sure of that," replied Tetlow. "But I was afraid you'd be offended if I didn't try to get him. He gave me no trouble at all. As soon as I told him you'd be glad to see him at your office he astounded me by saying he'd come."

"He and I have had dealings," said Norman. "He understood at once. I always know my way when I'm dealing with a big man. It's only the little people that are muddled and complex. I hope you'll not forget this lesson, Billy."

"I sha'n't," promised Tetlow.

"We are to be partners," pursued Norman. "We shall be intimately associated for years. You'll save me a vast amount of time and energy and yourself a vast amount of fuming and fretting, if you'll simply accept what I say, without discussion. When I want discussion I'll ask your advice."

"I'm afraid you don't think it's worth much," said Tetlow humbly, "and I guess it isn't."

"On the contrary, invaluable," declared Norman, with flattering emphasis. "Where you lack and I excel is in decision and action. I'll often get you to tell me what ought to be done, and then I'll make you do it—which you'd never dare by yourself."

At eleven sharp Galloway came, looking as nearly like a dangerous old eagle as a human being well could. Rapacious, merciless, tyrannical; a famous philanthropist. Stingy to pettiness; a giver-away of millions. Rigidly honest, yet absolutely unscrupulous; faithful to the last letter of his given word, yet so treacherous where his sly mind could nose out a way to evade the spirit of his agreements that his name was a synonym for unfaithfulness. An assiduous and groveling snob, yet so militantly democratic that, unless his interest compelled, he would not employ any member of the "best families" in any important capacity. He seemed a bundle of contradictions; in fact, he was profoundly consistent—that is to say, he steadily pursued in every thought and act the gratification of his two passions—wealth and power. He lost no seen opportunity, however shameful, to add to his fortune or to amuse himself with the human race, which he regarded with the unpitying contempt characteristic of every cold nature born or risen to success.

His theory of life—and it is the theory that explains many great financial successes, however they may pretend or believe—his theory of life was that he did not need friends, because the friends of a strong man weaken and rob him, but that he did need enemies, because he could grow rich and powerful destroying and despoiling them. To him friends suggested the birds living in a tree: they might make the tree more romantic to look at, but they, in fact, ate its budding leaves and its fruit and rotted its bough-joints with their filthy nests.

We Americans are probably nearest to children of any race in civilization. The peculiar conditions of life—their almost Arcadian simplicity—up to a generation or so ago, gave us a false training in the study of human nature. We believe what the good preacher, the novelist and the poet, all as ignorant of life as nursery books, tell us about the human heart. We fancy that, in a social system modeled upon the cruel and immoral system of Nature, success is to the good and kind. Life is like the pious story in the Sunday-school library: evil is the exception, and to practice the simple virtues is to tread with sure step the highway to riches and fame. This sort of ignorance is taught, is proclaimed, is apparently accepted throughout the world. Literature and the drama, representing life as it is dreamed by humanity, life as it perhaps may be some day, create an impression that defies the plain daily and hourly mockings of experience. Because weak and petty offenders are often punished, the universe is pictured as sternly enforcing the criminal codes enacted by priests or lawyers. But, though all the world half inclines to this agreeable mendacity about life, only in America of all civilization is the mendacity accepted as gospel, and suspicion about it frowned upon as the heresy of cynicism. So the Gallowayses prosper and are in high moral repute. Some day we shall learn that a social system that is merely a slavish copy of Nature's barbarous and wasteful sway of the survival of the toughest could be and ought to be improved upon by the intelligence of the human race. Some day we shall put Nature in her proper place as kindergarten teacher, and drop her from godship, and erect enlightened human understanding instead. But that is a long way off. Meanwhile, the Gallowayses will reign and will assure us that they won their success by the Decalogue and the Golden Rule—and will be believed by all who seek to assure for themselves in advance almost certain failure at material success in the arena of action.

But such things will not be believed by men of ambition, pushing resolutely for power and wealth. So Frederick Norman knew precisely what he was facing when Galloway's tall, gaunt figure and face of the bird of prey appeared before him. Galloway had triumphed and was triumphing not through obedience to the Sunday sermons and the silly novels, poems, plays, and the nonsense chattered by the obscure multitudes whom the mighty few exploit, but through obedience to the conditions imposed by our social system. If he raised wages a little it was in order that he might have excuse for raising prices a great deal. If he gave away millions it was for his fame, and usually to quiet the scandal over some particularly wicked wholesale robbery. No, Galloway was not a witness to the might of altruistic virtue as a means to triumph. Charity and all the other forms of chicanery by which the many are defrauded and fooled by the few—those "virtues" he understood and practiced. But justice—humanity's age-long dream that at last seems to glitter as a hope in the horizon of the future—justice—not legal justice, nor moral justice, but human justice—that idea would have seemed to him ridiculous, Utopian, something for the women and the children and the reformers.

Norman understood Galloway and Galloway understood Norman. Galloway, with an old man's garrulity and a confirmed moral poseur's eagerness about appearances, began to unfold his virtuous reasons for the impending break with Burroughs—the industrial and financial war out of which he expected to come doubly rich and all but supreme. Midway he stopped.

"You are not listening," said he sharply to the young man.

Their eyes met. Norman's eyes were twinkling. "No," said he; "I am waiting."

There was the suggestion of an answering gleam of sardonic humor in Galloway's cold gray eyes. "Waiting for what?"

"For you to finish with me as father confessor, to begin with me as lawyer. Pray don't hurry. My time is yours." He said this with the utmost suavity and respect.

In fact, while Galloway was doddering on and on with his fake moralities Norman was thinking of his own affairs, was wondering at his indifference about Dorothy. The night before—the few hours before—when he had dealt with her so calmly, he, even as he talked and listened and acted, had assumed that the enormous amount of liquor he had been consuming was in some way responsible. He had said to himself, "When I am over this, when I have had sleep and return to the normal, I shall again be the foolish slave of all these months." But here he was, sober, having taken only enough whisky to prevent an abrupt let-down—here he was viewing her in the same tranquil light. No longer all his life; no longer even dominant; only a part of life—and he was by no means certain that she was an important part.

How explain the mystery of the change? Because she had voluntarily come back, did he feel that she was no longer baffling, but was definitely his? He could not account for the change. He only knew that he who had been quite mad was now quite sane. . . . Would he like to be rid of her? Did he regret that they were tied together? No, curiously enough. It was high time he got married; she would do as well as another. She had beauty, youth, amiability, physical charm for him. There was advantage in the fact that her inferiority to him, her dependence on him, would enable him to take as much or as little of her as he might feel disposed, to treat her as the warrior must ever treat his entire domestic establishment from wife down to pet dog or cat or baby. . . . No, he did not regret Josephine. He could see now disadvantages greater than her advantages. All of value she would have brought him he could get for himself, and she would have been troublesome—exacting, disputing his sway, demanding full value or more in return for the love she was giving with such exalted notions of its worth.

"You are married?" Galloway suddenly said, interrupting his own speech and Norman's thought.

"Yes," said Norman.

"Just married, I believe?"

"Just."

Young and old, high and low, successful and failed, we are a race of advice-givers. As for Galloway, he was not the man to neglect that showy form of inexpensive benevolence.

"Have plenty of children," said he. "And keep your family in the country till they grow up. Town's no place for women. They go crazy. Women—and most men have no initiative. They think only about whatever's thrust at them. In the country it'll be their children and domestic things. In town it'll be getting and spending money."

Norman was struck by this. "I think I'll take your advice," said he.

"A man's home ought to be a retreat, not an inn. We are humoring the women too much. They are forgetting who earns what they spend in exhibiting themselves. If a woman wants that sort of thing let her get out and earn it. Why should she expect it from the man who has undertaken her support because he wanted a wife to take care of his house and a mother for his children? If a woman doesn't like the job, all right. But if she takes it and accepts its pay, why, she should do its work."

"Flawless logic," said Norman.

"When I hire a man to work he doesn't expect to idle about showing other people how handsome he is in the clothes my money pays for. Not that marriage is altogether a business—not at all. But, my dear sir"—and Galloway brought his cane down with the emphasis of one speaking from a heart full of bitter experience—"unless it is a business at bottom, organized and conducted on sound business principles, there's no sentiment either. We are human beings—and that means we are first of all business beings, engaged in getting food, clothing, shelter. No sentiment—no sentiment, sir, is worth while that isn't firmly grounded. It's a house without a foundation. It's a steeple without a church under it."

Norman looked at the old man with calm, penetrating eyes. "I shall conduct my married life on a sound business basis or not at all," said he.

"We'll see," said Galloway. "That's what I said forty years ago —— No, I didn't. I had no sense about such matters then. In my youth the men knew nothing about the woman question." He smiled grimly. "I see signs that they are learning."

Then, as abruptly as he had left the affairs he was there to discuss he returned to them. His mind seemed to have freed itself of all irrelevancy and superfluity, as a stream often runs from a faucet with much spluttering and rather muddy at first, then steadies and clears. Norman gave him the attention one can get only from a good mind that is interested in the subject and understands it thoroughly. Such attention not merely receives the words and ideas as they fall from the mouth of him who utters them, but also seems to draw them by a sort of suction faster and in greater abundance. It was this peculiar ability of giving attention, as much as any other one quality, that gave Norman's clients their confidence in him. Galloway, than whom no man was shrewder judge of men, showed in his gratified eyes and voice, long before he had finished, how strongly his conviction of Norman's high ability was confirmed.

When Galloway ended, Norman rapidly and in clear and simple sentences summarized what Galloway had said. "That is right?" he asked.

"Precisely," said Galloway admiringly. "What a gift of clear statement you have, young man!"

"It has won me my place," said Norman. "As to your campaign, I can tell you now that the legal part of it can be arranged. That is what the law is for—to enable a man to do whatever he wants. The penalties are for those who have the stupidity to try to do things in an unlawful way."

Galloway laughed. "I had heard that penalties were for doing unlawful things."

"Nothing is unlawful," said Norman, "except in method."

"That's an interesting view of courts of justice."

"But we have no courts of justice. We have only courts of law."

Galloway threw back his head and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. "What a gift for clear statement!" he cried.

Norman beamed appreciation of a compliment so flattering. But he went back to business. "As I was saying, you can do what you want to do. You wish me to show you how. In our modern way of doing things, the relation of lawyer and client has somewhat changed. To illustrate by this case: you are the bear with the taste for honey and the strength to rob the bees. I am the honey bird—that is, the modern lawyer—who can show you the way to the hive. Most of the honey birds—as yet—are content with a very small share of the honey—whatever the bear happens to be unable to find room for. But I"—Norman's eyes danced and his strong mouth curved in a charming smile—"I am a honey bird with a bear appetite."

Galloway was sitting up stiffly. "I don't quite follow you, sir," he said.

"Yet I am plain enough. My ability at clear statement has not deserted me. If I show you the way through the tangled forest of the law to this hive you scent—I must be a partner in the honey."

Galloway rose. "Your conceptions of your profession—and of me, I may say—are not attractive. I have always been and am willing and anxious to pay liberally—more liberally than any one else—for legal advice. But my business, sir, is my own."

Norman rose, his expression one of apology and polite disappointment. "I see I misunderstood your purpose in coming to me," said he. "Let us take no more of each other's time."

"And what did you think my object was in coming?" demanded Galloway.

"To get from me what you realized you could get nowhere else—which meant, as an old experienced trader like you must have known, that you were ready to pay my price. Of course, if you can get elsewhere the assistance you need, why, you would be most unwise to come to me."

Galloway moved toward the door. "And you might have charged practically any fee you wished," said he, laughing satirically. "Young man, you are making the mistake that is ruining this generation. You wish to get rich all at once. You are not willing to be patient and to work and to build your fortune solidly and slowly."

Norman smiled as at a good joke. "What an asset to you strong men has been the vague hope in the minds of the masses that each poor devil of them will have his turn to loot and grow rich. I used to think ignorance kept the present system going. But I have discovered that it is that sly, silly, corrupt hope. But, sir, it does not catch me I shall not work for you and the other strong men, and patiently wait my turn that would never come. My time is now."

"You threaten me?" cried Galloway furiously.

"Threaten you!" exclaimed Norman, amazed. "You think, because I have given you, my lawyer, my secrets, that you can compel me ——"

With an imperious gesture Norman stopped him. "Good day, sir," he said haughtily. "Your secrets are safe with me. I am a lawyer, not a financier."

Galloway was disconcerted. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Norman," he said. "I misunderstood you. I thought I heard you say in effect that you purposed to be rich, and that you purposed to compel me to make you so."

"So I did," replied Norman. "But not by the methods you financiers are so adept at using. Not by high-class blackmail and blackjacking. I meant that my abilities were such that you and your fellow masters of modern society would be compelled to employ me on my own terms. A few moments ago you outlined to me a plan. It may be you can find other lawyers competent to steer it through the channel of the law. I doubt it. I may exaggerate my value. But"—he smiled pleasantly—"I don't think so."

In this modern world of ours there is no more delicate or more important branch of the art of material success than learning to play one's own tune on the trumpets of fame. To those who watch careers intelligently and critically, and not merely with mouth agape and ears awag for whatever sounds the winds of credulity bear, there is keen interest in noting how differently this high art is practiced by the fame-seekers—how well some modest heroes disguise themselves before essaying the trumpet, how timidly some play, how brazenly others.

It is an art of infinite variety. How many there are who can echo Shakspere's sad lament, through Hamlet's lips—"I lack advancement"! Those are they who have wholly neglected, as did Shakspere, this essential part of the art of advancement—Shakspere, who lived almost obscure and was all but forgotten for two centuries after his death.

Norman, frankly seeking mere material success, and with the colossal egotism that disdains egotism and shrugs at the danger of being accused of it, Norman did not hesitate to proclaim his own merits. He reasoned that he had the wares, that crying them would attract attention to them; that he whose attention was attracted, if he were a judge of wares and a seeker of the best, would see that the Norman wares were indeed as Norman cried them. At first blush Galloway was amused by Norman's candid self-esteem. But he had often heard of Norman's conceit—and in a long and busy life he had not seen an able man who was unaware of his ability, any more than he had seen a pretty woman unaware of her prettiness. So, at second blush, Galloway was tempted by Norman's calm, strong blast upon his own trumpet to look again at the wares.

"I always have had a high opinion of you, young man," said he, with laughing eyes. "Almost as high an opinion as you have of yourself. Think over the legal side of my plan. When you get your thoughts in order, let me know—and make me a proposition as to your own share. Does that satisfy you?"

"It's all I ask," said Norman.

And they parted on the friendliest terms—and Norman knew that his fortune was assured if Galloway lived another nine months. When he was alone the sweat burst out upon him and, trembling from head to foot, he locked his door and flung himself at full length upon the rug. It was half an hour before the fit of silent hysterical reaction passed sufficiently to let him gather strength to rise. He tottered to his desk chair and sat with his head buried in his arms upon the desk. After a while the telephone at his side rang insistently. He took the receiver in a hand he could not steady.

"Yes?" he called.

"It's Tetlow. How'd you come out?"

"Oh"—he paused to stiffen his throat to attack the words naturally—"all right. We go ahead."

"With G.?"

"Certainly. But keep quiet. Don't let him know you've heard, if you see him or he sends for you. Remember, it's in my hands entirely."

"Trust me." Tetlow's voice, suppressed and jubilant, suggested a fat, hoarse rooster trying to finish a crow before a coming stone from a farm boy reaches him. "It seems natural and easy to you, old man. But I'm about crazy with joy. I'll come right over."

"No; I'm going home."

"Can't I see you there?"

"No; I've other matters to attend to. Come about lunchtime tomorrow—to the office, here."

"All right," said Tetlow, and Norman rang off.

XIX

IN THE faces of men who have dominion of whatever kind over their fellowmen—be it the brutal rule of the prize fighter over his gang or the apparently gentle sway of the apparently meek bishop over his loving flock—in the faces of all men of power there is a dangerous look. They may never lose their tempers. They may never lift their voices. They may be ever suave and civil. The dangerous look is there—and the danger behind it. And the sense of that look and of its cause has a certain restraining effect upon all but the hopelessly impudent or solidly dense. Norman was one of the men without fits of temper. In his moments of irritation no one ever felt that a storm of violent language might be impending. But the danger signal flaunted from his face. Danger of what? No one could have said. Most people would have laughed at the idea that so even-tempered a man, pleased with himself and with the world, could ever be dangerous. Yet every one had instinctively respected that danger flag—until Dorothy.

Perhaps it had struck for her—had really not been there when she looked at him. Perhaps she had been too inexperienced, perhaps too self-centered, to see it. Perhaps she had never before seen his face in an hour of weariness and relaxation—when the true character, the dominating and essential trait or traits, shows nakedly upon the surface, making the weak man or woman look pitiful, the strong man or woman formidable.

However that may be, when he walked into the sitting room, greeted her placidly and kissed her on the brow, she, glancing uncertainly up at him, saw that danger signal for the first time. She studied his face, her own face wearing her expression of the puzzled child. No, not quite that expression as it always had been theretofore, but a modified form of it. To any self-centered, self-absorbed woman there comes in her married life, unless she be married to a booby, a time, an hour, a moment even—for it can be narrowed down to a point—when she takes her first seeing look at the man upon whom she is dependent for protection, whether spiritual or material, or both. In her egotism and vanity she has been regarding him as her property. Suddenly, and usually disagreeably, it has been revealed to her that she is his property. That hour had come for Dorothy Norman. And she was looking at her husband, was wondering who and what he was.

"You've had your lunch?" he said.

"No," replied she.

"You have been out for the air?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You didn't tell me what to do."

He smiled good-humoredly. "Oh, you had no money."

"Yes—a little. But I——" She halted.

"Yes?"

"You hadn't told me what to do," she repeated, as though on mature thought that sentence expressed the whole matter.

He felt in his pockets, found a small roll of bills. He laid twenty-five dollars on the table. "I'll keep thirty," he said, "as I sha'n't have any more till I see Tetlow tomorrow. Now, fly out and amuse yourself. I'm going to sleep. Don't wake me till you're ready for dinner."

He went into his bedroom and closed the door. When he awoke he saw that it was dark outside, and some note in the din of street noises from far below made him feel that it was late. He wrapped a bathrobe round him, opened the door into the sitting room. It was dark.

"Dorothy!" he called.

"Yes," promptly responded the small, quiet voice, so near that he started back.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, and switched on the light. "There you are—by the window. What were you doing in the dark?"

She was dressed precisely as when he had last seen her. She was sitting with her hands listless in her lap and her face a moving and beautiful expression of melancholy dreams. On the table were the bills—where he had laid them. "You've been out?" he said.

"No," she replied.

"Why not?"

"I've been—waiting."

"For what?" laughed he.

"For—I don't know," she replied. "Just waiting."

"But there's nothing to wait for."

She looked at him interrogatively. "No—I suppose not," she said.

He went back into his room and glanced at his watch. "Eleven o'clock!" he cried. "Why didn't you wake me? You must be nearly starved."

"Yes, I am hungry," said she.

Her patient, passive resignation irritated him. "I'm ravenous," he said. "I'll dress—and you dress too. We'll go downstairs to supper."

When he reappeared in the sitting room, in a dinner jacket, she was again seated near the window, hands listless in her lap and eyes gazing dreamily into vacancy. But she was now dressed in the black chiffon and the big black hat. He laughed. "You are prompt and obedient," said he. "Nothing like hunger to subdue."

A faint flush tinged her lovely skin; the look of the child that has been struck appeared in her eyes.

He cast about in his mind for the explanation. Did she think he meant it was need that had brought her meekly back to him? That was true enough, but he had not intended to hint it. In high good humor because he was so delightfully hungry and was about to get food, he cried: "Do cheer up! There's nothing to be sad about—nothing."

She lifted her large eyes and gazed at him timidly. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Take you downstairs and feed you."

"But I mean—afterward?"

"Bring—or send—you up here to go to bed."

"Are you going away?"

"Where?"

"Away from me."

He looked at her with amused eyes. She was exquisitely lovely; never had he seen her lovelier. It delighted him to note her charms—the charms that had enslaved him not a single charm missing and to feel that he was no longer their slave, but was his own master again.

A strange look swept across her uncannily mobile face—a look of wonder, of awe, of fear, of dread. "You don't even like me any more," she said in her colorless way.

"What have I done to make you think I dislike you?" said he pleasantly.

She gazed down in silence.

"You need have no fear," said he. "You are my wife. You will be well taken care of, and you will not be annoyed. What more can I say!"

"Thank you," she murmured.

He winced. She had made him feel like an unpleasant cross between an almsgiver and a bully. "Now," said he, with forced but resolute cheerfulness, "we will eat, drink and be merry."

On the way down in the elevator he watched her out of the corner of his eye. When they reached the hall leading to the supper room he touched her arm and halted her. "My dear," said he in the pleasant voice that yet somehow never failed to secure attention and obedience, "there will be some of my acquaintances in there at supper. I don't want them to see you with that whipped-dog look. There's no occasion for it."

Her lip trembled. "I'll do my best," said she.

"Let's see you smile," laughed he. "You have often shown me that you know the woman's trick of wearing what feelings you choose on the outside. So don't pretend that you've got to look as if you were about to be hanged for a crime you didn't commit. There!—that's better."

And indeed to a casual glance she looked the happy bride trying not very successfully—to seem used to her husband and her new status.

"Hold it!" he urged gayly. "I've no fancy for leading round a lovely martyr in chains—especially as you're about as healthy and well placed a person as I know. And you'll feel as well as you look when you've had something to eat."

Whether it was obedience or the result of a decision to drop an unprofitable pose he could not tell, but as soon as they were seated and she had a bill-of-fare before her and was reading it, her expression of happiness lost its last suggestion of being forced. "Crab meat!" she said. "I love it!"

"Two portions of crab meat," he said to the waiter.

"Oh, I don't want that much," she protested.

"You forget that I am hungry," rejoined he. "And when I am hungry the price of food begins to go up." He addressed himself to the waiter: "After that a broiled grouse—with plenty of hominy—and grilled sweet potatoes—and a salad of endive and hothouse tomatoes—and I know the difference between hothouse tomatoes and the other kinds. Next—some cheese—Port-Salut yes, you have it—I got the steward to get it—and toasted crackers—the round kind, not the square—and not the hard ones that unsettle the teeth—and—what kind of ice, my dear?—or would you prefer a fresh peach flambee?"

"Yes—I think so," said Dorothy.

"You hear, waiter?—and a bottle of—there's the head waiter—ask him—he knows the champagne I like."

As Norman had talked, in the pleasant, insistent voice, the waiter had roused from the air of mindless, mechanical sloth characteristic of the New York waiter—unless and until a fee below his high expectation is offered. When he said the final "Very good, sir," it was with intelligence.

Dorothy was smiling, with the amusement of inexperience. "What a lot of trouble you took about it," said she.

Norman Was Suddenly Confronted by the Face of Josephine Burroughs, Only Two Tables Away

He shrugged his shoulders. "Anything worth doing at all is worth taking trouble about. You will see. We shall get results. The supper will be the best this house can put together."

"You can have anything you want in this world if you only can pay for it," said she.

"That's what most people think," replied he; "but the truth is, the paying is only a small part of the art of getting what one wants."

She glanced nervously at him. "I'm beginning to realize that I'm dreadfully inexperienced," said she.

"There's nothing discouraging in that," said he. "Lack of experience can be remedied. But not lack of judgment. It takes the great gift of judgment to enable one to profit by mistakes, to decide what is the real lesson of an experience."

"I'm afraid I haven't any judgment, either," she said.

"That remains to be seen."

She hesitated—ventured: "What do you think is my worst fault?"

He shook his head laughingly. "We are going to have a happy supper."

"Do you think I am very vain?" persisted she.

"Who's been telling you so?"

"Mr. Tetlow. He gave me an awful talking to, just before I ——" She paused at the edge of the forbidden ground. "He didn't spare me," she went on. "He said I was a vain, self-centered little fool."

"And what did you say?"

"I was very angry. I told him he had no right to accuse me of that. I reminded him that he had never heard me say a word about myself."

"And did he say that the vainest people were just that way—never speaking of themselves, never thinking of anything else?"

"Oh, he told you what he said?" cried she.

"Not a word," laughed he.

She reddened. "You think I'm vain?"

He made a good-humoredly satirical little bow. "I think you are charming," said he. "It would be a waste of time to look at or to think of any one else when one is the most charming and interesting person in the world. Still"—he put into his face and voice a suggestion of gravity that caught her utmost attention—"if one is to get anywhere, is to win consideration from others and happiness for oneself—one simply must do a little thinking about others—occasionally."

Her eyes lowered. A faint color tinged her cheeks.

"The reason most of us are so uncomfortable—downright unhappy most of the time—is that we never really take our thoughts off our

(Continued on Page 65)

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The Revision of Schedule K

THAT this extra session of Congress will produce a thorough revision of woolen duties is, we take it, simply a matter of course. President Taft has denounced these duties more than once. Insurgent Senators, holding the balance of power in the Upper House, have riddled them through and through in debate. That the Democratic House will stand for them is inconceivable. It has been shown over and over that this schedule, with its protection of ninety per cent, was framed, not in the interest of wool growers and not even in the interest of all woolen manufacturers. Clothing manufacturers are almost solidly against this example of "protection to American industries" that reduces the weight and quality of woolen garments worn by the American people. The vaudeville features of the schedule, with rubber boots, cotton and shoddy parading as "woolen goods," have been endlessly ridiculed. Heyburn, no doubt, will raise the lorn voice of anguished protest; but we predict an early revision of Schedule K. There can hardly be any other result in a session peculiarly devoted to genuine tariff revision.

Two Railroad Dividends Compared

IN MARCH, 1910, the New York Central raised its dividend from five to six per cent, although important increases in wages were then pending. The matter of a wholesale increase in freight rates was also pending. The Central's president was quoted as saying that only by such an increase in rates could the roads save themselves from grave financial embarrassment. The increase in rates, however, was forbidden by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Central quite promptly reduced its dividend to the former level of five per cent. It was given out officially that this reduction was caused by the commission's decision—rather as though it were a little foretaste of that embarrassment that President Brown had predicted. Concerning which the New York Evening Post makes the following observation:

"On the same day the New York Central reduced its dividend the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern declared its regular semiannual dividend of six per cent and six per cent extra, making the usual eighteen per cent a year. The Lake Shore and the New York Central receive the same freight rates; but then Lake Shore has never declared one-hundred-per-cent stock dividends and invested all of its resources in other companies."

Two days later, the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad declared an extra cash dividend of twenty-five per cent.

How to Have an Income Tax

IT SEEMS quite certain at this writing that the proposed Constitutional amendment authorizing the Federal Government to levy an income tax will fail. Ten states have rejected it. The negative of twelve will be fatal. This merely confirms the long-established opinion that to amend the Constitution in a matter of first-rate importance is nearly impossible. That so intelligent and generally openminded a man as Governor Hughes discovered in this simple proposal a deadly threat to the palladium of our liberties shows what flocks of obstructive crotchets arise when anybody proposes to touch the Constitution.

However, the Supreme Court, the other day, upheld the Federal corporation tax. Obviously this tax, so far as it goes, is an income tax, being calculated and levied upon the net incomes of corporations. Under the astute guidance of President Taft, however, Congress called it an excise tax—a tax, that is, upon the privilege of doing business in corporate form, although that privilege does not at all emanate from the Federal Government. This legal distinction completely satisfied the Supreme Court, and all business that is carried on under corporate form now pays a duly Constitutional income tax to the Federal Government. It is tolerably clear that the court nowadays will not balk a fiscal plan of the Government if it can avoid it. We suppose if the time comes when the Government really needs an income tax it will be able to have one only by calling it an excise tax. Citizens of every occupation—beginning with abbots and acrobats and ending with xylophone players and zebra trainers—will pay to the Federal Government a certain percentage of their net incomes for the privilege of carrying on their respective businesses. This arrangement seems excessively awkward; but in the conflict between changing conditions and an unchangeable Constitution awkwardness must be expected.

The Professors' Mental Reactions

WE FEEL neither competent nor inclined to express any opinion upon the merits of the case in regard to this deplorable shindy between two of our most distinguished professors over invitations to the German Emperor's court party; but, regarding the episode with an eye single to the interests of science, we draw the following important psychological deductions from it:

Take two middle-aged, healthy men of the finest intellectual powers and devoted unselfishly to the high things of the mind; place them opposite each other in an attitude of conversational ease and let each remark to the other: "The emperor is about to give a swell party; I'm going to it, but you ain't." Their psychic and bodily reactions will instantly become of an extraordinary and deeply significant character. Their cheeks and eyeballs will be congested with blood; low, piercing cries will issue from their lips; their muscular movements will be of a rapid, convulsive nature, consisting chiefly of right-hand clutching.

Formerly psychology was regarded as merely a cloistral speculation. We now know that it is of great practical value. Applying it in a strictly pragmatic manner to the Berlin episode, we find that, for a very highly developed intellect, a social snub may induce fits.

Money in England and Here

IT SEEMS that, if a country cannot have a scientifically arranged supply of currency, the best way is not to have any. This is pretty much the position of England. Practically the only paper money in circulation there consists of Bank of England notes. When Walter Bagehot wrote his Lombard Street the amount of such notes in circulation was twenty-three million pounds. Latterly it has fluctuated from twenty-eight to thirty million pounds. In forty years, that is, during which England's commerce and industry have grown vastly, the amount of banknotes in circulation has remained almost stationary.

In ten years—that is, since interest on Government bonds was reduced to two per cent and the tax on circulating notes cut in half, thereby making the issue of banknotes more profitable—the amount of banknotes in circulation in this country has risen from three hundred million dollars to seven hundred million. At the same time, the amount of gold certificates in circulation has risen from two hundred million dollars to eight hundred million. Yet periodically we have great trouble with our circulation and England has none with hers. Unless circulation expands and contracts with the needs of trade, it seems easier to get along with very little of it than with a great deal.

Plague and Opium

CHINA still beats us on plague; but we seem to be taking the lead of her on opium. For weeks exceedingly gruesome stories have been coming out of the plague districts of the empire. They tell of deaths by thousands, villages depopulated, streets littered with corpses, many other bodies thrown into streams, spreading the infection elsewhere. The scientific name for plague is ignorance. We have a good deal of it here in the commoner forms of water pollution, airless sleeping rooms, and so on.

For years, however, the Chinese Government has made vigorous and not unsuccessful efforts to check the use of opium, while persons competent to speak upon the subject declare that in this country the use of opium and its derivatives, and of like destructive, habit-forming drugs has much increased, and now exceeds a hundredfold what would be used under the prescriptions of intelligent physicians. The other name of this plague, in America, is not ignorance. Hardly a person of sufficient mental capacity to be permitted at large but knows, nowadays, the peril of using opium in any form, or any like drug. He may pretend to himself that he doesn't; but that is exactly the same pitiful pretense that the drunkard makes when he goes in for "just one drink." Its other name is vice; and every one of its victims, in whatever stage, ought to look it in the face under that name.

High Protection and Steel

THE Steel Corporation recently issued, in the usual pamphlet form, a report of business in 1910. It shows that higher wages were paid than in 1909, though the price of steel products, as a whole, was somewhat less. Yet the corporation's profits were larger than in the preceding year, partly, at least, because it did more business. Its exports increased twenty-one per cent, being, says the report, "the largest for any year since the organization of the corporation and evidencing the satisfactory progress which has been made in the extension of this branch of the business." From the beginning, we believe, that progress has been made by means of concessions in price below the domestic schedule. What if domestic prices had been still lower, with a corresponding increase in output?

Every one now realizes that Southern planters were quite mistaken in supposing their prosperity depended upon slavery; that slavery was positively unprofitable in the strictest economic sense. "Before the war," Henry Watterson once observed, "we walloped our negroes and paid our debts. Now we pay our negroes and wallop our debts."

Sometime this side the millennium, we expect, the chairman of the Steel Corporation will refer pityingly to the far, dark-age past, when the corporation was restricted and crippled by the mistaken institution of high protection.

Insurgents Then and Now

THREE members of the Senate especially may have some trouble in recognizing themselves at this session of Congress. They are Messrs. Cummins, La Follette and Bristow. Two short years ago any motion on any subject by any one of them automatically set the guillotine in action. Anything that all three demanded stood the same show of getting through that a child with a toy spade stands of breaking into a safe-deposit vault. They were, of course, permitted to speak; but their oratory was accompanied by the low, rhythmic chug-chug of Mr. Aldrich's steam roller. When it came to a vote not only did the "Noes" have it but they had it all neatly tied up, signed, sealed and delivered at their kitchen doors. In the sage view of the majority, these Insurgents were possessed by the dangerous hallucination that a few million nameless voters out West had something pertinent to say about tariff revision; hence their demands were treated with the same delicate consideration that is accorded, in unreformed asylums, to a lunatic's dietary preferences. If they wanted it that was a sure sign that they mustn't have it.

Only two years ago! We suppose the Insurgents must still be a bit nervous. It may take them a little time to get used to the idea that their demands on behalf of a mere few million nameless, unincorporated voters are going to evoke a response quite different from the shower of bricks to which the Senate, when Mr. Aldrich was running it, habituated them.

Underconsumption of Books

ENGLISH publishers, after mature deliberation, seem to have agreed that the trouble with the book trade is not overproduction but underconsumption. Probably American publishers would agree with them. At a rough guess, we should say there are five million homes in the United States that contain a musical instrument that costs from five to twenty times as much as all of the books in the house. Broadly speaking, a home without a musical instrument is as rare as a home with a library. And if it is true, as is often charged, that we are not a musical people, a downcast publisher might ask what subtraction from zero, then, would express our state as a literary people. He should remember, however, that on the whole, a more intelligent and better organized effort has been made to get musical instruments into houses than to get books into them. Until rather recently, at least, a main reliance was upon personal solicitation and subscription. In many cases, a set of books that it cost five dollars to make, as we understand it, must sell by subscription at about twenty dollars—something like three-fourths of the price being consumed in agent's commissions, collection expenses and losses from bad debts. This is a pretty hard row for literature or any other commodity to hoe. The subscription method is not applied to new works of current interest, such as novels, essays, books of travel; but the expensive, bound volume of that description meets a rather disconcerting competitor in the popular, inexpensive magazine. If a man is going to pay a dollar and twenty cents for current literature when he can get an equal measure for five cents, there must be a striking superiority in the higher-priced article.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Farmer Orator

NEATLY arranged on his what-not in the parlor of his farmhouse in Plainfield, New Jersey, James E. Martine, the new Senator from that state, has an imposing collection of belts, cups, medals, decorations and other insignia testifying eloquently to the fact that he holds all Eastern records for being defeated for office.

Once, in the early days, he did squeak into the common council and recently he bulged into the Senate; but between the two there is a line of endeavor to become the servant of the people untarnished by a single victory. Time and again he has flung his banner to the breeze and marched boldly forth for the suffrages of the people; and time and again the people have said, "Not yet, Jimmie—not yet!" and have firmly jammed the iron heel of defeat in the immediate vicinity of his Adam's apple.

On many successive election days the voters of New Jersey, sitting at breakfast, have scanned the morning papers, yawned and announced: "Election day—well—well—how time does fly! I suppose we'll have to go out and beat Martine for something." And the supposition was always correct, for Martine was always running and the duty was always to be done. Twice he evinced a desire to go to Congress, and both times it got no farther than the desire stage. Three times he stormed the ramparts of the state senate and three times he was left without the breastworks. Four times he concluded they needed him in the New Jersey legislature and four times he was told to guess again. Twice at state conventions they gave him the hook when he wanted to run for governor; and between these essays they turned him down for sheriff and for mayor.

Three years ago, when there were not enough Democrats in the legislature to take a hand at bridge, they gave him the minority nomination for the United States Senate, and the vote was recorded. "Martine, two; Bronx, one; Manhattan, one" or something to that brand, general effect. Did James E. Martine despair? Answer: He did not. Instead, he bided his time—being a fine, experienced bider, as his record shows—bided his time for three years and then announced himself a candidate for the Senate before the curious primaries the New Jersey legislature, in a thoughtless moment, had provided for the registry of the will of the people.

This action was conceded to be imprudent, if, indeed, not impudent; for it was generally known throughout the state that Mr. Jim Smith, of Newark, had decided to confer upon New Jersey and the United States such distinction as might be had by grabbing off the toga himself in case of a Democratic victory at the polls, which at the moment seemed reasonably certain. Moreover, Mr. Smith held that this determination on his part made it entirely superfluous for him to fuss with the primaries; and he haughtily refused to participate. "Why," asked Mr. Smith, "should I?" and there was no reply forthcoming at the time.

The Political Knob in New Jersey

PRESENTLY, however, there came a reply that caused Mr. Smith to begin writing letters feverishly, showing why he was the people's choice. This reply was enunciated by Dr. Woodrow Wilson, whom Mr. Smith had negligently allowed to run for governor. "I consider it my booty to state," said Doctor Wilson in that classic English for which he is famous, "that James E. Martine, having garnered various votes in the primaries, be the next Senator from New Jersey. The people have expressed their will and the people must and shall prevail; and will Mr. Jim Smith kindly take that home and try it on his piano?"

"But where," responded Mr. Smith, "do you get off as dictator for the free and untrammeled Democratic party of the imperial state of New Jersey?" He was quite caustic about it.

"Forget that dictator stuff, Mr. Smith," came back Doctor Wilson in his most polished academic manner. "You cannot go to the Senate. Do I make myself clear?"

He did. Moreover, he made himself clear to the legislature; and, the hour of twelve o'clock meridian having arrived on March fourth last, Mr. James E. Martine went on the Government payroll, presenting a jaunty appearance in the toga worn so long by John Kean. It must be hard, of course, to break the habit of a lifetime. Undoubtedly Mr. Martine felt a bit strange at being actually in a public job after the unbroken series of defeats he had accumulated. However, he made it plain that he would do his best to accommodate himself to the new sensation and had no doubt that eventually he would become fully reconciled.

When He Pounds on a Desk and Demands Action He is Titanic

Senator Martine is a stocky, thick-set man, with a ruddy face, on which some whiskers are carefully disposed. He has a loud voice, as befits a man who devotes himself to farming near Plainfield, New Jersey, and an energetic manner. There seems to be no reason to think the Senate's stock of noise will be at all decreased by his advent; for, be it known, Senator Martine is an orator. Once, in the dear, dead past, they referred to him as the boy orator, which was in 1867, when, at the mature age of eighteen years, he discussed on the stump the problems of the war but lately closed. Since that time the Senator has been in every and all campaigns, doing plain and fancy clarion-calling for the Democracy.

Naturally, with the advance of years, they had to quit calling him the boy orator. The hand of time is relentless in this boy-orator business. Many a promising boy orator has been swept out of existence by the onrush of the years. Even Mr. Bryan, who started out as the Boy Orator of the Platte, had to shed the title when he began to shed his hair.

Thus it was necessary for the boy orator of whatever particular part of New Jersey he was boy orator of to get another distinguishing appellation. He was an orator, all right. All admitted that. But what kind of an orator? The question was one of great importance. After pondering on it for weeks and consulting freely with his friends, Mr. Martine decided he was hereafter to be known as the farmer orator, which is his official designation and carries with it the necessary means of identifying him among all other brands of orators, such as silver-tongued, Southern, and the like.

He was a farmer, too, in his early days—a boy farmer, rather; for he began early to make his father's farm provide a living for his mother and himself after his father's death. Presently, however, he made a subdivision to Plainfield out of the farm—or a portion of it, at any rate; and since that time he has been raising villas instead of ordinary farm produce.

And you never heard him talk? Is it possible? Still, the chances are all in your favor if you will drop into Washington any day during his service and get a seat in a Senate gallery. Not that that is so extremely important, for you probably will hear him as you come up the hill; but it might be as well to go into a gallery, for he does a good many things, when he talks, that add to the ensemble. He has the finest circular gesture north of the Ohio River. He can whirl his right arm forward and his left arm backward at one and the same time, giving a correct imitation of a windmill geared two ways. When he pounds on a desk and demands action he is titanic.

Still, these are mere mannerisms. The distinguishing feature of Senator Martine's oratory is pedestrian. As he warms up to his denunciation of existing abuses he begins to stride back and forth like a caged lion—I think it is like a caged lion—maybe tiger might be better; anyhow, like something that strides up and down. And when he gets to striding you'd just better believe he skins 'em and hangs their quivering hides on the palings! One time, when he was making a speech in a New Jersey village, he got to striding back and forth on the platform and strode off the end, turning a graceful double flipflap and lighting on the back of his head. He was immediately rescued from this undignified position by his enthusiastic audience and set back upon the platform, where it was noted with intense satisfaction, by those who were following him, not only that he did not lose the thread of his argument but that the only abbreviation of the speech occurred at the exact moment when he lit—and that consisted merely of the elision of two syllables from the expression, "ruled by the money god, Mammon," and detracted very little from the effectiveness of his argument.

Indian Etiquette

EDWARD B. CLARK, the Washington correspondent, was the agent for a Chicago paper at Pine Ridge at the time of the Indian uprising there. After the difficulty had been composed Clark got a telegram from his paper asking him to get an interview with Young Man Afraid of His Horses, a chief who had taken part.

Clark took an interpreter and went to the chief's teepee. The chief, still in his war-paint, received him in the teepee and asked Clark to eat. Clark ate. Then, wanting to do the right thing and not knowing whether it was proper to tip a big Indian chief, Clark dropped three silver dollars into the hand of the chief's wife and had his interpreter say to the chief: "In my country a compliment to a man's wife is thought a double compliment."

The interpreter repeated this sentiment to Young Man Afraid of His Horses. That dignitary grunted, rose, left the teepee and came back with four more wives.

French Enough

WHEN James B. Reynolds, now a member of the Tariff Board, was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Senator Root, then Secretary of State, sent for Reynolds to discuss with him matters concerning a trade conference in Paris, which Reynolds had been selected to attend.

"By-the-way, Mr. Reynolds," said Mr. Root, "you speak French, I assume."

"Oh, yes," Reynolds replied, "I have a little French. I can make the waiters and cabdrivers understand me."

"Um," said Root; "but, Mr. Reynolds, suppose there should be no waiters and cabdrivers in the conference?"

Benefits Forgot

A TRAVELER in the mountains in a Southern state found a man cultivating a crop on Sunday morning.

"Friend," said the traveler, "don't you know this is Sunday?"

"Is it?" asked the man. "I plumb forgot; but," he hurried on, "I might 'a' knowed, for I remember when they introduced Sunday down here."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Senator Lafe Young, of Iowa, is an amateur astronomer.

℄ Senator William Lorimer, of Illinois, lives at the Y. M. C. A. Building when he is in Washington.

℄ Charles D. Hilles, the new secretary to the President, was a newspaper reporter out in Ohio when a mere lad.

℄ Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty cleaned up every prize and took every honor for which the rules would let him compete during his four years at Dartmouth.

℄ Senator Kern, of Indiana, has cut a couple or three inches off his paintbrush whiskers, and nothing is left in the Senate to fill the gap in the hirsute scenery of that organization caused by the elimination of Senator Carter's.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Forest Ranger

IF YOU can speak Spanish and throw the diamond hitch; and can handle a shovel and pick, and cook a square meal in camp, and ride any sort of horse on any sort of trail and pack all sorts of things on any other horse; and if you can raise vegetables and scale logs and estimate timber; and are not afraid to sleep alone in the dark and can work two or three days without sleeping or eating at all; and can build a log house by yourself and camp out in any weather; and are over twenty years old and have good health and a fair education; and are a pretty good business man and know something of forestry and have some executive ability; and are sound of wind and limb and full of ambition; and are a resident of a Western state and have good introductions, and can pass all examinations at the forestry headquarters—you may, if you are lucky, get to be a forest ranger and take down all of eleven hundred dollars a year, unless you get laid off. Of course you have to furnish your own horses, saddles and personal equipment.

If this does not appeal to you as a princely salary you can keep on in the business and maybe sometime get appointed as grazing examiner on some of the forest reserves. In that case your salary will be twelve hundred dollars a year. If, still, your ambition keeps on vaunting you may essay later to become a forest supervisor, in which case you will take down sixteen hundred dollars a year. Obviously no man in the world would ever want more than that.

No Place for the Dilettante

The work of the forest ranger is a form of outdoor occupation that has been devised in fairly recent times. Poor as is the pay, there are always plenty of applicants for these jobs, many of whom, however, are romantic young men who have been reading Western stories in the monthly magazines, tuberculous young men whose doctors have told them to get out-of-doors, or lazy young men who think that forest ranging is picturesque, romantic and easy—all at once. So abundant has been the supply offered from these three classes that the Government has seen fit to warn intending applicants that this forest-ranging business is not properly to be held down by folk in search of light and genteel employment. As a matter of fact, it is a game requiring a good deal of a man.

Of course the man who has been familiar with the open is most apt to make good in this work. Cowpunchers, timber cruisers, prospectors, all of the rather large population of the Western states who have been used to rustling in the open, make the best natural timber for this kind of work. These men, however, are most of them able to make quite as much money in something else; and, besides, there must be a certain amount of education for the young man who is to go high in this profession, not that education and business associations of themselves weigh too much, for the main essentials are physical ones and the main education is that of outdoor things.

When an inspector puts an applicant through his paces he is apt to point to a pile of camp equipage containing everything, from long-handled shovels to camp kettles, and to ask the novice to assemble and pack all these things on the back of a wall-eyed cayuse that looks hostile at the mere suggestion of a sawbuck saddle. Greek, Latin and good society are no argument in such surroundings. The stuff has to be got up the hill.

The education in regard to *aparejos*, swing ropes, cinches, the diamond hitch, the stirrup hitch and a lot of other simple and usual things in mountain life can, however, be acquired in time. The more manhood and the more education of all sorts the forest ranger has, the better ranger he makes. Of course no inspector can tell where he is going to find those most valuable of all business qualities, balance and good judgment. There are always places where rules and regulations fail and where the man of judgment comes to the front, in this as in every other business. The Department of Agriculture puts out these specifications for the applicant:

"He must be sound-bodied, inured to hardships, able to ride, pack, and take care of himself and his horses in the woods and mountains, familiar with the region and local conditions where he seeks employment and a resident of the state in which he will be appointed. Although the requirements are largely physical and practical, they include a sufficient general education to qualify the ranger to transact national forest business intelligently, knowledge of land surveying, mining laws and customs, and the handling of range livestock. In the Southwest some knowledge of Spanish is often necessary."

It should be borne in mind that Uncle Sam sells a bit of timber now and then, as well as leases sheep and cattle ranges once in a while. The local ranger must keep check on these operations and so will have perhaps a little clerical work to do. He will soon learn the varieties of timber with which he is in contact; and after a time he will learn to take care of himself in the open and get used to the tremendous solitude of the mountains. What will, perhaps, most surprise and possibly embitter the beginner is the fact that he will be looked upon as an Ishmaelite by most of the residents in the Western country where his forest reserve is located. The calling is not a popular one in a country where the main desire is to cut or burn the timber as fast as possible, or to continue the free grazing of earlier days. It is more or less fashionable in the Western country to look down on the forest ranger as a person of small importance and unlikable profession. This, to some extent, is coming to be the attitude toward the Northwest mounted police, whose multifold duties, somewhat similar to those of the ranger, include a sort of espionage on many phases of local affairs. If the ranger be truculent or hotheaded he can get into trouble. Some of his best qualities are cool-headedness, reticence and self-restraint. In short, the profession is one requiring manhood and stimulating manhood, and as such it is to be commended, if not for its financial reward. No man is the worse for living in the open. On the contrary, his character is apt to take on a certain dignity and poise from his constant association with large things.

A Varied Career With Uncle Sam

In and around every forest reserve there is a certain amount of organization of the forces. Our young ranger may perhaps live in some village hotel and ride out on his duties daily from that point. He may live in some outlying ranch house with one or two others. In wilder and more remote regions, however, he is apt to be alone in some little cabin of his own building, far up in the mountains and far out from the settlements. He must pack in his supplies on horseback. Perhaps he raises a few vegetables in his own garden; perhaps some grain for horsefeed. His comfort is such as he himself makes it and there must come times when discomfort is the best he can hope for. At times he must leave even his surefooted horse and patrol part of his beat on foot, with what he can pack on his own back. Though, in a way, he is under the control of superior officers, his daily life depends on his own initiative; and he has ample chance to make good or to fail, as he himself shall decide.

The ranger may be able to do many a kindness for the settlers about him and they may be able to do as much for him. If not mail carrier he certainly is news bearer all the time, as he passes to and fro. He may help hang out the washing of some widow or send a doctor to a sick child. Possibly he is or has been a deputy sheriff and quite often game and fish warden as well the latter not in the least adding to his popularity with chance camping parties, most of which like to do as they please, the way they always have done. These the ranger must follow and watch, to see that no campfires are left unextinguished. He must not only post fire warnings in proper places but see that the warnings are obeyed.

Even more than the timber cruiser, the forest ranger lives in the open. The cruiser

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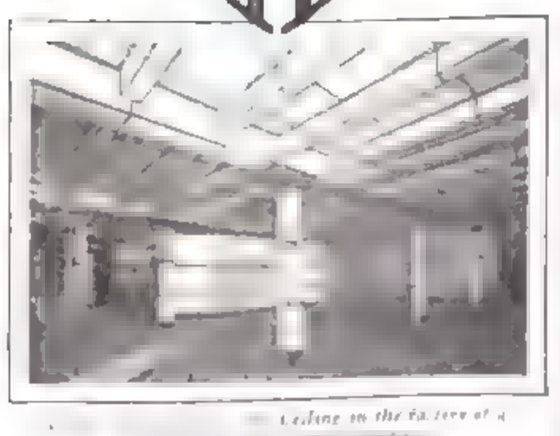

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finishes the job and rests; the ranger's work never is done. He is a makeup of cowpuncher, cruiser and clerk, with a touch of business man besides.

In the wintertime, when the danger of fire is less and when perhaps his salary stops, he may turn trapper. At any season of the year his efficiency is greatly increased if he is able to master the ways of the woods. He should know how to handle a trail as well as know how to fight a fire. If his horse pitches of a cold morning, he must manage, with no one to help. Not a bad training for young manhood, after all, this occupation under Uncle Sam.

The novelty and strangeness of the work at first will depend upon the earlier life of the beginner. Some men never do learn to live alone and are always afraid, for instance, to sleep in the dark. Strange as it may seem for those who have spent days in the woods without meeting or missing human society. In time, if the beginner has the right pluck, he masters most of this lonesomeness of his earlier days and finds himself falling into the habits of the outdoor man, noticing all the little things going on about him — the squirrel chattering on the limb, the nuthatch upside down on a bit of bark, the rabbit sitting in form or the grouse skulking in the underbrush. He comes to get the feel of the weather in his skin, like the cowman of the old days; and there grows stronger, from training, that sense of direction with which some men are born. Of course he soon learns his main peaks and ridges, waterways and trails; but after a time he will also learn the far more difficult task of finding himself properly in flat and heavily wooded country, where he cannot see out. Thus he comes, in time, to learn the art of the compass — something more difficult than it sounds, but sometimes necessary in fog or heavy weather for even the most expert woodsman.

Of course the main duty of the forest ranger is to prevent fire, and his next greatest duty is to fight fire when it cannot be prevented. Suppose from his lookout station the ranger discovers smoke — too heavy smoke — coming from a far-off part of his district. His first act is to get to the nearest telephone to report the location of the fire as nearly as he can establish it, to tell the best way to get to it and to settle the number of men that probably will be necessary to fight it. After that, the rendezvous of available men is at the head of the fire itself; and the best ranger, like the best general, is, in the phrase of old General Bedford Forrest, "the feller who kin git the most men thar fustest."

Ingenious Methods of Fighting Fire

The head of a forest fire is a place full of terrors, and the first feeling of a man in front of such a fire is one of [illegible] helplessness. There is however considerable science about fighting a big fire in the woods. The boss on this job lays out his plan methodically, putting each man where he thinks he can do the most good. Many things may affect this arrangement — the direction of the wind, the lay of the country, the proximity of a barren ridge, a swamp or a watercourse. The flanks or wings of the main fire are fought at their weakest places, along ridges where the cover is light and the flames less. Sometimes the flames are smothered out by sand or earth; sometimes whipped out with wet blankets. In the old cowdays, when there was a fire on the range, the edge of the fire was sometimes wiped out by two riders, one on each side of the edge of the flame, who dragged at the end of their lariats half the carcass of a freshly killed beef. This [illegible] weight wiped out the fire as it advanced. It was sometimes hot and rather desperate work. There is no rule for the individual generalship of any fire fighter in the woods. He does the best he can at his point, holding the line as well as he can under the general campaign.

Of course no one can stand before the full front of a forest fire coming down the wind. The science of fighting this kind of a fire is to split it and then whip each wing thus made, by working in from the edges. It is possible in this way sometimes to lead the fire, as it is termed, up to some swamp or cleared place or fire guard, where the workers can edge in on it gradually until they can get it under control. As soon as they beat in the edges of the advancing flame, men get back behind the forefront and do what they can to kill the fire in the logs, stubs and pineknots, from which at

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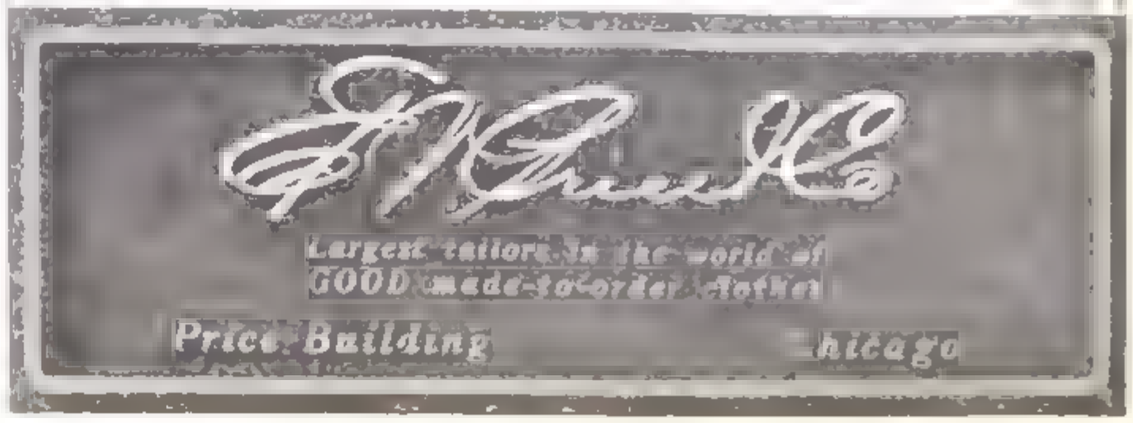

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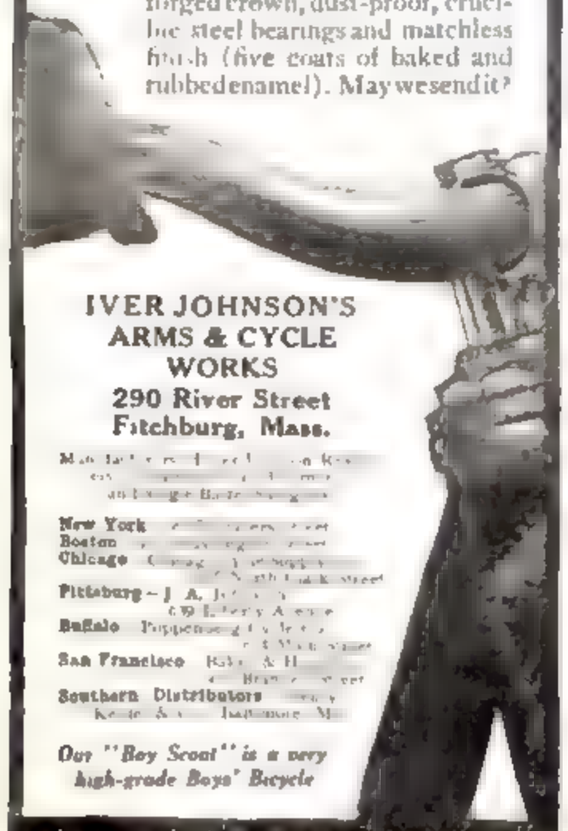

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any time sparks might be blown to continue the conflagration on ahead. It is hot, dry, eager work—sometimes hours of it without food or water. The men who get into it fight as hard for their seventy-five dollars a month as private soldiers used to fight for sixteen, and for much the same reasons—those of loyalty and personal pride.

Back-firing is one of the weapons by which forest fires are controlled; but when used ignorantly it may only add to the damage. Its main use is to control and direct the big fire to some part of the country where it can be handled—wet ground, rocks, barren ground or a waterway. Suppose there is a fairly even floor of leaves or needles, and a back-fire is desired. The fire corps will set out a number of little fires a few yards apart, over a space about as wide as the firefront. These little fires in time run together and are allowed to eat back against the wind, being beaten out on the leeward side. Gradually they make a dead-line for the advancing front of the main conflagration. This method may be effective and it may not.

Even if a back-fire has served to make a split, so that the men can work in on the edges of the wings of the main fire and so at last get matters under control after a fashion, there is nothing but danger left in the track of the advancing flame. The forest men say that a fire is never out until the next big snow or general and long-continued rain. There may be a battle any day of the year, except in the wintertime.

As to the losses occasioned by these fires, even in the best-guarded of the public reserves, they are so enormous that we cannot comprehend them. Take a tree ten feet through and a couple of hundred feet high. What is it worth? You cannot tell. What will it be worth fifty years from now? You cannot guess. Within the past year, in spite of the best efforts of our best forest protectors, the loss in forest fires has been billions of dollars in Government timber alone. We need a standing army of rangers even more than we need a standing army of soldiers; and within twenty-five years we shall need them more than we do today. Perhaps by that time we shall have more respect for our land laws, more respect for our own public property, and less respect for those who would either steal or destroy it. The guardian of this property, this patrol of the wilderness, is in a dignified occupation and one certain to increase in public regard.

It has always been difficult to understand the difference in mental attitude toward the restraints of the law that exists between the American and the man who lives just north of him, across the Canadian line. In that country it is not considered a hardship to pay either reverence to Nature or a tribute to those in whose charge lies the protection of Nature and natural resources. A thousand miles north of the British line one has seen a fire guardian, the only officer of his kind in a section of country hundreds of miles in extent. A splendid, quiet, self-respecting chap this man was too; one whose word was law and accepted as such unhesitatingly by red and white. Part of this man's duty was the posting of fire notices, each of which had a good, stiff penalty attached, in all the places where human beings, red or white, were apt to see them—steamer landings, fur posts, traders' stores. Nor did this man dread the red men so much as he did the newcomers of the white race, always more careless about fires than were the aborigines.

One day during a steamer voyage this fire guardian saw smoke rising on the horizon far inland from the river on which we were traveling. He stopped the boat at once, got his pack together and went ashore. As he figured it out, this fire was forty miles away, probably at the edge of a certain large prairie surrounded by heavy woods. He would reach it in the afternoon of the second day on foot. He would carry most of his camp kit on his back until that night; then would cache some of it, and would leave yet more of it midday of the next day, cached against his return to the river, where he could get supplies or find the trail in and out of the country. He did not know who had started the fire or what shape the fire itself would have by the time he got to it. All alone, a sturdy and self-reliant figure representing the law, representing civilization even in the wilderness, representing a decent regard of organized society for the organized society that is to follow us—he set out on foot for his wilderness journey across an untracked country. In all of one's experience with outdoor men, rarely has one met a better, simpler and nobler figure than this one. His profession is precisely that of our own forest rangers. We ought to back these men precisely as an older Government backs its young men in an older wilderness than ours.

The work of the grazing examiner is somewhat similar to that of the forest ranger. He watches grass instead of trees and ought to know something about sheep and livestock as well as about pasturage. The Government throws a lot of more or less foolish red tape about all of these public jobs—for instance, stating that a grazing examiner ought to be something of a botanist, and so on. As a matter of fact, all of these men ought to be good, typical outdoor Americans; and as such we ought to respect them and ought to back them.

They are good men, holding the unwelcome position at the forefront of a dilatory Government's half-hearted attempt to do something for people who think they know it all and don't need anything done, either for themselves or for those who may come after them.

A NUMBER OF THINGS

Continued from Page 6

half the coffee. "I won't have it—d'ye hear?" he roared. "For two cents I'd whale you within an inch of your life!"

Wes' looked round over his shoulder with a wide-eyed and innocent smile. "You just orter see my big brother!" he said sweetly. "You wouldn't talk to him like this. You know I'm old and stiff-jointed. And Miss Annie, she took all my money; but if you'll take a poker chip ——"

Dewey struck the proffered chip from Pringle's hand. "Playin' the baby act, are you? Old and stove-up? I'd shame to lay a hand on you. Bah! Annie, give this thing back its money. It won't come in here botherin' you again. And you—you got to behave different. It's half your fault. I been watchin' you eggin' him on to these smart-Aleck monkey-shines." He leaned across the counter. That leaning was his undoing. Pringle pressed the cold, round mouth of the empty sauce bottle to the back of Dewey's neck—and Dewey turned to stone.

Pringle slipped from his stool so that he stood behind the big foreman. "Never mind the cream, Annie," he said in his cheerfulest tone. "John, take a cup of coffee on me."

The unhappy foreman complied, choking with the double compulsion of his fiery wrath and the fiery sauce. Annie took one look at the bottle, buried her face in her hands, and shook with the violence of her emotion. Pringle slid most of the poker chips into his pocket. "Good night, Miss Annie," he said. "John and me must be going now."

"Night," sobbed Miss Annie.

"You go out ahead, John," suggested Pringle, and John went out ahead; but at the door Pringle paused.

"Oh, I got to go back a minute! Good night, John."

There was no sound except Dewey's labored breathing.

"Good night, John," said Pringle more distinctly; and he thrust the bottle-mouth to John's ear.

"Good night," gurgled John. As his retreating form turned the corner Pringle put the bottle in his pocket, took a leisurely glance at the frowning black crater beyond the river and reëntered the eating room.

Miss Annie's hands were on the counter and her head was in her hands, so exposing a plump and tempting cheek.

"Good night, Miss Annie."

No answer.

"Goodby, Miss Annie."

"If you would stop your foolishness," said Miss Annie in a muffled voice "if you would act like a man and not like a great overgrown boy—some girl—not me—but some girl ——"

"That's so too," said Wes' reflectively. "I hadn't thought of that. There's compensations in most things, I guess."

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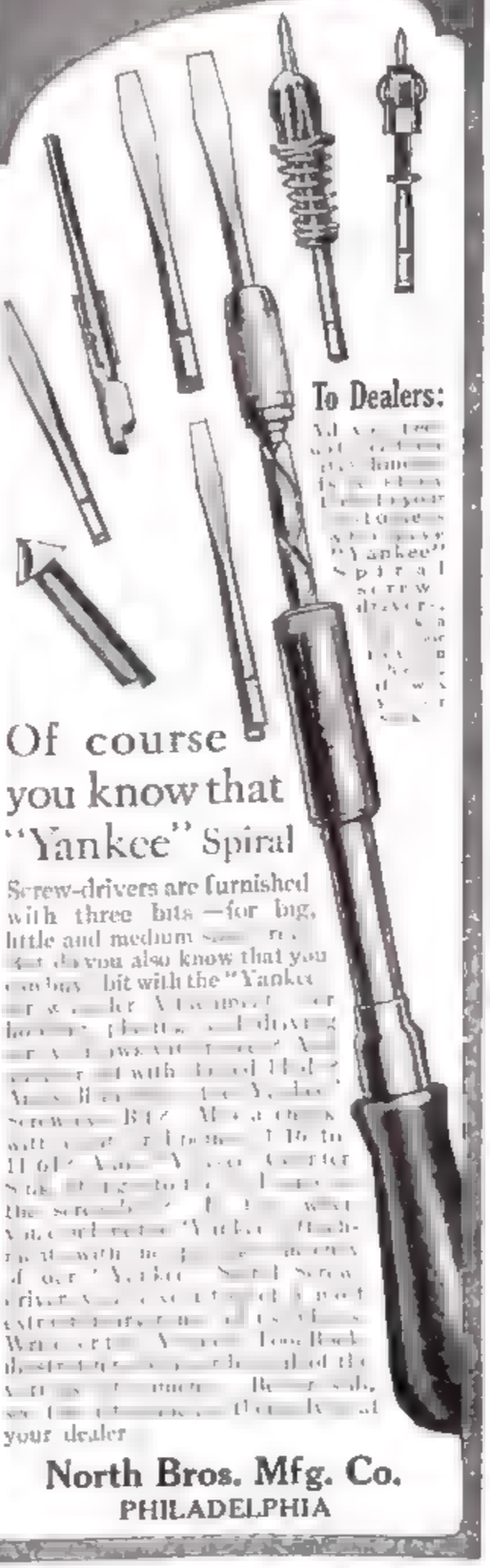

To Dealers:

Of course you know that "Yankee" Spiral

Screw-drivers are furnished with three bits—for big, little and medium screws. But do you also know that you can buy bit with the "Yankee" [illegible] Screw-driver [illegible] Yankee" Spiral Screw-driver Bit? Most dealers will [illegible] Ho-to Hole Yankee Screw-driver Store [illegible] the screw-driver [illegible] you can have "Yankee" Push-to-work with [illegible] of your "Yankee" Spiral Screw-driver [illegible] Write for the "Yankee" Tool Book [illegible] Better still, see them [illegible] at your dealer

North Bros. Mfg. Co.
PHILADELPHIA

REMEMBER THE NAME Shur-on SPECTACLES

COMFORTABLE
EFFICIENT
INCONSPICUOUS

Different from all others and the difference is the improvement.

Lenses held in position by two small rocking gold pads.

Properly adjusted, they will not mark the bridge of the nose, slip down or hurt behind the ears.

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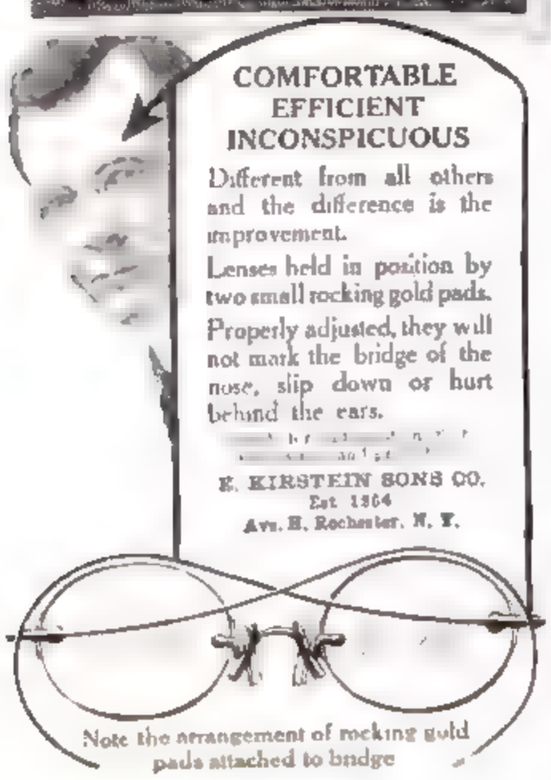
E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
Est. 1864
Ave. E, Rochester, N. Y.



Note the arrangement of rocking gold pads attached to bridge

Miss Annie raised her head for an indignant flashing glance and resumed her former position, leaving her cheek, if possible, more unguarded than before. A second later she was on her feet, rubbing her cheek vigorously—and Pringle was holding his hand to his ear.

"You don't intend to keep that up after we're married, I hope——"

"Married? Why, you old idiot, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!"

"Madam!" said John Wesley, with stately dignity, "you pain me inexpressibly; but I respect your judgment more than ever. And let me tell you, madam, that if you were the last woman on earth and I was the last man on earth—the human race would then become extinct." His hand was on the door. "Goodby, Miss Annie!" he said wistfully.

"Oh, goodby, with all my heart, if you're sure it's goodby!" said Miss Annie. With feminine inconsistency she added "And good luck to ye!" when the door had closed, and blew a kiss after him from her slender fingertips.

John Wesley strolled back toward the Richards place in high good humor. But in the broad lamplight before Armstrong's saloon stood a big black horse that he knew—the Bob Lewis' horse. He wore a fancy silver-mounted saddle and a fancy plaited bridle; he pawed and jerked his head, from which a long hair rope led in through the open door. John Wesley paused reflectively. At the bar stood Bob Lewis, holding the jerking rope. A crowd was lined up with him; others stood by the door and without, listening.

"Put up your horse, Bob," said Horse-thief. "Isn't he hungry?"

"Naw," said Bob. "I left him at Anderson's Ranch, and got another to go on with. Just rode him in from there since dark. He ain't tired. I'm goin' on up to Socorro presently. But I was telling you about this Bally Russell. It's a mighty mysterious layout. I found Bally Russell all right, but he wasn't the man at all, though he kind of answered the description. But he had two good thumbs——"

Pringle waited to hear no more. He put hand to his pocket, produced a bunch of poker chips and tapped a listener on the shoulder. "Why, that's old Bob!" he said in a tone of pleased surprise. "Say, you help and we'll have the drinks on him! You get these chips out of it and I'll get a bushel of fun. I'll cut the rope and hide the horse—and you stay here and jerk the rope just like the horse does till Bob comes out."

The crowd near the door sniggered approval. Pringle cut the rope, led the horse around the corner and waited. "Jail is the safest place for me," he said—"to say nothing about that reward," he added gleefully. At the next corner he turned up the road for Socorro. He felt the keys in his pocket happily. "All the same, that's a right nice little girl," he said. "My big friend John is one lucky man."

At Socorro he left the horse at Henry's livery stable, telling the sleepy Mexican that Bob Lewis would call for it. At four A. M. he routed out the long-suffering Bruten. They went to the jail. Wes unlocked the front door and his old cell, which he found unoccupied, and gave the keys to Bruten, who closed the outer door. When his friend was safely away Pringle shaded a match with his hand, found the chess table in the corridor, opened the drawer gently, put in his poker chips and the empty meat-sauce bottle, and closed the drawer. He entered his cell and slid the door till it snapped softly. There was no bedding, so he rolled up his coat for a pillow and fell peacefully asleep on the narrow iron bed.

IV

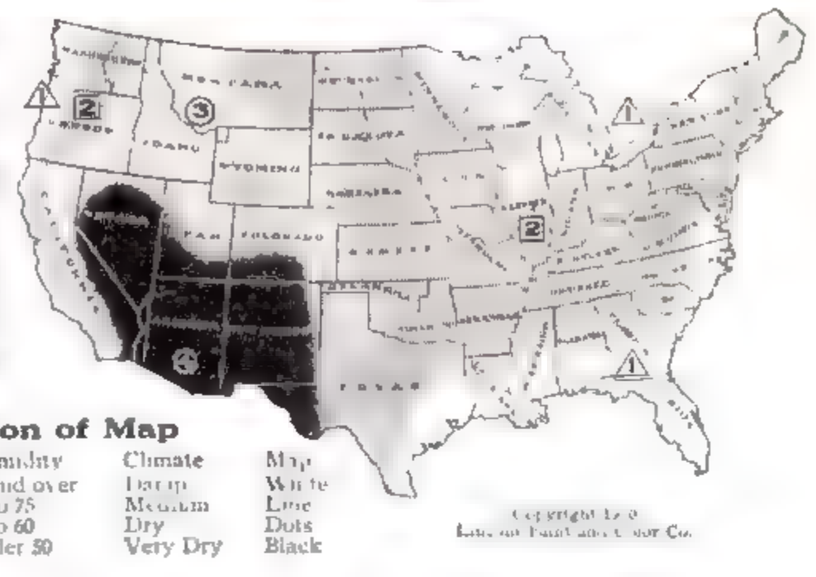
SPRINGTIME MORGAN was helping his jailer serve breakfast to his prisoners when he was startled by a cry, and an overlapping crash. Melquiadez, the jailer, had dropped his tray and was edging away from the cell nearest the door at a ten-second clip.

The sheriff looked and pinched himself furtively. He propped his lower jaw back to normal with his free hand, breathing hard. Very carefully he put down his own tray and stared. His red face grew redder and redder. He unlocked the cell and shook the sleeper roughly.

Pringle opened his eyes and smiled sleepily. "Doanwaneat nothing. Mush 'l' ged. After while," he mumbled and

What This Map Means To You

This map—the first climatic map of the United States ever published in reference to paint—shows you [illegible] why the formula of LINCOLN CLIMATIC PAINT [illegible] especially prepared or [illegible] mated to your use in the climate of your particular section. The formulas are numbered and symbolized so there can be no mistake.



Explanation of Map

Symbol	Formula	Humidity	Climate	Map
Triangle —	No. 1	80 and over	Damp	White
Square —	No. 2	65 to 75	Medium	Line
Circle —	No. 3	50 to 60	Dry	Dots
Cross —	No. 4	Under 50	Very Dry	Black

Copyright 1919 Lincoln Paint and Color Co.

Paint Must Fit Your Climate

The United States—Four Climates—Lincoln Climatic Paint—Four Formulas

PAINT *can not, must not* be made with a disregard of the climate in which it is to be used.

If climate is not taken into consideration, you, as consumer, will pay the price of the manufacturer's ignorance.

Look, if you please, at the map above. It represents our country—a nation a *continent wide*. Such a country, with its extremes of temperature, its great water line hugged by two oceans, its vast inland stretches—could not have *one* climate.

There are *four climates* in the United States.

Therein lies the secret of the past imperfections of paint. For paint must be made to *fit the climate* in which it is to be used.

Climate Versus Paint

Climate always has been paint's "worst enemy."

Heretofore all American manufacturers have made their paint on the *same formula* for damp and dry sections alike.

Yet a paint that is *good* where the humidity—or degree of moisture—is above 80 per cent, is *bad* where it is below 50 per cent.

Pre-Acclimated Paint

After all the years of trouble that the makers and the people have had with paint, *we* have discovered that *four kinds* of paint are needed in this country to meet the four different climatic conditions.

We have varied the proportions of zinc and lead to fit the differing degrees of humidity. We have originated LINCOLN CLIMATIC PAINT—made on four separate formulas—to fit the four climates. While other paint makers have gone blindly on—still making their one-climate paint.

Lincoln Paint and Color Co.
Address Dept. 20, Lincoln, Nebraska
Our Dealer is Near You
Factories: Lincoln, Neb., and Dallas, Texas

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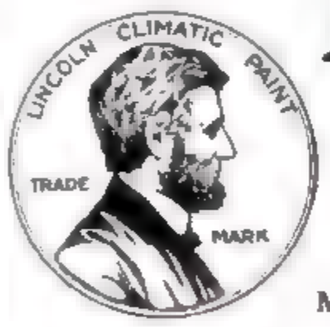

Lincoln

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Climatic

Completely Machine Mixed and Ground

Paint

Lincoln Climatic Paint *simplifies* the paint question. It is easy now for you to select just the right paint for your own locality.

Easy if you choose Lincoln Climatic Paint of the formula prepared for your territory. As hard as ever if you try any other paint. For Lincoln Climatic Paint is the *only* paint properly adjusted to meet the country's four climates.

You have mercy to refer to the map above—or to the elaborate climatic map you will find at any Lincoln Climatic Paint dealer's to determine the correct formula you need. So that there can be no mistake on each can of Lincoln Climatic Paint the proper Symbol and Formula Number of contents are displayed.

Made To Order For You

The correct formula of Lincoln Climatic Paint for your locality is, in a sense, made to order for you. Each formula is based on Government statistics.

Lincoln Paint—machine mixed and ground—*always has been right* climatically for the territory in which it has sold. We formerly manufactured paint *exclusively* for the middle west. You will see by the map that the climate is medium. But when we came to expand, we found our paint would not do in certain other sections. With the help of the nation's most noted scientists we found the explanation—we discovered that paint must be made to fit the country's four climates.

The formulas for Lincoln Climatic Paint are based on charts prepared by a Committee of the Geographic Society of Chicago from statistics furnished by the Weather Bureau, Department of Agriculture of the United States Government, edited by Professor Henry J. Cox, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, and Dr. J. Paul Goode, of the University of Chicago, and secured from the Central Scientific Company of America.

The formula is on every can. The dealer knows what he is selling. You know what you're buying.

A Book For You

We have prepared a Book for *you* telling all about Lincoln Climatic Paint. We'll be glad to send it to you FREE with the name of our dealer nearest you. Kindly send coupon today.

Lincoln Paint and Color Co.
Dept. 20, Lincoln, Neb.

Send me at once your FREE BOOK and name of the nearest dealer in Lincoln Climatic Paint.

Name [illegible]

Street [illegible]

Town [illegible] State [illegible]

EXPERT SHOE MAKING

Under the Magnifying Glass

NOT satisfied with inspecting leather in the piece, our experts scrutinize, examine and re-examine every cutting, large and small—before acceptance.

The Craftsman you see here is expert in this work. He watches and examines the leather parts under the most powerful electric light before he passes them on for manufacture into the WHITE HOUSE SHOES.

As the days go by you'll see more and more of these pictures in "The Saturday Evening Post"—actual photographs portraying the distinguishing characteristic features and qualities of

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

For Men — For Women

$5.00 $4.00 $3.50 per pair.

A 205—"Women's White House" Black Suede Ankle Strap Pump, made on the celebrated Bristol Last

A Seasonable and Popular Shoe.

WE ALSO MAKE THE FAMOUS

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For Boys
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$1.50 to $3.50

According to Size And Style.

Better send for a copy of our Style Book, handsomely illustrated. Tells you all about shoes and shoe styles—up-to-date fashions in foot-gear, etc., free. Ask a White House dealer for these famous makes of shoes. If he can't provide them, write to us and we will see that you're supplied.

The Brown Shoe Co.

St. Louis, U. S. A.

rolled over with his face to the wall. Springtime collared him, jerked him out with a bump and shook him violently; desisting, he saw that the passive victim's melancholy face wore a look of patient, philosophical dignity verging upon the wooden.

"What d'ye mean?" the sheriff hissed in a furious whisper. "What d'ye mean by breaking in and out of my jail like this? Didn't I always treat you kindly? Don't you know that I'm running for reelection? Do you want to make me the laughing-stock of the country and election less'n two weeks off? You get out of here!"

Pringle sat on the floor. He turned his eyes up to the sheriff trustingly. "But I want that reward," he said.

The sheriff clutched at his own hair.

"Reward! You say reward to me again and I'll murder you! How'd you get in here? Melquiadez! Melquiadez! Come here—quick! Never mind the breakfast. This fellow must have some keys. Let the breakfast wait."

They searched him to the bone, but found no key. There was no window in the cell from which keys could be thrown; no crevice or cranny in which they could be hidden. The sheriff sat heavily on the bunk and eyed his prisoner; the prisoner dusted himself, sat sociably beside him and yawned with unmistakable sincerity. From the other cells the prisoners clamored for breakfast.

"It's funny how they'll put a fellow in jail just for breaking out of jail, even if he's proved innocent of the charge they first put him in for," observed Pringle kindly, as one who makes talk to break an awkward silence. "Seems as if, with cells and bolts and bars and sheriffs to keep him in, he ought to be allowed to get out if he could. Now if they just put him in and left the doors open, and then he went away, that'd be different. That wouldn't be right."

This speculation was ignored.

"See here!" said Springtime. "You've got me into a devil of a muss. What d'ye say if we frame it up that I caught you? You won't get over six months for breaking jail if I pull for you; and I'll hand over the reward to you when you get out—honest Injun! Yes, and more with it. I can't afford to have this told on me."

"But—but you didn't capture me!" said Pringle virtuously.

The sheriff gazed longingly at Pringle's neck and his fingers quivered. "I'll use all the pull I got to lighten your sentence if you stand for it. What spite have you got against me? Be a good fellow and help me out. You won't lose nothing. But, of course, I can't help you on your other fool break—holding up the train. You'll have to take what you get on that."

"I didn't hold up the train," said Wes' carelessly. "I didn't have anything to do with it and I can prove it. I told you all the time I wasn't the man. Don't you remember?"

He spoke with a confident certainty that troubled the sheriff's already bewildered mind. "Then, what in blazes did you break jail for?" he demanded.

"I didn't break jail," said Wes', yawning again.

"You didn't break —— How did you get out?"

"You let me out," said Wes', "and in again. You walk in your sleep, sheriff."

The sheriff chewed his mouth, but no words came. He had not lost his temper before for years, but he restored the average now. His face was splotched with purple spots; his breath came in apoplectic wheezings. He groped for the door, opened it, slid it shut and went to the front door, gasping for air. He came back and clutched at the cell-railing.

"You tell that on me and I'll swear you into the pen myself," he said in low, guarded tones. "You just dare! You try it on! Why, damn your eyes, I've got a good mind to kick you out of here right now!"

"But the reward?" hinted John Wesley. "I'm broke."

Springtime tottered over and brought a chair. He put it down before the cell. He sat down, trembling, and mopped his brow.

"I'll take you down to the river and drown you," he said in a strangling voice.

"How about Melquiadez, then?" suggested Wes'.

"I wish Bob was here," groaned the unhappy sheriff. "Look here, Bally Russell ——"

"But I'm not Bally Russell," said Pringle mildly. "I always said so. You ask your own judge and district attorney if I am." The sheriff glared at him. "They know me. Ask 'em. Look here, sheriff; if I show you how to save your face —"

"If you can you'll save more than my face," interrupted the sheriff meaningly. "I was just figurin' on shootin' you and swearin' you were tryin' to get away!"

Pringle smiled. "Easy as ace-in-the-hole! You found out I was the wrong man and you hid me away, givin' out that I had escaped and offerin' a reward for a man of my description, so's to throw the right man off his guard. For, of course, the right man knew I was the wrong man; and so long as I was in jail the truth would be sure to come out at my trial. But if he was sure you was still after me he'd be careless—see? You just let on it was all a piece of headwork on your account. Then, as I haven't broken jail, I don't have no trouble about that."

"No trouble about the reward either?" said Springtime. "But you won't have to buy no coffin, maybe—so that evens it up."

"Reward? Sure not. I been in jail a'l the time," said Pringle logically enough. "The reward was just a blind."

"I don't really believe you've been here all the time," said Springtime doubtfully. "But I'll try it. I'd try anything to get out of this. And you'd better stand hitched. If you double-cross me again I'll fix you good, election or no election. See if I don't!"

"But it's all true!" said Pringle earnestly. "If the judge and the district attorney don't clear me of any possible share in the mixup down to the station I don't ask you to try it. If they clear me, you stick to that story and so'll I. It's true anyway. It must be true if you didn't walk in your sleep—and you say you didn't."

The sheriff rose and kicked the chair. "I'll go and fetch Baca and the judge," he said. "Everything goes on this card. If it isn't ace-in-the-hole it's Santa Fe for yours."

Half an hour later he came back with Judge McMillan and Effego Baca.

"Be seated, gentlemen. I owe you an explanation, I reckon," said the sheriff lightly as they entered the jail corridor. "You know the man Bally Russell, who bucked up against the Santa Fe Railroad a week or two back?"

"Who escaped?" queried the judge. "Yes—I confess that the affair has worried me a great deal. Sanders has many friends and they are making capital of the escape as electioneering material. They allege—ahem!—that you connived at it. Sanders may beat you yet." The sheriff gurgled inarticulately.

"Of course we know you didn't," supplied Baca hastily. "He must have had help from outside. Jim Bruten, probably. He's liable to do anything. You must remember that the man's offense was not heinous—only technically a crime, in fact. And he had serious provocation. A clever lawyer could make out a pretty case for him, for the freight-train crew were violating the law after they kept the track blocked over five minutes. Much sympathy was expressed for this man Russell and some sympathizer has not stopped at words—Bruten or another. Bruten is a Sanders man. All the same, Morgan, it's a bad thing for you—and us. There is no use of shutting our eyes to that. The railroaders are mad about it and the cattlemen all vote the Democratic ticket anyhow. The Mexican vote is for us, solid; but this Russell business may beat you anyhow. It's a great pity he got away."

The time had come for the coup—win or lose.

"He didn't get away," said the sheriff blandly. "There he is!"

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Pringle politely as the officials wheeled toward him.

"Why, that isn't the man at all!" said the judge, starting to his feet. "I know this man. Sanders introduced him to us at Magdalena. Pringle—John Wesley Pringle—odd name. Bless my soul! He came down from Magdalena with us the very day that the trouble occurred at the depot; and Frank Sperling told me the man Russell was at his store two hours before he went down to the warehouse—that is to say, while we were still at Magdalena. You remember, Baca?"

"Perfectly," said Baca. "No possibility of mistake. This isn't the guilty party."

The sheriff threw a grateful glance at his troublesome prisoner. "Exactly so!" he said triumphantly. "Prisoners don't

Where Our Watches Receive Their Diplomas

Watches are not merely "made" in the South Bend factory. They are made, and then *"educated"* to *keep time*. Every South Bend Watch must receive *and deserve* a "diploma of capability."

These "diplomas" are awarded in the *South Bend Special Inspection Department*—a department unique in watch-making factories and one of *great value* to *buyers* of watches.

The Masterpiece of Timepieces

We maintain the regular department inspections as others do, but this *Special* department *inspects the department inspections* and inspects every part that passes from one department to another. Each watch gets in all over *four hundred* inspections.

Any watch that measures up to the standard demanded by the master-inspectors in this department is a masterpiece *timepiece*, not merely "a watch" made of metal and jewels.

Such a watch regulated to your personality by the retail jeweler from whom you buy it, will keep perfect time in a *lifetime* of service.

All good watches *need* this regulation, for if you move quickly, ride much in motor cars, walk a great deal, etc., your watch should be regulated to offset those *general* conditions, for such conditions affect every good watch.

Poorly made watches are hampered by friction. They may not be affected because they are "stiff." Nor can they be well regulated. That's why some watches *never* keep time for *anyone*.

The "South Bend" Watch

Ask your jeweler today about personal watch regulation. First send for our book,

"How Good Watches are Made."

THE SOUTH BEND WATCH CO.

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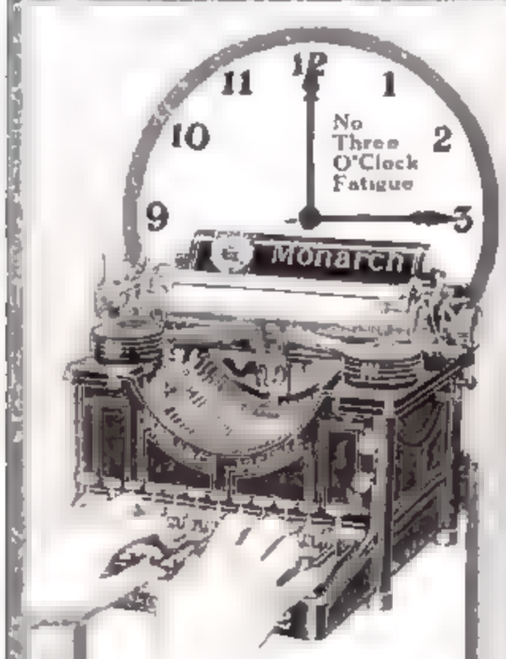


Monarch Service

When you buy a Monarch you get more than the one light touch typewriter. You get that *plus* Monarch Service.

Monarch Service is unique among typewriters. It is established for you the day the Monarch comes into your office, and continues during all the years your machine is in use.

Monarch
Light Touch

Representatives Wanted

Local representatives wanted

The Monarch Typewriter Company

Monarch Typewriter Building
300 Broadway, New York

escape from my jail! This is the way of it: I soon found out that we had the wrong man. Made some quiet inquiries that substantiated his statements never mind the details. It occurred to me that if we turned him loose, or if we kept him in jail, the real offender would know I'd be after him next. Well, this er Pringle—is a good-natured fellow. Just to do me a good turn, he consented to stay in jail; 'cause I knew that Sanders bunch would get funny about the supposed jail-breaking. I put him in an out-of-the-way place—in my own room most o' the time—and he kept still as a mice. Then I give it out that he had escaped and offered a reward to throw the real Bally Russell off his guard. In fact, my deputy is now after him. I got a tip that he lived out Lava Gap way and I am expecting Bob back with him most any day. Do you understand now?"

The judge wrung his hand. "That was a masterly bit of strategy, Morgan! I congratulate you. You have turned the tables on Sanders beautifully."

"Oh, that's nothing," said the sheriff modestly. "We got to fight the devil with fire sometimes. But I guess it's one on Sanders, all right. Now let's get down to cases. I told you all this now, instead of waitin' till Bob came, because we really ought to let Mr. Pringle go this mornin'. He's got business to 'tend to. He's lost a heap o' time, and he wants to go. I'm mightily obliged to you, Mr. Pringle."

"Not at all—not at all," said Pringle. "Always glad to help law and order along. But, say, Mr. Sheriff, if you really want to make your calling and election sure you ought to bring in some six or half a dozen prominent men of the opposition and explain things to them. They may not take your word for it. Let 'em see that I'm really here. Then you can go through the necessary formalities and let me go."

The sheriff was inclined to think this unnecessary, but was overruled. Accordingly it was done. Judge McMillan held the briefest special session "in chambers" on record and Pringle came forth a free man, with a stainless reputation. Meantime the sheriff had breakfast for four brought in from a near-by restaurant and served it in the courthouse hall to celebrate the joke on Sanders.

They were interrupted. Would the three officers kindly step to the door for a moment? They did to meet there three men: Mr. 'Gene Thurgood, the Socorro agent of the Santa Fe and an unknown, whom Mr. Thurgood proceeded to introduce.

"Gentlemen," said Thurgood gravely, "this is my friend and neighbor, Mr. Bally Russell. Some one using his name got into some sort of a disturbance up here and Mr. Agent swore out a warrant for him, giving the name of Bally Russell. I don't know why." His eyes roved to Pringle, but no flicker of recognition was in them. "Deputy came out after him and saw there'd been a mistake. But he told Bally about it. Naturally Bally wants to clear it up. He got me to drive up from San Marcial this morning and stand sponsor for him." He hustled his friend and neighbor to the front. "Mr. Agent, will you kindly tell the judge and these other gentlemen if he is the man you swore out a warrant for?"

"Of course he's not," said the agent. "He sort of looks like him as to general build, but the other man was bigger and his right thumb was cut off."

Bally held up his right thumb. The sheriff scratched his head and covertly scrutinized the unconscious Pringle, who was eating with the good appetite said to wait on an untroubled conscience.

"That certainly lets you out, Mr. Russell," smiled the district attorney.

"Thank you, sir," said Bally, looking with blank eyes over Pringle's head. "I want it all fixed so there couldn't be no mistake. I got a family."

"Can I go now?" asked the agent anxiously. "Lots of work to do and the night man is furious for being kept out of bed."

"Oh, yes, you can go," said the judge. "But won't you other gentlemen come in?"

"No, thank you," said Bally. "We got to go too."

That breakfast was doomed to interruption. While they were discussing the latest development of the "Russell mystery," Bob Lewis entered with a forbidding scowl on his usually smiling face. He did not at first observe John Wesley, having eyes only for the sheriff.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
FLEXIBLE HANDLE Tooth Brush

with its curved and *flexible* handle, permits of its immediate adjustment to the contour of the gums—avoids friction—keeps the gums in a perfect, healthful condition. Enables you to use a stiffer brush than usual.

The irregular tufts of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reach every crevice in and between all the teeth—cleans every tooth thoroughly. "*A Clean Tooth Never Decays*". Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufting Cement holds the tufts firmly in the brush. Packed in an individual yellow box, which protects against handling. **Prices, 25c, 35c, 40c.** Every Pro-phy-lac-tic fully guaranteed. We replace if defective.

Our interesting booklet—"Do You Clean or Brush Your Teeth"—is yours for the asking. Send for it.

FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

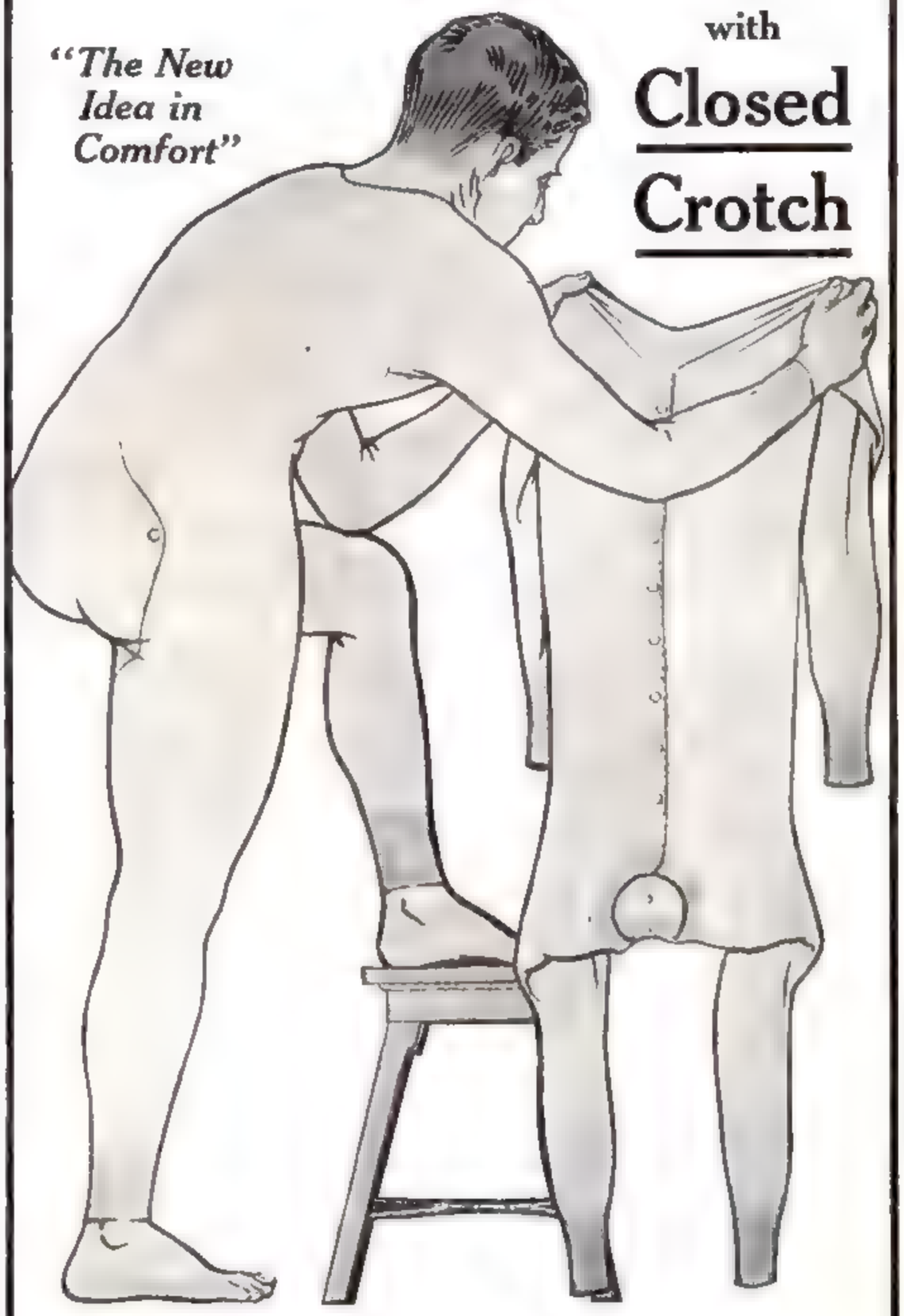
The New White Cat Union Suit

(Patented)

"The New Idea in Comfort"

with

Closed Crotch



Crotch is closed like a pair of drawers.

All of the union suit comfort at the waist. None of other union suit discomfort at the crotch. Perfect convenience.

Notice where the bottom of the fly ends, and think how much this will add to your comfort in a union suit.

This crotch not only gives greater comfort because it does not gape open, but its elasticity in the crotch makes it adjust itself more easily to the body everywhere. You can get a better fit than you have had before in underwear.

Ask your dealer to show you the new White Cat closed crotch union suit. Write us if you can't find it.

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO., Kenosha, Wis.

Speedwell fore-door seven passenger touring car - $2900
Top and windshield extra
Wheelbase of the standard chassis is 121 inches; motor 4 cylinder 50 H P

"Here is a car that no man has ever worn out"

More than this car offers cannot be bought

For five years the Speedwell has been demonstrating the correctness of our belief that motor cars of the highest type *can* be produced to sell at medium prices—$2500 to $2900.

For the Speedwell concedes nothing to its costliest contemporary in structural soundness and strength; in luxury; in ease and comfort; in distinguished appearance—or in satisfactory performance.

On the contrary, it brings to you notable features of design and build that are peculiar to itself.

The staunchest friends it has are men with means so ample that two or three thousand dollars added to the price of a car is of little or no consequence.

They drive the Speedwell for the same reason that the thoughtful buyer drives it:—

Because they have discovered the futility of attempting to buy more than it offers.

We picture here an incident that is only one of many illustrating the wonderful staunchness of the Speedwell.

A driver of a Speedwell car coming down a Cumberland Mountain road by moonlight, mistook a ditch dug across the path for a shadow, with the result as shown in the picture—the car going up over the dirt and rocks at least three feet and then plunging forward into the ditch, nearly turning somersault. And to quote the owner, "The only damage done was the glass broken out of one headlight, the under pan mashed and the front axle bent back about one inch at one end. The staunchness of this car is wonderful."

A request will bring you the catalog, showing all models in full colors; also "The Speedwell," a little motor paper full of interesting motor car information.

The Speedwell Motor Car Company

105 Essex Avenue, Dayton, Ohio

"Sit down, Bob," said the sheriff hastily. "I was just telling Baca and the judge how we pretended this man had got away while you went after the real Bally Russell." The sheriff leaned his forehead on his cupped hand and from this friendly shelter telegraphed a warning glance at his deputy.

Bob looked at the sheriff; he looked at Pringle; his feelings overcame him; he sank dejectedly into a chair and passed a hand wearily over his brow. But the warning had not been wasted. He swallowed a lump in his throat and "played up" to his chief's lead loyally and blindly. He nodded, being for the time incapable of speech.

"What's the matter with you?" Springtime continued. "Cheer up! It can't possibly be true! Hey, Melquiadez! Fetch in another breakfast for Bob."

"Make it two," said Bob. "I got a friend out here on the courthouse steps. I'll go get him. Oh, sheriff, I've had an awful trip! I found Bally Russell—and he wasn't the man at all ——"

"We know about that. It wasn't your fault," said Morgan.

"Then, last night, at San Marcial, somebody stole my horse and saddle." Here the deputy strangled, meeting Pringle's eye.

"Aw, never mind!" said the sheriff, anxious now to avert explanations until McMillan and Baca were away. "You've been a good deputy—I'll stand the loss. Anything else?"

"And somebody held my friend Dewey up with a gun." He avoided Pringle's earnest and attentive gaze. "Some of you know him. Say, he's the bridge foreman at San Marcial, remember. He's got a vote and he's got a lot of men under him. Here—I'll bring him in and let him tell you. I'm—I'm not well."

It appeared that his friend was not well either. He showed the same alarming symptoms that Lewis had exhibited before, but worse, if anything. Lewis helped him to a chair and gave him a glass of water.

"There—there's Sperling now," said Dewey thickly, glaring at his foe. "That's the man who pulled the gun on me!"

Pringle rolled a wondering eye from Dewey to the others and arched his brows solicitously. The sheriff's mouth was set and stern; he tugged nervously at his belt.

"Why, the man's crazy!" exclaimed Baca. "This man couldn't hold you up. He has been right here in jail for the last ten or twelve days."

"You're surely mistaken, Mr. Dewey," said the judge more suavely, mindful of the coming election and a foreman's influence. "Probably your assailant looked like this gentleman. Mr. Pringle—Mr. Dewey." Pringle's bow and smile of acknowledgment were ill received. "But I assure you that he has not been out of this building since the tenth. Ask the sheriff."

"I've played chess with him every day," said the sheriff cheerfully, "and slept with him most every night. Case of mistaken identity."

Poor Dewey turned his questioning eyes on the unhappy Bob—and Bob nodded!

Dewey's face was all colors; the veins on neck and forehead stood out, throbbing; he glowered at Pringle in black, dumb wrath. "I think you must be the devil!" he burst out at length.

Pringle shook his head sadly. "Really, I must get away from here," he said; and the words were music to the sheriff's ears. "There's some one around that looks most mighty like me; and if I wasn't plumb lucky he might 'a' got me in trouble. This is no good place for little me."

"Is Mister Bob Lewis here?"

They turned. In the doorway stood a ragged urchin.

"I'm Bob Lewis. What is it?"

"Telegram for Mister John Dewey, with Mister Bob Lewis."

Dewey tore it open, read it and turned his face to the wall. He threw the boy a quarter. "No answer," he said, and read the yellow slip again:

SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.

MR. JOHN DEWEY:

Hear you have gone to Socorro to arrest that man. Please don't do it for your own sake. I can't explain here. If you do arrest him you will not find me here when you come back. ANNIE.

Dewey pulled himself together and came back to the table. He was really much of a man and he made an impressive figure as he stood there, not without somewhat of the dangerous and the terrible.

"You, whatever your name is," he said in a slow and quiet voice, "you was mighty brave last night when you had a gun and the drop on me! That's nothing—that's all right—if that was all; but the rest of you ——! You're the judge and you're the sheriff and you're the district attorney—and you all back up this man's shameless lies to make a fool of me. Heaven knows what kind of a conspiracy you're up to!" Judge McMillan and Baca exchanged mystified glances. Dewey pointed his finger at Pringle. "'Very well, John,' says I to myself; 'you're up against a frame-up.' But I'll get a gun now and when Mr. Fly-by-night steps out o' here we'll see how about it. That's what I thought; and now this comes"—the yellow paper fluttered over to Pringle—"and so I can't even do that! But let me tell you this: If you're not good to her you'll answer to me, man to man! If you make her happy, well and good. If you don't I'll break you with these two hands."

Pringle read the telegram: when he looked up he was entirely serious for once in his life. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is a personal matter of a very delicate nature. I have not behaved well to Mr. Dewey, but he is quite mistaken as to what I have really done. If Mr. Dewey will come with me for one minute I will convince him and make full amends."

"No violence, mind!" said the sheriff.

"Let him try it if he dares!" gritted John Dewey.

Wes' led the way to the chess table in the corridor.

"Take one end of this table," he said, "and we'll carry it where the prisoners can't see—or the other fellows either."

They carried it back to the courthouse hall and into the judge's chambers, followed by wondering glances from Morgan, McMillan and company. Pringle closed the door.

"I am waiting," said Dewey, ominously calm. "Don't feed me lies; my stomach's not good. I am not a patient man. Try none of your tricks on me or I might forget myself."

"Look in the drawer," said Wes'. "Notice what you find there and read your telegram again."

Dewey looked in. He took out the poker chips. They bore the familiar Richards monogram. He took out the meat-sauce bottle—and simultaneously experienced a rush of brains to the head. He held it up and looked at it; he held it to the back of his neck. The feel of it was hard and round and cold. He blushed.

"Ye blamed omadhaun, is that the gun that you near scared me out of my five wits with?"

"That's the gun."

"Then—then ——" stammered Dewey. "Then the girl was not wanting to save ye from the jail, where you well deserve to rot—but ——"

"To save you from being laughed out of the country. Exactly!" said Pringle.

"But why did she not tell me?" demanded Dewey, holding up the bottle.

"I am thinking," said Pringle, "that your future wife has a spice of the devil in her—or maybe she didn't want me killed just there. Keep the bottle, John; cash the chips and buy her a wedding present for me. For, truly, this is no place for me; I am going—going—gone!"

"Going? But you're in jail!"

Pringle shook his head. "I am free and innocent. The judge built me an alibi."

"Man!" said Dewey, "but you're past me! How come you to get them gowks to be so for you and them in office? They should take shame to themselves."

"They're not lying—much some of 'em. They're not only telling what they think to be the truth but what they know to be the truth. I can't just explain."

Dewey drew a long breath. "It's no great matter—so long as you really leave. Let's go, er—a—Sperling! Hark here! If you ever decide just what your name is let me know, will you? And if hapchance I should have need to name a boy I'll remember you."

They came out into the hall.

"Gentlemen all," said Dewey, flushed and sparkling with recovered happiness, "I have done a great wrong to this bald-headed man, whose name I do not exactly remember; but doubtless ye know some of them. I take much pleasure in telling you—and 'tis the white, naked truth—that I was misled of the devil and that this man did not hold me up with a gun last night or any other night; and that, moreover, he has but now done me great kindness, for the which I am much beholden to him.

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And ye will please forget any harsh words used to him or to your own selves, perhaps."

"Well I'm all foot-loose, I guess?" said Wes'.

"Sure thing!" said the sheriff heartily.

"But, sheriff—er ——" Wes' hesitated. "Wasn't there something else?" The sheriff braced himself, but a haunted expression crept grayly over his face. "My money -that you put in the safe," explained Pringle.

"Oh, yes!" The sheriff gave him a look of grudging admiration not unmingled with relief. "Dear me! How did I forget?"

"I wouldn't 'a' mentioned it now," said Wes' diffidently, "only I've just barely got time to catch the Magdalena train."

"Huh?" said the sheriff, open-mouthed. "Magdalena!" Beads of sweat started on his brow.

"Bill Sanders said he'd give me a wagon," said Wes'.

Morgan looked helplessly at the judge.

"Sanders said he was an old friend," said the judge in a dull voice.

The sheriff got heavily to his feet, pulled a roll of bills from his pocket and dropped them, uncounted, into a hat. "Gentlemen," he said, "we all love Mr. Pringle dearly. If he goes to work for Bill Sanders that double of his will be getting him measured for a wooden overcoat. Let us all help him get away soon as far as possible."

"But I left a daisy good horse and saddle with Sanders," John Wesley protested.

"As I said to Bob just now," said the sheriff as the officeholders, mystified but obedient, made a silent contribution, "what's a horse more or less? I'll pay for any horse and saddle that you pick out—on condition that you cross the river, ride east, ride hard and never come back. Bob'll go downtown with you and pay for 'em. I'm like Bob was. I'm not well."

"Let me in on this," said Dewey eagerly.

Morgan stuffed the collection into Pringle's pocket. "Accept this slight token of our regard," he said with enthusiasm. "Goodby; oh, goodby!"

"So long, then!" said Wes'. "Come on, Bob, we'll go down to Henry's stable and pick a horse."

. . . . . .

Meantime Joyce was busy making up the train for Magdalena. The station agent looked through the window. A string of cars was across the street. As Joyce trotted up to the head end to cut off the engine, a humble voice accosted him:

"Excuse me, sir; but would you be so kind as to move up the cars so I can cross over?"

Joyce looked up. He saw a pair of brown mules hitched to an empty wagon. The driver was an oldish man. He took off his hat and held it in his right hand, the thumb on top. "That is, if it's not too much trouble," he said politely. His hair was gray and he was partly bald.

Joyce swept off his cap with a ready and graceful curtsy.

"No trouble at all, sir," he said as he uncoupled. "Always happy to oblige." He backed out and waved his hands frantically to the engineer. "Pull up, Billy! Pull up quick!" he said. The agent shut the window with a bang.

. . . . . .

High on the eastern mesa jogged John Wesley Pringle, smiling pleasantly. He rode a high-stepping black horse, with a silver-mounted saddle, a plaited bridle and a hair hackamore. His rope, however, was a new manila; the hair leading-rope of the hackamore had been freshly cut. John Wesley's spurs jingled musically to the steady rhythm of hoofbeats; and, to the same strong cadence, John Wesley chanted a little grateful song:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

"That is, if Bruten and Bally and Thurgood don't talk," amended John Wesley thoughtfully. "Only for that, the sheriff's idea of sendin' me away was bully." He came to where the road split into four forks, he stopped and rubbed the side of his nose. "Now, Bob said one of the roads went to White Oaks, one to Rainbow, one to Lava Gap and one to Moongate—but I've plumb forgot which goes where. However, it makes no odds where a single man goes to. I'll let Springtime take his choice."

Feeling the reins loosed on his neck, Springtime tossed his head and followed the Rainbow trail. "All the same," said John Wesley Pringle, musing, "that was one right nice little girl."

And that is how Pringle came to Rainbow.

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The Equalizing Bug

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

YOU Sodom an' Gomorrah! Run in de house an' shoo dem chickens out'n de parlor! Run, I tell you! De las' time de rooster was in dere he pecked all de wheat trimmin's off'n my Sunday hat an' he was sick fo' a week."

The twins rose from the steps, where they had been teasing an old brindle dog, and made for the parlor with some speed.

A loud, cackling noise issued from within. Sarill cries of "Shoo! Shoo!" were heard, and presently several hens made a hasty exit from the cabin, screaming their indignation as they ran.

"I doesn't like fo' dem chickens to git in de habit o' goin' in de parlor," explained Viney to Uncle Peter, who sat with her on the shady porch of the little dwelling. "One of de Plymuff Rock hens tuck a notion to roos' dere reg'lar, an' de preacher drappin' in 'bout dusk one day mistook her fo' a cushion an' set down on her. Since den I has been mo' p'ticlar wid dem chickens an' tries to keep 'em out heah wid me."

She rocked in silence for a moment, her eye roving over Uncle Peter's attire. "'Pears like to me, Uncle Peter, you is pow'ful duked out fo' de middle o' de week. How come? You ain't gwine co'tin', is you'"

Uncle Peter drew himself up with dignity. "I's gwine to de speakin' at de church tonight," was his response, "an' dat's how come me to drap in. I stopped by to ax is you an' Isom gwine to be dere."

"Does you mean dat yaller 'ooman what come down fum Bosting to speak on de Negro Question, as she calls hit?"

Uncle Peter nodded.

"Lindy Jackson was up heah dis mawnin'," said Viney, "tellin' me 'bout how de 'ooman come to call on her yistiddy, an' talked to her'n Alec 'bout how de white folks has tromped on us till dey has mighty nigh destructioned our will power, an' dat we'll go on dat-a-way until Gab'el blows his hawn, ef we don' cas' off de yoke an' equalize ourselves.

"'Equalize ourselves wid whut?' I ax her.

"'Wid de white folks,' says Lindy.

"'Why, Lindy Jackson,' I says, 'I's so plum 'shame I o' you dat I can feel myself blushin'. What you reckon Mis' Fanny an' dem'll say ef dey hears 'bout dis equalizin' business? Ain't you got 'nough sense, nigger, to know dat dey ain't a-gwine to be no right-down equalizin' till us coons stops bein' borned wid black skins an' kinky hair?' But, laws! I mought as well saved my breff, 'cause Lindy's done been bit by de equalizin' bug an' de effecks o' de bite'll jes' nachully have to wear off.

"Onct," continued Viney meditatively, "I was bit by de same bug; but de bite didn't take on me.

"Mis' Fanny had a young lady visitin' her fum de No'th, what tuck sick wid an arrangement of de stomach while she was at de Slocumses'. I forgits what de doctor called hit, but seem to me lak he say hit was tar. Yes, dat was hit—tar of de stummick.

"I he'ped Mis' Fanny nuss her, an' she tuck such a likin' to me dat when her mammy come down to tote her back No'th again, as soon's she was able to travel, Miss Amy—dat's her name—jus' carried on somethin' awful, till I promise to go back wid 'em an' stay dere till Mis' Fanny an' de Cunnel'd come fo' me on dey way home fum New Yawk, whar dey was intendin' to go in 'bout a month.

"Hit was my fus' ride on a railroad train; an' I cain't say dat I'm so crazy 'bout ridin' behime a injine dat I'm achin' fo' to take dat trip again. All de time dat I was layin' back on de seat, too sick to hol' up my haid, I kep' thinkin' dat ef I was intendin' to ever git home agin I'd have to take de same trip back; an' thinkin' of hit made me feel 'bout a hunnerd times wusser.

"Well, all things has to come to a en', an' by-an'-by we come to de gittin'-off place. Dey was so many people an' street-cyars an' wagons, an' so much noise, dat I ax Miss Amy's ma ef hit was a circus in town—hit was winter, so I knowed hit couldn't be de Fofe o' July. An' she jes' laugh an' tell me hit's dat-a-way all de time in de city, 'cep'n Sundays.

"When we drove up to de house hit was so gran' hit mos' tuck my breff away. Dey wa'n't no use fo' me to p'ten' lak as if I'd seen somep'n o' de kin' befo', 'cause I hadn't.

"De place was so chuck full er fine doin's an' all sorts er things to make folks comf'table, dat hit kep' me oneasy de whole time I was dere.

"My room was right off'n Miss Amy's, so's I could hear her ef she called in de night; an' even when she commence to git well an' was pickin' up fas' dey made me keep de room, though I didn't feel right stayin' in such a fine one.

"In de daytime she an' her ma would take me out in de ca'ige wid 'em an' show me de sights; but of a evenin' I mos'ly wanted to stay in my room, 'count er de homesickness an' feelin' so strange. After supper, 'stid er talkin' wid de cook an' de res' er de white servants, I'd slip up to my room an' set back in de dark, thinkin' 'bout Susannah, an' Henry Clay, an' de twins, an' how Isom'd be settin' out here by de honeysuckle vine pickin' on de banjo, an' de neighbors drappin' in to ax how I is gittin' along—Miss Amy writ home fo' me every week—till, Lawd! seem lak I couldn't stan' hit another minute.

"'Mong de folks what come to de house a whole lot to see Miss Amy was a lady what dey called Miss Short, an' she like to pestered de life out'n me, axin' me questions 'bout de Souf, an' how did I like hit, an' all 'bout my fam'ly an' how we lives. Sometimes while we'd be a-talkin' she'd put down some writin' in a little book o' her'n; an' den she'd go on wid de questions, same as a lawyer in co't.

"At fus' I didn't lak hit; but when I begin to git so lonesome hit sort er made me feel better to talk 'bout home an' all, an' so when Miss Short'd start me to talkin' my mouf 'd go lak a mill clapper.

"One day Miss Short stopped in an' ax ef she could tote me over to a club meetin' dat was to be helt at de house of a fren' o' her'n. She say dey was gwine to be a talk on de Negro Question an' maybe I'd want to hear hit. As I was sorter cur'ous to know what hit was to be lak, an' Miss Amy an' dem say fo' me to go, I went.

"When we got to de house whar de meetin' was to be, Miss Short brung a heap er ladies up an' induced me to 'em as Mis' Harris. Hit sho' did make me feel queer to be called Mis' by dem white folks; an' I couldn't he'p but think what de Slocumses'd say ef dey'd 'a' heard it.

"De chairs was all lined up in rows in de parlor, an' dey had made a sort o' flatform up at de far en' o' de room. I was give a seat in de front row.

"Befo' long a man sot down at de pianner an' begin to play. De piece sounded familious to me, sorter lak hit mought 'a' been S'wanee Rivah wid trimmin's; 'cause every time he was 'bout to git into de piece he'd sidetrack an' run his fingers up an' down over de keys, like he'd los' de tune an' was tryin' to fin' hit, an' den he'd come down kabang—mad, I reckon, 'cause he couldn't git a holt right. But befo' he got plum to de en' hit did turn out to be S'wanee Rivah after all, 'cause he quit all dat monkey business an' give us de real thing so sweet hit gimme de homesickness wuss'n ever.

"After him dey was a young lady what sang—but no one knowed what de song was 'bout—an' den a boy played on de fiddle. Pretty soon a stoutish lady come out on de flatform; an' by de way de folks 'roun' me was whisperin' I knowed she was de one what was down on de bills fo' de Negro Question.

"When she fus' swung into her speech she used so much language I couldn't make out much of what she was sayin'; but after while she warmed up to de subjic' an' I could tell mo' what she was talkin' 'bout 'cause she drapped some er de language.

"'Part of my inflammation,' she says, 'I got fum a fren' er mine'—an' she cas' a look at Miss Short—'but de mos' of hit I got at fus' hand, 'cause I spent a week in de Souf onct, studying up on de subjic'.'

"Den she started in fo' to tell 'em how mistreatened us cullud folks is, an' how we is kep' in igromance an' darkness by de white folks. 'Hit's a awful thing,' she

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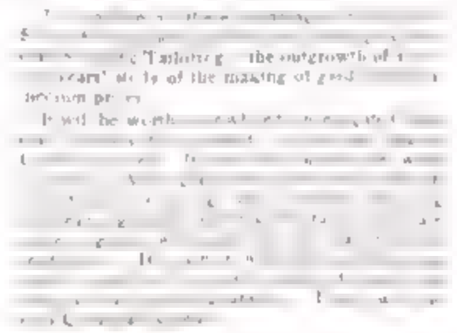

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Just by following my nose

says: 'an' de sad part is dat dey jes' goes 'long enjoyin' life, an' seems to be purfeckly happy. Co'se I doesn't blame dem lak I blames de white folks what dey lives 'mongst, an' de mo' I thinks of dem po' negroes de badder I feels. I has visited 'roun' wid 'em an' et wid 'em at dey own tables, an' I knows whyso I speaks when I says I feels sorry fo' em. But dey's a time comin' when de white folks what dey lives near'll be called befo' de Jedgment Seat to 'count fo' all what dey ain't done. Dey is de ones what's de fault of dey cullud sistern an' bredern bein' in darkness. Dey is de ones what 'fuses to raise up de black race into de light an' treat 'em as equals ——'

"Well, she was jes' a-tearin' hit off, an' all de time I knowed she was aimin' a backhanded jab at de Slocumses. I wasn't goin' to set back like a tame rabbit an' hear her pickin' on my white folks like dat. No, sir! Not ol' Viney. I jumps up fum my cheer.

"'White 'ooman, stop!' says I. 'You stop right whar you is, er you an' me'll be de wussest kin' er bad fren's.' I walked roun' to de front an' all de folkses' moufs drapped wide open, but I wasn't turnin'. I kep' right on.

"'Long as you wants to speak 'bout dis here Negro Question an' jes' sticks to de fac's 'bout us niggers I ain't got no quar'l wid you, 'cause I knows we can't come nowhar near toein' de mark wid de white folks. Long as you wants to worry 'bout us bein' happy an' enjoyin' life 'cause we don't know what's on de inside of book-kivers, why, dat's yo' business, an' I ain't got no [illegible] wid you. I knows good an' well when de time comes fo' us niggers to equalize ourselves we's a-gwine to do hit of our own free will, jes' de way you white folks has done wid yo'selves, an' we don't need no one to keep punchin' us in de back fo' to make us move up faster, no mo' 'an you white folks does. You-all riz up 'cause de feelin' was bawned on de inside of you what made you rise, an' dat's de way we's a-gwine to do hit—jes' 'cause we feel dat-a-way fum de inside. You ain't trompin' on any of my feelin's talkin' 'bout hit, though, an' you can say whatever you wants to 'bout us niggers ez long's hits in front of our backs. But when you commences pickin' on my white folks, an' dey ain't here to take keer of deyselves, dat's a dif'unt thing. I ain't a-gwine to set by wid my mouf helt shet when dat happens, cause ef hit hadn't 'a' been fo' Mis' Fanny an' de res' er de Slocumses I don't know whar I'd be now. Whenever I is in trouble I knows whar to go. Whenever I needs a li'l piece er money I knows who to [illegible]. Ef Isom gits out of a job er de [illegible] is sick I knows who'll give me vittles an' medicine. H t's de Slocumses; an' I'd lay down on de groun' an' let any of 'em walk on my ol' black neck ef dey tuck a notion to. Co'se you-all is mighty nice ladies, but you ain't like Mis' Fanny an' dem. Dey is quality, dey is. Why, befo' Mis' Fanny'd nose aroun' to see how we is [illegible] or set down to meals wid us in our houses, like dis lady says she done, er have me at a club meetin' o' her'n—cep'n it'd be to pass roun' de 'freshments—she'd drap in her tracks

"Jus' den I stopped fo' a minit to git my breff. I happen to look up to'ds de far en' of de room, an' [illegible] back in de corner, as nachul as life, was Mis' Fanny an' de Co'nel!

"I let loose one holler an' wid dat de Negro Question went out er my hand as clean as ef hit had been shot out by a gun. Wid one jump—leas'ways hit seemed dat way to me—I was up 'longside of 'em, grabbin' Mis' Fanny by de han', an' squeezin' hit, an' shakin' hit up an' down tell hit looked like I was gwine plum crazy, I was so outryin' on so fo' gladness. All of a sudden hit come over me dat here I had been shootin' off my lip right befo' Mis' Fanny [illegible] I just [illegible] myself I was [illegible] I was 'Lord Mis' Fanny honey, please you an' [illegible] 'scuse me. I hope I neber [illegible] yo' was here 'cept an' over agin; an' de [illegible] was goin' on all roun' us.

"Mis' Fanny told me to don't talk no mo', but to git my hat an' come on wid dem. She wouldn't let me 'splain nothin', an' every time I'd start fo' to tell 'em 'bout hit she an' de Co'nel'd [illegible] an' turn dey heads aw[illegible] tell me not to go, dey [illegible] 'bout hit.

De way dey happen to be at de meetin', as I foun' out later, dey had come in on a s'prise on de aft'noon train, an' Miss Ann's ma had brung 'em over to de place what I was." Viney paused.

"We tuck de train fo' home de nex' day I ain't never set eyes on any of dem co'tizers since an' I ain't missin' 'em any."

Up from the road came the full-toned, rhythmic chant of black workmen toiling with their picks in the sun.

"Dey's only one negro question dat I has ever give much o' my min' to'ds gittin' answered," Viney said.

"What am dat?" Uncle Peter turned a curious gaze on the speaker.

"Hit's 'Isom, has you brung you week's wages home?'" was Viney's response.

Sense and Nonsense

The Wife

Ah, Mother, Mother, sure ye'll mind the madness av it all!
Ye'll mind I had no shmile for him, no eye for him at all!
Och, Mother, I was mad wid love for laughin' Kindree Tim,
I'd given up me sobbin' lips and all me heart to him!
And Shamus was a dour man;
And, och, he seemed a sour man;
"And yon," says I, when first I sent him on his way again,
Wid all his sad and patient eyes so clouded up wid pain—
"Faith, yon's a cold man
And yon's an old man,
And I'm for warrum and-laughin' ways—and I'm for lovin' Tim"'

For sure, 'tis life and lovin', sure, ye'll niver learn av school;
It seldom goes be raison and it niver goes be rule!
'Twas half wid pity, Mother, half wid pique at struttin' Tim
I let dour Shamus spake the word that bound me up wid him.
Widout a thrill av rapture and widout a throb av hope,
I took him for me wedded mate—him, solemn as a Pope;
Ay, him widout a chune or laugh, and wid a solemn way,
He took me from ye, Mother, and off across the bay
And, och, the bitther tears
And the thought av empty years—
And sobbin' that I'd rather die than face another day!

I've borne him childer', Mother, and I've been an honest wife;
We've had our thrials together, faith, our ups and downs wid life
I've minded what ye tolt me, Mother—kept me throubles still
And bent me way to Shamus' and made his wish me will—
But here's the wonder av it! Mother, Mother, tell me why
The midday love grows stronger when the mornin' love must die
The solemn love grows dearer when the madder love goes by?
For here I'm waitin' like a gurl to hear me Shamus call;
Ay, here I'm waitin' for the man who's now me all in all,
And when I see him throubled, sure, it cuts me like a knife—
And, faith, it's not a sad world,
And sure it's not a mad world,
For I love him, Mother, Mother, och, I love him more than life! —*Arthur Stringer*

Pamsy

THE darky laundry woman attached to the household of Henry N. Cary, of the St. Louis Republic, showed up with the announcement that there was a new girl baby at her house.

"What did you name it?" inquired Cary.

"Pamsy."

"What did you say?"

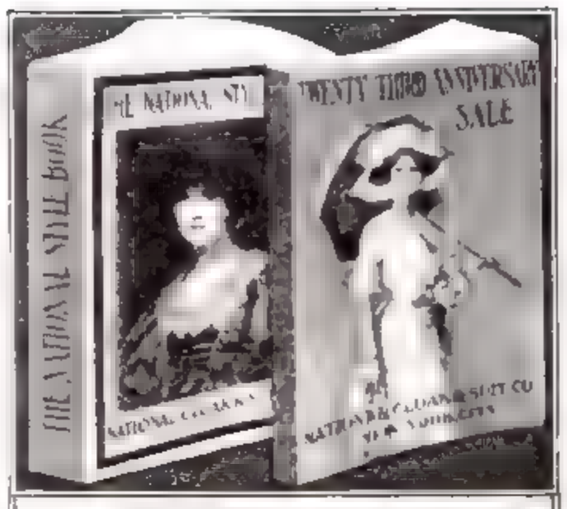
"Pamsy."

"You mean Pansy, don't you? Spell it."

"No, sah; I means Pamsy—P-a-m-s-y."

"Why did you call her that?"

"'Caze she wuz bo'n on Pam Sunday."



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are the lowest priced machinery made.

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(And every merchant in the world will have one)

It stops mistakes
Stops losses
Removes temptation
Increases trade
Increases profits

Because—

It enforces a correct record of
- All cash sales
- All credit sales
- All money received on account
- All money paid out

It wins the confidence of the public
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Tenant Farmer or Landlord?

By CHARLES DILLON

PROFESSOR OF INDUSTRIAL JOURNALISM IN THE KANSAS STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

WHY should a landlord spend time to improve buildings, or contribute to road funds, or put up hog-tight fences, if his farm is in a tenant's hands?

Why, if you please, should a tenant enrich the soil upon which he is to remain only a year or two? Or why should he repair the farm structures so necessary to successful agriculture, or clean the fields of another man, if, like the renter in the city, he is to move on in a year or two?

There, in two paragraphs, is the reason for the rural decrease about which so much has been written and preached since the country first heard the rumblings of the census of 1910. There it is, set down in small words, clear and concise; and if any one differs with the conclusion let him go to England and Ireland and have a look around.

"The United States is making England's colossal mistake," said Henry J. Waters, president of the Kansas State Agricultural College, when the Census Bureau sent out its figures. "Landlords and tenants, poor roads or no roads at all, poor houses and poorhouses, slipshod farming and old-time methods—all these go together. Where you find one you find the others."

"If a tenant," said Walter Blith, of England, in 1649, "be at ever so great pains or cost for improving of his land, he doth thereby but occasion a great rack upon himself or else invest his landlord with his cost and his labor gratis; or, at best, lies at his landlord's mercy for requital, which occasions a neglect of good husbandry to his own, the land's, the landlord's and the kingdom's suffering."

In Great Britain, where exists one of the most complete tenant systems known, valuable land is in grass. People who should be tilling the soil under an intensive system of farming are begging for bread in the streets of the cities or are being publicly supported in the soup-houses. Cross the English Channel, if you will, an hour's ride by express boat, and in Belgium, where the land is divided into small parcels and the people have the privilege of farming it, you will find every evidence of thrift and hardly ever a pauper. Denmark, also, is a striking example of a Government that realizes the importance of land ownership, lending its credit to the farmers to buy land and so ridding the nation of the blight of the landlord system. The United States, with soil and climate more favorable than Denmark or Belgium, much less densely populated than either, with one-fourth of its farms in the hands of tenants, is struggling to keep its trade balance on the right side.

The Effect of Irish Independence

There is an even more striking way of showing this landlord-and-tenant evil—and no way can be too striking, because it is a condition and not a theory in this great country of ours, and one with which the whole nation is concerned. Examples must be taken from the older countries, so that Americans shall profit, if possible, by the experiences that have brought suffering to others. Nearly nine of every ten farms in Great Britain are occupied by tenants. The results of this are seen in the streets of London, and of Manchester, and of Liverpool, in crowds of hungry idlers. These proportions are exactly reversed in Denmark. Only one farm in ten is rented. In Great Britain three of every four loaves of bread that the people eat must be imported. Denmark, on the contrary, is not only self-supporting but exports nine dollars' worth of foodstuffs from every cultivated acre in the empire. It is doubtful whether the average American farmer produces nine dollars an acre throughout the United States. The average size of farms in Great Britain is sixty-five acres. In Germany it is only nineteen acres. The average farm in the United States is one hundred and forty-seven acres and this average size is steadily increasing instead of decreasing, as it should do. Nearly sixty-five per cent of Denmark's total population is on the farms.

In Ireland, as in this country, the absentee landlord has been the chief problem. It is only within the last few years that real progress has been made in solving this puzzle.

"Ireland's farmers now own, instead of rent, something like one-third of all the agricultural land in Ireland," said Charles E. Hands, reporting from Dublin recently for the London Daily News. "The English Government has advanced two hundred and fifty million dollars which the farm-owners are paying back by annual installments in amounts less than their rent would be. Irish land-purchase has cost England dear, but unquestionably its results have been all to the good in Ireland. Including the operations of the last year, nearly three hundred thousand struggling farmers have become freeholders of their farms. In Dublin, men of all classes are agreed that the country is better and more prosperous for the change. The individual farmer is a better farmer and a better man for his land. The magic of property touches his imagination, his sense of responsibility, his ambition. Land under the hand of its owner yields not only produce but character, self-reliance and contentment. Ireland, in districts where land-purchase is in operation, is in a condition of improved prosperity."

A Mistake of a Hundred Years

The landlord-and-tenant system was the most stupendous blunder in all the history of Great Britain. Probably it was inevitable, for some must own land and some doubtless will never own any; but there is land enough in this big world for all these tenants and the task before the world is the task of helping them out of the rut and into the light of better ways of farming, so that they, too, may own a share of the earth's surface. This is not socialism, but it should be. It may never be possible in this country to have a law restricting the holdings of land to a certain acreage. It might be an excellent thing to have such a law. Certainly it would result in more cultivated areas. In California one man, for more than sixty years, has owned a ranch large enough to support seven thousand families. That much land, hardly any of it improved and almost the richest soil on the continent, has been set aside during all of these sixty years to pasturage.

In Great Britain, if I may once more return to that country for an example, a commission has reported that there are a million and a half acres less under cultivation now than ten years ago, a condition attributed by the commission to the land-ownership over there by the man who does not farm his land. This means a low standard of intelligence of the men on the farms.

"It has led to slack methods of farming and farming in these places is unprofitable generally, except upon the best of the land," President Waters said to me. "This commission urged that tenants have a chance to buy land; and the Government of England is now trying to undo the mistake of a century—the mistake into which the United States seems to be tumbling. The average holding in Great Britain has increased in the last one hundred years instead of decreasing, as it should; and I have every reason to believe that in the United States the next census, ten years hence, will show the size of the average American farm to have increased. This is the inevitable result of land monopoly. Of course, in calculating this increase, you should eliminate the great stock ranches of the country, which are not farms at all, but have in all census reports been so classed. Some of these ranches contain a million acres and a very few of them would have an important effect on figuring the average of the country. In the best agricultural districts of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri, the size of the average farm has increased in the last ten years. The growth of the tenant system in those states has been startling. In most cases the tenant system is a grain-farming proposition and that means soil robbery. The tenant chooses this department of agriculture because the farm he can rent is not adapted to livestock farming. He is not a livestock improver or a soil improver. The average rented farm—and I have given particular attention to this matter in the Southern states and in the northern states of the Middle West—lacks fences, barn equipment, water facilities and other things necessary for the proper handling of livestock. True, the landlord is as much to blame as the tenant in most cases; but, even on a rented farm equipped for livestock, the average man, contented to be a tenant throughout his life, is not sufficiently intelligent properly and successfully to handle livestock. "Bushel farming" and cotton farming are representative of the tenant type. For the direct effect on agriculture, I may mention Georgia, with its sixty per cent of tenants. This state pays out five or six million dollars a year for commercial fertilizers—more than enough money to support the state government and the schools and the churches. This is a tax that the farmer pays for the poor system of agriculture he is pursuing."

The rich soil and the favoring climate furnish conditions particularly attractive to the developing of the tenant system. The most productive soil, however, becomes the least productive because it is farmed in the poorest way. The rich soil is attractive as an investment because its returns are sufficient to support the owner in town, away from the soil; and is, moreover, attractive to the tenant because it enables him to make a living for the time being, which he could not do on poor land. His only energy is given to taking the most out of the land that is possible for him to get and putting nothing back into it. So the corn belt of the United States, the finest agricultural region of the world, inevitably will be the region of large farms occupied by tenants. It is the region in most danger of becoming the Kingdom of Want. Of course not all tenants are soil robbers. Perhaps twenty per cent are young men with ambition, unable to buy land, but eager to be farmowners and certain to realize their ambition later on. These young men usually cultivate a farm as though it belonged to them. Often they build up beef or dairy herds, or have a drove of fine pigs. They give attention to the proper selection of seed and their farm machinery is kept under cover. It is safe to say that this twenty per cent are the future farmowners who will aid in checking the national menace.

The Landlord and His Benefits

Already the tenant system has reached a dangerously high development in this country in the cotton states of the South. Georgia, as President Waters said, has more than sixty per cent of its farms in the hands of tenants; Mississippi sixty-two and a half per cent and Louisiana fifty-eight per cent. This in part is due to the negro farmer, who is content to operate upon a small tract and needs a landlord to finance his operations—to give him a team and wagon and possibly the implements of agriculture with which to cultivate his crop. The New England states show the smallest development of tenancy, while the corn-belt states show above the average.

Though the absentee landlord is a menace to the future, he has not become a factor here so much as in Great Britain, for instance. Most of the land now occupied by tenants is owned by men who live in the same county, usually in the near-by town or city. It is fair to suppose that, living in the same county, they would have more interest in the land than if they lived in another and far-distant state. Nevertheless the interest is small at best—so small that the problem of getting conveniences for the tenant is grave indeed.

And here I touch upon a subject of great import—conveniences in country homes. Inevitably the landowner talks first and most loudly of the tax rate. I am not familiar with tax rates in the states outside the Middle West; but suppose you have a farm of one hundred and sixty acres in Missouri, worth upon a fair estimate eighty dollars an acre, or about thirteen thousand dollars. This farm would be assessed at

not more than thirty-five hundred dollars. With a tax rate of, I believe, ten mills, the tax on this farm would not exceed thirty-five dollars. In the city an investment of thirteen thousand dollars would be assessed at ten thousand dollars perhaps twelve thousand dollars. The state tax would be at least one hundred dollars more and the whole tax in the city would be three hundred or four hundred dollars. In the country the whole amount would be less than one hundred dollars. Have I made the moral clear? Although he has little reason for his activities, the landlord invariably will be found complaining about the taxes. He insists upon keeping taxes down. The livelest work he does in a community is to prevent good roads, new culverts, good schools, because these improvements will increase his taxes. It is this influence, for instance, in Illinois—possibly the richest state in the Union, with six million people—that has prevented the building of hardly one good road in the state outside of the cities. Probably forty per cent of the farms in Illinois are occupied by tenants. It is this influence in many of the counties of Missouri that has prevented the building of good roads.

The stimulus for a new life on the farm is to be found in all the agricultural colleges. Their influence will, I believe, increase in the future, because as population grows the world's interest in agriculture will increase with the world's necessities. The world is becoming more and more interested in its source of supply.

An Education in Denmark

In the two European countries in which the absentee-landlord system became a menace, as I have shown, the Government lent its credit to the tenants, so that they bought the land in small parcels. About a third of Ireland has been put into the hands of farmowners. That means about three hundred thousand farms—or about as many as there are in Missouri, for instance. This great change has been accomplished in only two or three years. It has transformed the tenant farmer into the frugal, successful business man. In Denmark the transformation has not been so rapid, but it has been no less remarkable. Denmark made attendance at school compulsory to the age of fourteen years and it enforces that law. Of still more significance, however, was its wisdom in introducing into the graded schools agriculture, commercial arithmetic, bookkeeping, farm manufactures—such as butter making, meat curing, and so on—so that the children are taught things they need to know before they go upon the farm or while they are still very young. In addition to this, Denmark has built up a system of higher agricultural education. That little country, with a population of approximately two and a quarter millions and an area about one-fifth the size of Kansas—which has a population of one million eight hundred thousand—has twenty-nine agricultural colleges. The coöperation in Denmark extends to the manufacture and sale of all farm products. For instance, a Danish shop in London or Berlin selling bacon, butter, cheese and eggs is in charge of a Dane, who is the agent of the Farmers' Cooperative Association, whose members produced the material and to whom the agent remits the proceeds less the expenses.

The problem in America is to prevent the system of landlord and tenant becoming so aggravated as to call for state or Federal credit. It is to be sincerely hoped that this necessity may never arrive. Country life must be improved to keep the best boys and girls on the farm where they were born; and I believe one way to do this is to do as Denmark has done—put agriculture into the rural schools. Nine-tenths of the boys and girls go to the farm ultimately with only an eight-grade education. Nine-tenths of the boys and girls have not attended high school or college. If they, this nine-tenths, are to be instructed in improved agriculture, livestock judging, soil managing, butter making, it must be done in the eighth-grade school. The situation is precisely as it would be in the case of a man who might try to take his place in the industries with only an eighth-grade standard. He must, to be successful, receive instruction in shopwork, in drawing, in commercial arithmetic, to say the least. A girl who is to take her place at the head of the home should know the principles of human nutrition, hygiene, sanitation, cooking and sewing by the time she is eighteen.

Nine-tenths of the boys in this country take their places in the industries before they are sixteen years old; and they take these places without sufficient instruction of any kind to carry them along. It is that sort of instruction that must be taken to the people in so many cases. Boys drop out of school by the time they are fifteen. Why not adjust the system of instruction to catch these boys before they leave?

The question may be asked: Will this sort of instruction and the magic power of real-estate ownership transform the present thriftless nomadic or agricultural hobo into a successful farmer or business man? To answer this, one needs only to refer to the conditions in Ireland and Denmark. It is safe to say that if this change from shiftlessness or poverty, if I may so call it, is not wrought in the man himself, it may be expected confidently to develop in his children. There can be no doubt in the minds of thinking men of the influence of better education upon the productiveness of the farm and, therefore, upon the farmer's profits and his ability to buy a farm. In this connection it is interesting to note the figures recently compiled in Cornell University. The records of five hundred and seventy-three farmers in New York, selected at random and classified as to the earning power of the adult laborer, according to his education, show this condition:

Attended District School Only	508	$318
Attended High School or Equivalent	165	622
Attended College	40	947

By these figures it is shown that one high-school-trained farmer is almost as effective as two farmers who have had only eighth-grade education. It is shown that attendance at college increases the efficiency of the man on the farm so that he is equal almost to three men who entered upon their occupation at the end of the eighth grade. In other words, a non-technical high-school course nearly doubled the efficiency of the farmer when compared with the district-school course; and a non-technical course added one-third to the efficiency of the high-school-trained man and almost trebled his efficiency when compared with the eighth grade. This means that the high-school course was more than the equivalent of an endowment of six thousand dollars at five per cent interest. If by education the efficiency of the American farmer can be increased by even twenty per cent—to say nothing of the two hundred and seventy per cent, as shown by the Cornell investigation, by a college course over an eighth-grade school course—the question of food supply and a favorable trade balance could be settled.

Wise Words From Virgil

Only seventy-four per cent of the children of school age in the rural districts of Kansas are enrolled in school, according to a recent report of E. T. Fairchild, superintendent of public instruction in Kansas; and less than thirty per cent of those enrolled finish the eighth grade. This means that, in round numbers, only one of every four of the country children ever becomes qualified to enter a high school.

This brings me back to the beginning. The average landlord has little interest in how his tenant lives—whether he has a good school for his children, or a good church for his family, or a good road to town. If farm life is to be attractive enough to hold the proper proportion of the population in the country the business must be in the hands of somebody besides the tenant. The esteem in which the public holds an occupation is determined by the intelligence and standing of those engaged in it. Make farming an occupation for tenants and you rob it of its dignity. Agriculture, in all ages, has been man's most profitable occupation, but never in the world's history has it been of more importance than now. There has never been a time when the world stood more in need of intelligence on the farm—never a time when the country needed farmers proud of their calling more than the country needs them now.

"You may admire a large farm," said Virgil, a long time ago; "but cultivate a small one." Sounds like Roosevelt, doesn't it? Virgil was looking a long way ahead. We of today doubtless are facing the situation that must have confronted him in his time.

Good Old-Fashioned Cooking

Old-fashioned cookery suggests thoroughness. The old-time brick oven, the pot simmering in the fireplace—they were slow but thorough.

Heinz methods are modern. The Heinz Kitchens are models of sanitary arrangement. They contain wonderful appliances.

But in the matter of thoroughness the Heinz way is old-fashioned. This is necessary in preparing foods of high quality and nothing less than the very highest quality is good enough to bear the Heinz name. A good example is

HEINZ Baked Beans

(Baked in Ovens)

All Heinz Baked Beans are *actually baked*, in dry, slow ovens—baked for hours as baked beans should be. Most so-called baked beans are only steamed or parboiled.

The Heinz way takes longer, but the beans come from their bright, shiny tins just like baked beans from a New England bean-pot—golden brown, mealy and mellow, tempting in flavor, and containing far more food value than the soggy kind.

The superior Heinz quality in Baked Beans has resulted in a larger sale for Heinz Baked Beans than for any other brand of baked beans in the world.

The U. S. Gov't no longer permits steamed or boiled beans to be labeled "baked." If you want ***genuine baked beans,*** you should buy none that do not have "baked" on the label.

Heinz Baked Beans include:

Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce (With Pork)
Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce (No Pork)
Baked Pork and Beans (Boston Style)
Baked Red Kidney Beans

The 57 Varieties include many delightful things now seasonable—Fruit Preserves, Jellies, Tomato Soup, Tomato Ketchup, Euchred Pickle, Chili Sauce, etc.

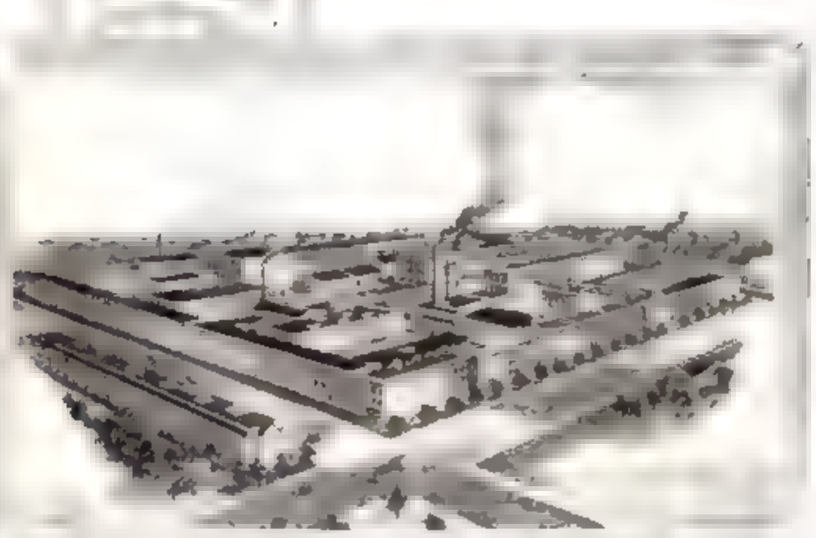
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

Distributing Branches and Agencies Throughout the World

Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods

Overland

A Trip Through the Overland Plants Would Make You Realize the Value of the Car They Turn Out



¶ The value of all things is determined by contrast. No matter what you are comparing, in your mind is a certain standard from which you are judging. It may be a sewing machine, washing machine, or a talking machine. As you look and think it over, the standard of that article constantly stands out before you. And standard is merely the recognized value of anything that has become permanent by virtue of its superior merit.

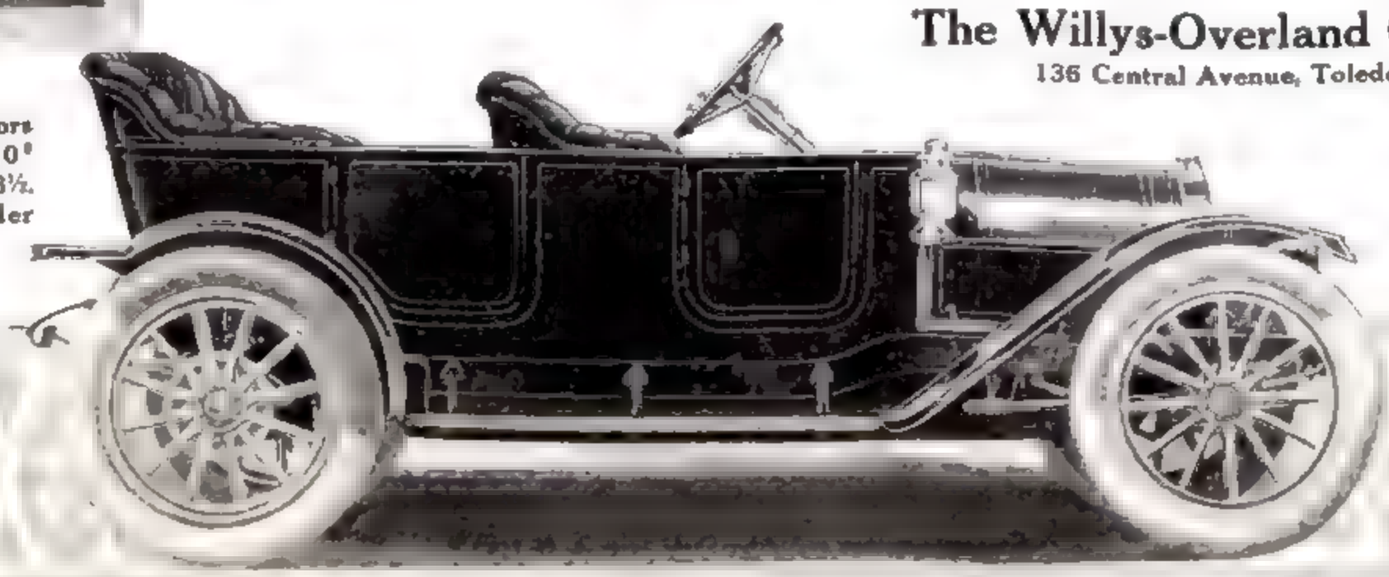
¶ Today in motor car manufacturing circles, most things are judged from the Overland standard. There are more than 25,000 Overlands in use right ***now***, and each owner would have no other car. Overland efficiency is directly due to the scientific management of the largest automobile plants in the world. The Overland factories cover over 30 acres and employ 4000 men. The buildings and machinery represent an investment of millions. Here the science of economical production is as perfect as the best efficiency engineers can make it. And all this saves—the man who buys an Overland—money.

¶ If you are in the market for a car, make a few comparisons yourself. Write several of the manufacturers who market popular priced cars and get their catalogues, or, better yet, go to a few of the garages in your town. Look over all the cars carefully. Compare them with the Overland. Run through each list of specifications. Compare the wheel base—the size of wheels—the capacity—the motor—the body and trimmings. This comparison will give you the facts—will prove to your satisfaction the greater Overland value. And even if you do not know the first thing about motor car values you surely will know that a 110" wheel base is better value for your money than 106.

¶ We show here our handsome Model 51—price $1250. This is the best motor car value on earth. There are twenty-two Overland body styles to choose from and five different types of chassis. You can get Roadsters, small or large Touring cars with fore-doors or open fronts or Torpedo bodies. Horsepower runs from 20 to 40. Prices from $775 to $1675. More than likely there is an Overland dealer in your town. Look him up and have a talk. He will be glad to show you the greater Overland value. Make the comparisons we suggest. Take each car and analyze it. See how much more you get for your money in an Overland.

We will be glad to send you a very interesting book on the Overlands. It gives specifications and complete details. Write for a copy today.

The Willys-Overland Company
136 Central Avenue, Toledo, Ohio



Model 51 with Fore-doors and Center Control. 110" Wheel Base. Tires 34x3½. 30 H. P. Four Cylinder Motor. $1250.

Manning-Bowman

Alcohol Gas Stove

With the Alcolite Burner

The Perfect Stove for Table-Cooking

The custom of making coffee and tea at table and of cooking there many delicacies formerly prepared in the kitchen is fast growing in favor. The stove is so beautifully finished that it ornaments any table. It is so powerful that it has the cooking ability of a range burner. It is so light and portable that it is ideal for outings, camping, picnics, etc. Furnished with Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes or sold separately.

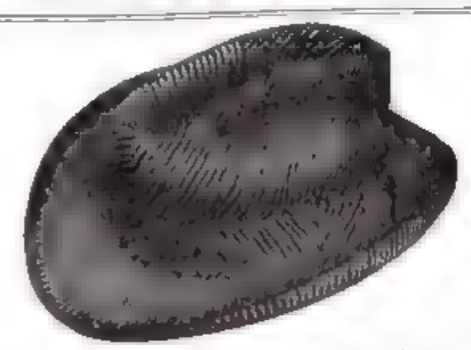
All dealers have the Manning-Bowman Quality Alcohol Gas Stoves, Percolators, Chafing Dishes and Accessories, and the "Eclipse" Bread Mixer.

Write for free Book of Recipes and Catalogue "D 2"

No. 345-84 Chafing Dish Alcohol Gas Stove

Manning, Bowman & Co.

MERIDEN, CONN



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Ellis

$22.00 FREIGHT PAID

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Some Interference Section

Freight Paid east of Mont. Wyo., Colo., Okla. Tex. Can.

The Ellis Manf'g Co.
56 Union St Monroe, Mich.

DOING EUROPE AND BEING DONE

Continued from Page 8

Steve Turner had been used to getting what he wanted in a store at Vicksburg and walking out. It was put on his account. He paid the bill. The storekeeper did not overcharge him, for that would lose a lifelong customer. An American resident in Italy shudders to contemplate the result of such tactics. Even where cards bearing a fixed price are attached to articles in the window, the *forestiero* must be assured and reassured. If he orders the articles sent to his hotel he makes a deposit and contracts in writing with the shopkeeper to be responsible for breakage. And he must never pay until he has thoroughly examined the package.

On the other hand, a half-naked Shilluk from the White Nile can stalk into any American department store and buy a complete outfit—undershirt to automobile—at prices charged the most experienced shopper.

One day Mrs. Turner protested at a palpable holdup: "Steve, why did you pay that man? We didn't owe him anything."

"I know it; he was making such a noise—I hate to squabble in the street." Old Steve knew many times that he was being plundered; he couldn't tell exactly where or how and it was not worth while to inquire. But he was on a pleasure trip—not trying to reform an intiquitous system. He had the situation figured out this way: "Here I am spending about thirty dollars a day. We are due a good time and ain't going to spoil it. I might save a dollar a day by fighting every minute—a cent here and a nickel yonder. That keeps me in a bad temper. 'Tain't worth it."

Many a hardheaded American business man looks at it from that point of view. It would not be sensible to lose the best value out of a thirty-dollar daily investment by trying to save one dollar a day; but it would madden him to hear the densely ignorant peasant express a voluble contempt for the *forestiero* who tamely submits to all extortions.

Native Europeans unite in blaming Americans for exorbitant prices. "Fools and Americans travel first-class!" They consistently avoid hotels that cater to American patronage. Paying less, they get less attention—and complain. Servants, from the head porter to "boots," dangle upon the silver-tip American and neglect the copper-tip native.

When the Worm Turned

The straw that broke Steve Turner's back was laid upon him in Rome. He leaves it to any fair-minded man whether he should have paid that dime.

Brushing aside all irritations, they had spent a rapturous week. It must have been one of the best hotels in Italy, for they got a room and bath. Decadent Romans overdid the bath proposition; aspirations of the present incumbents do not run to soap and water.

It was the Turners' last day in Rome; they meant to celebrate it as a *festa*. Steve unearthed a jewel—an intelligent, well-bred guide, who could tell what they wanted to know without a string of senseless gabble. "Mr. Raffaelo Caricamento" was the name on his card. The Turners couldn't pronounce that and called him Mr. Raffaelo.

They hired a motor car, which called at their hotel. Mr. Raffaelo ordered the hotel bill to be made out against their return and sent their heavy luggage to the station. That gave them a free day. Hotel proprietor, porters and all the servants assembled to see them go off gayly on their motoring. Mrs. Turner had just the kind of a day she had dreamed of all her life—to remember forever and forever.

Their train would depart for Naples at seven-twenty in the evening. About six o'clock Mr. Turner proposed: "Mr. Raffaelo, we've had a fine time—fine! Now you must help us out of town with a pleasant recollection. Come along and pay our hotel bill, fee the porters, give something to everybody—those fellows worry me to death! Settle for the automobile—and don't forget the chauffeur. Buy our railroad tickets, see to the baggage—everything. And"—Mr. Turner felt a delicacy—"take out your own fee." He didn't ask Mr. Raffaelo what the fee would be; he was glad to pay it. Steve peeled off a

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Old English Floor Wax

We specify Old English because it is the "highest quality" floor wax that can be made. It gives the richest and most durable finish to all floors, interior woodwork and furniture, because it contains more of the hard (expensive) wax, which makes a pound of Old English go farther than and decidedly outlast most other finishes. Besides, you can easily touch up any worn spot without doing over the whole floor. Old English never gets sticky, never shows scratches from heels or furniture; easily applied and economical—a 50-cent can covers a large room.

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The Horton Mfg. Co.
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Detroit Marine Engine

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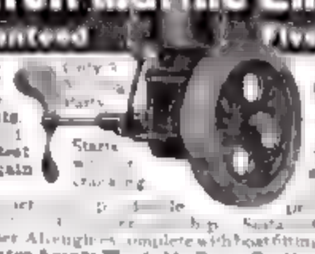

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Interlock

the lightest-for-warmth underwear

has the metal lock attached. Write for illustrated booklet and sample.

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Every Best Made Shoe

is a product of the famous Goodyear Welting Process.

Though sixty machines are employed—each one a marvel of ingenuity—there is something more than that to interest you.

To every man, woman and child, the world over

GOODYEAR WELT

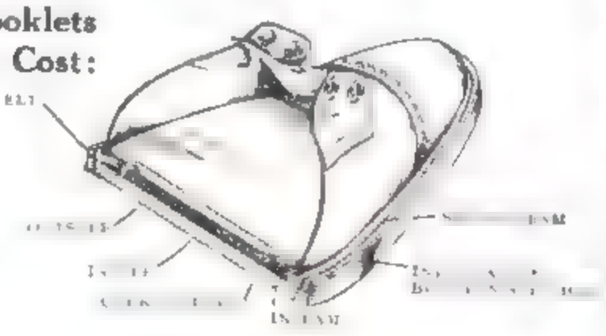
Means Comfort, Wear, Style and Economy

Shoes made on Goodyear Welt Machines are *Smooth Inside;* because no thread penetrates the insole to tantalize the foot.

They are equal to shoes sewed by hand in the essential qualities you require and can be bought at one-third the price.

Only good material can be used in shoes made on the rapid machines of the Goodyear Welt System.

Write Today for the following Booklets which will be Sent You Without Cost:



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Manufacturer's Prices on the Famous "America" Bicycles During Greatest Sale in the History of the Bicycle! Special Sale Prices for Short Time Only in Certain Sections of America!

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS! FREE TRIAL! This is the greatest opportunity you have ever had. Buy direct from manufacturer's factory to rider prices! Ship yours today. Select from over 44 styles, colors and sizes. Choose the famous **America Truss Frame Bicycle** or the **America Coaster Brake Diamond Flyer Bicycle**. Both are guaranteed as long as you own them. **No other wheel is guaranteed 10 years!** Write today for our big free catalog showing actual photographs in colors of the many models from which you can choose. Learn how you can get any bicycle you want, fully equipped **NO EXTRAS TO BUY!** All sizes for men, women and children are fully insured! (See Catalog.) This amazing sale may be withdrawn without notice. Writing us at once is the only way to grasp this wonderful opportunity. Do it today. A postcard or a postal brings you **Sale Prices** and complete catalog **FREE!** That **penny saves you dollars** on your bicycle. Write today to (4)

AMERICA CYCLE MFG. CO., Dept. 109
219 Michigan Ave. (The Old Reliable Bicycle House) **Chicago, Ill.**

WILLIAMS' ADJUSTABLE SHAVING DEVICE

Turns here, to any Angle.

Sold by Nearly 30,000 Stores

When you make the hoe keep its natural with a safety razor, Tells razor gives the *slanting* cut which coaxes the beard off easiest. Probably your druggist has it.

The "Williams Shaving Club" keeps it sharp. Send for catalogue.

WILLIAMS CO.
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Damp and Stained Concrete Walls?

Trus-Con Exterior Wall Finish—applied with a brush—provides a damp-proof and protective surface to concrete walls—enters into the surface pores, hardening and fusing with the concrete—conceals hair cracks—prevents staining and efflorescence.

Trus-Con Wall Finish does not peel or crack off like paints—used with equal success on concrete, brick and all masonry surfaces. Furnished ready for use in a variety of pleasing colors.

Tell us about your walls, we will send color card and detailed information

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401 Trussed Concrete Building, Detroit, Michigan

competent banknote; Mr. Raffaelo smiled. He well understood.

Their car drew up in front of the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Turner disappeared with the second porter to get their hand luggage, while Raffaelo attended to the hotel bill at the office. Their trunks were already at the station. Everything was attended to Mr. Raffaelo hurried off in a cab to get a package from a shop so as not to delay them. The chauffeur would get them to the station.

The Turners appeared at the front door. Between their motor car and the hotel steps a cab had wedged itself. The second porter had piled their luggage in it and stood holding the door. Steve smiled good-humoredly.

"Porter, you've made a mistake; I told you to put my gripsacks in the automobile."

"Signore will use the cab," the man suggested.

"Oh, no, I won't. You know that's my automobile."

"Signore must use the cab," he repeated.

Steve held his temper. The porter refused to remove his baggage; so he got it himself by physical force and tossed it into the motor car. He assisted his wife to a seat and was about to get in himself when the porter stopped him. "Signore has not paid for the cab."

"Pay for what?"

"The cab—it was called for signore."

Steve exploded moderately, with respect both for the lady and the provocation. The porter abated the demand and said he need only pay for calling the cab.

"Send for the head porter!" demanded Steve. The gold-laced functionary had received a liberal tip. No longer need he make fair weather with the *forestiere*. The cab had been called to serve the signore, the meter had been started, the signore must pay—so ran his decision.

"Call the proprietor!"

The proprietor crept out, with his rubber-soled shoes and conciliatory smile. "The signore must pay, it is only fifty centesimi—ten cents in your money."

Steve had not been sincerely riled until then. "A dime! holding me up for ten cents!"

"It is very small," apologized the proprietor. "Signore will pay——" Steve gave him a lurid intimation of what he thought—vigorously, frankly, yet somewhat crudely withal. Mrs. Turner encouraged him; she could have added a few expressions to Steve's vocabulary.

Plucking the Looloo Bird

Proprietor, head porter, second porter, cabmen and assembled congregation all in one voice echoed that he must pay the dime. The chauffeur glanced back. His gratuity was yet to come. He saw a chance. Steve understood. He stepped on the running board and the chauffeur pulled the lever. Steve never looked back, he was so afraid they hadn't run over some of them.

It is interesting to compare the European hotelkeeper's point of view with that of the American. The American hotel is built primarily for business men who make frequent trips to the same city. The proprietor regards each guest as a permanent asset, a customer who will come and come again, recommending others to his house. In Europe there seems to be little or no commercial travel—certainly not at the hotels frequented by foreigners. When these hotels have accommodations for commercial travelers they are often on the Jim Crow plan—contemptuously segregated. A bellboy will jerk his thumb over his shoulder toward a different dining-room from that in which tourists are entertained and sneer: "Commercial." Rarely, if ever, does an American traveler return. He pays well. They are anxious to get him. But they look upon him as a looloo bird—rare creature of a single flight—who passes that way once in a lifetime. And—yea, verily!—they pluck his tail-feathers as he goes by.

Imitations

The most regrettable feature about the many imitations of Old Hampshire Bond is that the firms who buy these imitations are themselves unconscious imitators of the firms who use the real

Old Hampshire Bond

The "feel" and "crackle" of Old Hampshire Bond are unmistakable to the man who has used it once, while the water-mark will identify it to the neophyte.

Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads, and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond. Write for it on your present letterhead

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Booklet shows all the latest and [illegible] sent free on request. Write for it today.

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Judge These Clothes as They Are

Look at this photograph—then go to the nearest Stein-Bloch dealer

See his many new Spring weight models. Examine their texture.

Note the care in making. Observe the notable beauty of line.

Stein-Bloch
Rain Proof
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Coat—
For
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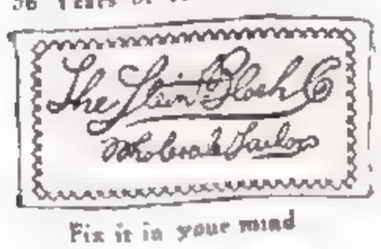
From a Photograph

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

The Stein-Bloch dealer's big mirrors will show you just how you look in Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes—from head to foot. Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes will fit you with more style at less price than any other make in the world. Send for "Smartness," a Book of Photographed Spring and Summer Styles. You will learn the nearest dealer's address and much more besides.

This is the Label That Means 50 Years of Knowing How



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Beauty is a matter of sincere workmanship

and beauty in a shoe must be even more than skin deep. It's the real beauty of the shoes that bear this trade-mark that has placed them in a class by themselves.

After you have once performed the easy task of finding a Smith-Wallace shoe that fits your foot, you need never suffer the inconvenience of a change. You may always have the same beauty—comfort—durability—by insisting on having the same shoe.

Smith-Wallace shoes cost no more than the ordinary kind—and they're better. A postal will bring local dealer's name.

Smith-Wallace Shoes
For the entire family
CHICAGO

"Our baby is now fifteen months old. She has had cow's milk modified with Mellin's Food since she was two weeks old. She is now a strong, healthy child."

This is an extract from one of the many letters we receive every day. It simply proves again that

Mellin's Food is the Ideal Modifier

When you prepare the food for *your* baby be sure that the basis of it is pure, fresh milk.

Fresh milk alone is too strong for baby's little stomach, but fresh milk modified with Mellin's Food is readily digested by the *youngest infant*, and it has all the life-giving vitality that baby needs.

The Mellin's Food method of modifying milk is the most practical, and at the same time the most scientific, method that has ever been devised.

Thousands and thousands of babies have thrived on Mellin's Food. So will your baby. Get a bottle for him *today*.

We have a very helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." We shall be glad to send you a copy, together with a Trial Size bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will write us.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., Boston, Mass.

Ask your dealer for
E. C. VENTILATED SHOES
And be comfortable this Summer
Dealers wanted everywhere
Address for catalog
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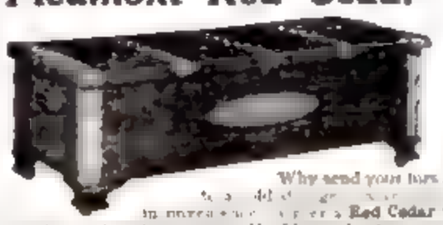
Piedmont Red Cedar Chest



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Why send your furs and clothing [illegible] a Red Cedar Chest [illegible]

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 95, Statesville, N. C.

THE PIG-BRISTLE SLUGGER

(Continued from Page 11)

Even the players themselves, who are no hero-worshipers, could not conceal their admiration. They said little to the hero himself, but they kept eying him curiously as he shed his uniform. After examining his unadorned body and finding it commonplace, they muttered things to each other and shook their heads hopelessly.

Rudolph evinced no desire to linger with them. He hastened through his bath, ascended to the elevated railroad station and went home.

"Gretchen," he announced when he reached the kitchen, "I t'ink I give up my yob at Schneider's tomorrow alretty. I'm playing baseball mit der New Yorks now—for Mister McGraw."

Gretchen took the news calmly.

"Rudolph," she said, "I t'ought you'd learn all about t'at game after vhile—you read about it so mooch. You ought to be ein goot baseball man, yes?"

"I am one!" he asserted.

After dining he went around to call upon Schneider. On former visits to his boss he had been awed by the shining onyx wainscoting in the downstairs hall and by the aggressive gutter of the elevator boy's brass buttons; but now he walked in with the air of one whom no splendor could dazzle.

"I don't go back to work next week. I take a yob alretty with Mister McGraw, to play baseball mit der New Yorks," he told Schneider when they were both seated in the front room, with the pianola and the chromo of Queen Luise and the clock that produced a tune every quarter of an hour.

Schneider knew little about the national game and cared less. He had a vague idea that many deluded people spent their good money every day to see eighteen or twenty men toy with bats and balls; but somehow he had never thought of grown men's making a living out of their skill at the game. Nor did the information volunteered by his clerk make it clear to him why a man with a steady job in a grocery should quit it for any foolish sport.

"Speckeldonner," he said finally, "you are a fool!"

"Yes?" replied Rudolph. "Maybe so. But I don't come back to der shop next Monday; so you haf to get somebody else."

Early next morning he sallied forth to get his two newspapers. The same old pipe was in his mouth and he moved with no more speed than usual. Within him was a feeling of deep satisfaction and an anticipation of satisfaction still deeper—but there was no outward sign of it. He put down two pennies, picked up his newspapers, put them under his arm and walked slowly back to the flat. When he was comfortably seated he turned to the sporting page of the American and read:

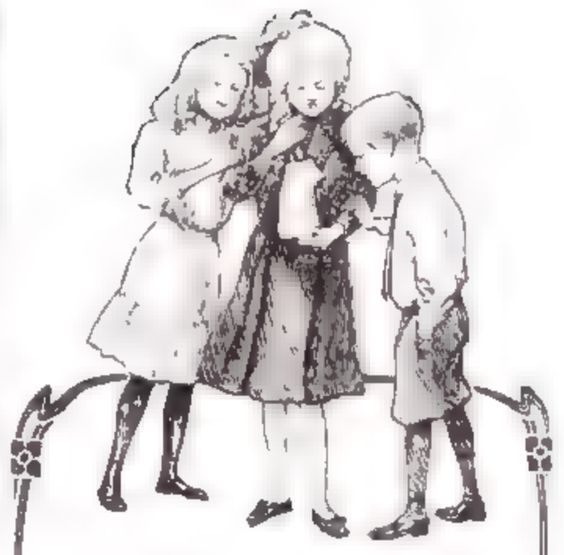
STRANGE CREATURE FROM MARS AT THE POLO GROUNDS

By Hilliard K. Dirk

It must have come from Mars. Nobody could trace Its descent from anywhere else. Nothing like It has ever been seen on a baseball field before. It had a stumpy body and bow legs, a face without any hint of thought behind it and bristly hair that reminded you of the porcupine in the Bronx Park Zoo. It played in right field; and when a ball came that way It circled around like a top and let the ball fall fifteen feet away, while It lay kicking and pawing on the ground. When It ran bases It stumbled and fell down at each stage of the circuit.

But when It came to bat! It violated all the batting fashions. It tried to scoop 'em up off the ground and to pull 'em down out of the sky. It slammed at 'em when they were two feet wide of the plate. It ought to have struck out every time. And every time It sent the sphere sizzling between the infielders or over their heads where the outfielders couldn't even smell it—every time, ladies and gentlemen! Four times up—and four smashes! Two doubles they might have been home runs if It could have moved faster—and two singles!

What's Its name? Speckeldonner, says Manager McGraw. Rudolph Speckeldonner. That sounds like Hoboken or a Sam Bernard musical comedy; but McGraw "ain't tellin'." He smiles wisely, as if to convey the impression that he trained up



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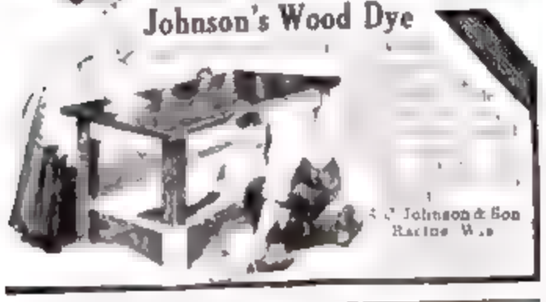

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the prodigy all by himself, just to give a thrill to this jaded world. The Wise Man won't say where his discovery ever played before, or whether it is a permanent institution. Will Rudolph play today? Nobody knows. And, if it does, will it smash 'em the way it did yesterday? Nobody knows that either; but we make so bold as to prophesy that this idol's feet will turn out to contain some of that silicate known as clay.

And so on, with a detailed account of the game. It was pleasant reading. When Rudolph had read both papers he puffed silently for a minute or two. Then he smote his leg an act of unaccustomed violence.

"By golly!" he exclaimed. "I forgot dere vas more papers yet. Here, Heinrich, run out and get all der papers each vot Ikey Stein on der corner has got."

The Giants' new rightfielder was a slow reader and it took him a good part of the morning to go through the pæans of praise. When the last one was put aside he made his way downtown to a hotel on Broadway, where he had an appointment with McGraw. By mutual consent they had postponed the discussion of finances until today. The manager led him to a table in a secluded corner of the café.

"Well, how much do you want?" asked McGraw, coming straight to business.

"Ten dollar for ef'ry hit," said Rudolph.

"That's no way to pay—who ever heard of paying a man by the hit? And do you expect to be docked for every error you make and every time you fall down running bases?"

"Sure, sure!" said Rudolph. "I gif you back fifteen cent for ef'ry error and twenty cent ef'ry time I fall down."

McGraw leaned back in his chair and looked the stolid German over in astonishment.

"Rudolph," he said, "you ought to be in Wall Street! The Polo Grounds are too confined for you."

"Vy, vot's der matter mit der bargain I say?" asked Rudolph innocently.

"Well, you know we've got to have some money left to pay the man who brushes off the plate and the man who sprinkles the grass," suggested the manager with a touch of satire.

"You t'ink ten dollar too much for a hit?" Rudolph ignored the satire.

"Very much too much. Why, I pay my best infielder but sixty dollars a week."

"Yes, and he don't get six hits in em veek yet," said Rudolph. "He get more as ten dollar for ef'ry hit."

"Maybe so; but he can stop a ball sometimes when it comes his way. You mustn't feel bad if I say it, Rudolph, but with you in the field we might as well be there with eight men. And you're not the fastest base-runner in the league, you know."

Rudolph leaned over the table and shook his finger at the manager.

"Now, Mister McGraw, it's dis vay: A hit may not be vort' ten dollar if you can't make sure it come. It's der sureness vot count. A hit ef'ry time is vort' a lot; and I t'ink you ought to gif me ten dollar for ef'ry hit. And I tell you vot I do: Ef'ry time I come to the bat and don't make a hit already, I gif you ten dollar back. Vot you say?"

McGraw smiled. "Well, you seem to be getting my goat, Rudolph. Have it your own way. I hope you'll fan sometimes when there're two out and nobody on base, so I'll get some of your swag back into the treasury."

There was one other concession upon which the new Giant was still more insistent. The manager must free him from his contract on one day's notice, whenever he chose to quit. Such an agreement as this was against all traditions and McGraw objected with spirit.

"And let you jump to some other team? Not much!—I won't sign any such contract as that," he declared.

"Nutting like t'at," Rudolph assured him quickly. "I sign all der papers you vant not to play mit any one else as you. Ven I qvit, I qvit baseball altogetter."

So it was arranged. The transaction was closed then and there. When they issued into the street again the first sight that met their eyes was an afternoon newspaper being waved aloft.

"Get yer pa-aper!" the boy was shouting. "All about de pig-bristle slugger! Pa-aper!"

An ovation awaited Rudolph when he appeared on the field that afternoon. Over

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by simply pressing the "Crescent-Filler"

First second, dip pen in ink; *second second*, press "Crescent-Filler;" *third second*, release "Crescent-Filler," allowing ink to flow into barrel; *fourth second*, lock safety ring by a quarter turn, and go on writing, for your pen is full! As simple as A B C, and actually quicker than to read about it here.

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fills itself in four seconds without the aid of the old-style, clumsy dropper-filler, without pumping, or taking the pen apart in any way. The Conklin writes at the *first* stroke and with never a skip, scratch or blot. It can't clog, because *every time it is filled, the feed channel is flushed out by the same operation.*

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We produce only standard values—use perfect stones and the rings are all solid gold. The designs are by expert jewelry artisans.

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They are made for men, women and children.

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If your jeweler hasn't them send us his name and we'll ship direct to you through one who has.

Write for the W-W-W catalog.

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CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4014, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

night the name of Speckeldonner had become known to all the world. The mystery surrounding him and the descriptions of his odd behavior had attracted thousands who cared little for the game itself; and the stands were jammed from top to bottom. The awkward figure of the newcomer was singled out at once among the squad of players as they came into view through the gate.

"There he is! There he is!" cried the crowd; and when he came nearer they called his name and sent up a mighty cheer.

In the second inning he met the first ball thrown to him and sent it straight over the shortstop's head. Next time he picked almost exactly the same spot. On his third opportunity he leaned up against the ball with such force that it went sailing over the centerfielder to the fence at the foot of the bleachers; but his fellows had been doing badly and Chicago led by one run in the ninth. There were runners on second and third when Rudolph stepped up to the plate for his last performance of the day. The pitcher set out deliberately to give him a base on balls; and the crowd, seeing this, jeered:

"Where's your nerve!"

"'Fraid of him! 'Fraid of him!"

"Cold feet!"

"Put it over, you four-flusher!"

It is not likely that these taunts had any influence upon the southpaw from Chicago; but some strange feeling came over him an inability to control the movement of his muscles. The catcher was standing off to one side, to receive the ball that no batter could reach, when the pitcher suddenly lost all control. The bat flew forward to meet the ball and—a roar burst from the multitude as the third baseman made a futile stab into the air! Before the ball was back in the diamond again the two runners had come home. The game was over.

Amsterdam Avenue is not in close touch with the great affairs of the world, and Rudolph's own neighbors were still treating him as an ordinary person after the news of his deeds had been flashed to every corner of the continent; but Gretchen showed a newspaper containing his photograph to the wife of the cigar man on the ground floor, and the cigar man's wife showed it to her husband—and he showed it to everybody who came in. In the afternoon everybody who had ever known Rudolph climbed up four flights of steps to remind him of what good friends they used to be. Rudolph made them all welcome. Four bucketloads of beer were brought in before the afternoon was spent; the men smoked their pipes and the women chewed on pretzels and cheese. When night came the atmosphere had achieved a thickness that stirred every bosom to delight; but Schneider was not among the guests.

Bright and early Monday morning Jane Carew and Roy McGarrigle and half a dozen other Sunday supplement experts came to pay their respects. They drew pictures and they took photographs of Rudolph and Gretchen and Heinrich and Minna. And they asked questions—about Rudolph's ancestors, and his previous means of livelihood, and his reason for hiding his light all these years. Above all, how and where did he learn the batting end of the game? Rudolph shook his head and said nothing when they asked him this; but Gretchen was willing to tell.

"My husband neffer play—he learn it all out of reading," she informed them. "He study dis game—vot you say, baseball?—eight, six, ten years. He talk to us about it—yes and ve do not know vot he say alretty. But all dis time he vas learning to play goot."

The story-weavers looked at her and nodded solemnly as if they believed it all. They wondered that guile could lurk behind such an innocent exterior and they wondered still more what could be the motive for such deception. The most plausible theory was that the slugger was an escaped convict, whose crime could be refastened upon him if his former baseball career were recalled.

There was little time now for him to waste in chats with reporters, though. McGraw insisted that he learn fielding. Rudolph had to go up to the Polo Grounds every fair morning at ten o'clock and stay until half-past twelve, hard at work. Brawny attendants batted flies and grounders to him, while McGraw, or some of the Giants who were dragooned into the service, stood by and sought to train the new fielder's eyes and hands and legs to work together at the proper moment.

During these lessons the spell of Rudolph's batting power was not upon his fellow players and they were moved to disgust by his awkward efforts. He would tear up under a fly at full speed and let it pass a dozen feet or more behind him. A minute later he would retreat to where he thought the ball was bound—and it would fall far short. Often he would tumble ingloriously upon the turf, for no reason but that he tripped over his own legs. His instructors pleaded, and they gave practical demonstrations, and they cursed; and Rudolph took it all good-naturedly and kept on trying. On about the fourth day he got his hands upon a fly and clung to it like grim death. At this the two or three players who were standing by shouted with joy and clapped their hands furiously.

The queer thing about it was that the baseball public, after they once became convinced that Rudolph was hopeless in the field, took his failing as a huge joke. Perhaps they figured that by the law of compensation he had a right to murder every chance he got. Anyway, they loved him for his errors. When he started to navigate in the general direction of the ball they uttered "Ah's" of expectation; and when he committed the unpardonable sin—unpardonable in anybody else they howled with delight. And then, a week and a day after his first appearance, he smashed the tradition he had created by a double miracle—judging a fly properly and straightway catching it. This was the most monstrous joke yet. Ten thousand men jumped to their feet, waved their hats, yelled and hurled pet names at their idol.

By some strange quirk of their collective mind, the crowd adopted a distinctive form of rooting whenever Rudolph came to the bat. Composed of a million commonplace sallies, in the aggregate it was a singsong, dirgelike production, full of bitter irony in its expression of sympathy for the visiting team. Everybody on the stands condoled with the pitcher until the crack of bat against ball—and that was the signal for a shout of exultation.

Men and women who had never seen baseball before had their interest fired by the tales of the mysterious stranger and came to worship with the old hands who had nursed the game in its cradle. And the stranger never disappointed them. Sometimes it was a modest single; sometimes a two or three bagger; occasionally for Rudolph was learning to run—a homer. Never did one of his hits belong to the "scratch" variety. They were always solid, businesslike, decisive, uncompromising.

One of the yellow journals employed a detective of local fame to delve into Speckeldonner's past and trace his deeds and misdeeds back to the day of his birth. The sleuth started out by ransacking the rogues' gallery at police headquarters in the attempt to discover the Giant's image among the crooks' photographs. This yielding nothing, he set to work to make inquiries of the population in the neighborhood of Schneider's. There was not a missing link in the chain. Everybody seemed to know Rudolph; some of the older ones had known his parents when they lived in a little cottage, with a two-acre field around it, before the upper West Side had been evolved from the open country. There was not a period of three months in the young man's life that the detective could not lay his finger on; but if Rudolph had ever played baseball, except in the aimless, empty-lot fashion of city children, nobody had ever heard of it.

The lack of mystery in the past served only to deepen the mystery of the present. The newspaper printed the story of the rightfielder's life under the heavy-typed signature of the detective. The dates and the plentiful list of authorities—full names and addresses nailed absolutely all wild stories of a checkered career. The most fanciful yarn could not have brought greater surprise to the public. The very commonplaceness of the record made it a sensation.

Rudolph's lineaments became as familiar to the throng as those of the ex-President of the United States. He could not appear on the street without having men point their fingers at him and call his name to one another in awed whispers. But, so far as one could tell from appearances, these attentions failed to turn his head. He went his way with a seeming mighty indifference, smoking the same vile-smelling pipe that had kept him company in days of obscurity.

McGraw continued to smile knowingly and say nothing when the reporters plied

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him with questions until one of the players disobeyed orders and told the story of Rudolph's first conquest. Then the joke was on the manager. The newspapers printed a full account of the stranger's intrusion on the morning practice, dwelling cruelly upon McGraw's skepticism. Whoever told the secret did the job thoroughly, for no details were left out. The first scorn displayed by the "Polo Czar," the baiting of the unknown visitor, the discomfiture of Wiltse and finally the complete humiliation of the peerless Mathewson—all were bared to the irreverent public gaze. And the public chortled with glee.

At the beginning of the second week Rudolph began to show unmistakable improvement in the field. True, he rarely caught a fly, but he learned to judge it with a fair degree of success—to check the progress of the ball and get it started back toward the diamond. That was a considerable achievement for him. Strangely enough, grounders gave him the most trouble. He seemed unable to combat the vagaries of a bounce. If he put his legs together the ball was sure to pass to one side; if he didn't it passed between his legs. His solution of the difficulty was one that baseball followers had never seen before. He made the best guess he could as to where the ball would come in contact with the ground on one of its bounds, and then threw himself down on his side at full length. Thus he made a fence of his body. When the fence had performed its function Rudolph would get upon his feet again somehow, and make a throw to the infield.

Of course they tried to let him have as few chances as possible. By special order, the second baseman played very deep and the left and center fielders veered around toward right. If it was inevitable that Rudolph should handle a ball at least two players ran to him quickly, to make sure of a rapid recovery.

Visiting pitchers were almost driven mad by the monotony of the rightfielder's performances with the bat. They gave him drops and they gave him inshoots; they skimmed 'em just over the top of the plate and they shot 'em straight at the batter's head. They all received the same treatment. What utterly dumfounded the twirlers was that they could not present the slugger with a base on balls. They might put three balls quite out of reach, but something always happened to them when they tried the fourth. Often a pitcher came to the bench trembling from a feeling akin to terror after a futile effort to deliver a pass. The pride of Boston once broke down, blubbering, in the middle of an inning and had to be led from the box.

At the end of the first week McGraw paid Rudolph the sum of two hundred and sixty dollars. In the second week there were two rainy days and the rightfielder's check amounted to one hundred and sixty dollars. The manager was a business man first and a baseball player afterward; and he thought the arrival of the tail-end team in New York offered a good opportunity to save money. He felt sure of the Giants' ability to wallop this crew with the old make up. So on Monday Rudolph received a curt assignment to adorn the bench and look on; but McGraw had not reckoned with public opinion. From the very moment that New York took the field in the first inning the crowd kept shouting for their favorite.

"Speckeldonner! Speckeldonner!" they yelled. "Put him in! Put him in!" And they kept on yelling, with more and more violence. Rudolph sat on the bench and didn't move a muscle. McGraw is not reckoned as sensitive to the criticism of the vulgar herd, but this demonstration was too much for him. As the din grew in fury his nerve gave way. And in the third inning Rudolph trotted out to right field.

When Lajoie and Ty Cobb had visited New York, in days past, multitudes had gone to the American League Park to worship these marvelous stick-artists. And the town had mourned that their like was not in Gotham. But now their fame had melted away not only in the metropolis but wherever the railroad and the telegraph carried the news of the world. "Cobb! oh, yes," the traveling salesman from the East would say condescendingly, "you mean the fellow from Detroit? Yes; we used to think he was quite clever with his bat. I believe he still stands high up in the American League."

From a bad third in the middle of May the Giants climbed steadily up the percentage ladder. The presence of an unfailing

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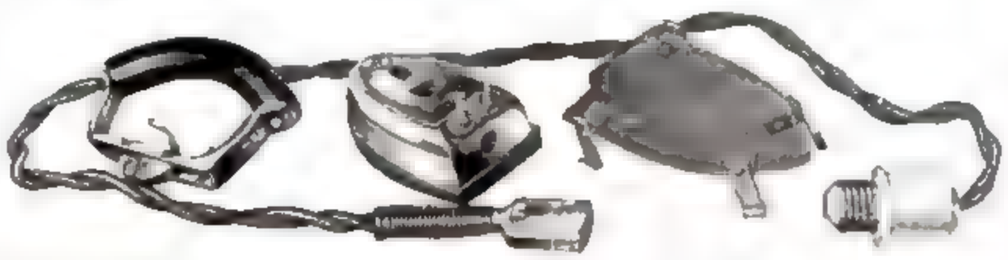

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slugger stung the other men to great efforts and the team developed such a hitting streak as the Polo Grounds had rarely seen. Of course none could hope to equal Rudolph's performance, but there was a lively strife to get a few small segments from the circle of glory.

It was one evening near the end of the month that Rudolph reached the very pinnacle of fame. The Speckeldonner family were just about to begin their dinner when a brass-buttoned messenger appeared with a package and a letter. The letter was from an official of the largest retail cigar company in the country—a wing of the Tobacco Trust—begging the recipient to accept the accompanying box as a testimonial of regard. Rudolph unwrapped the package and beheld an image of himself, in many colors, in the act of batting. Underneath was the black-and-gilt legend: "The Speckeldonner Cigar. Best Five-Cent Smoke on Earth."

A little later the same evening the slugger had an opportunity to present this box for inspection to a caller—one Fritz Schneider, an Amsterdam Avenue grocer. Schneider had come on business.

"Speckeldonner," he said, "I been t'inking you and me might make ein goot bargain. Vot you say you come to my store ef'ry day and——"

"I told you I qvit my yob ——" began Rudolph.

Schneider held up his hand protestingly. "I know—I know; but I mean dis: You come ef'ry morning, von hour tvelve to von, say it and I gif you a goot chair and you yust sit in front of der store, vere people see you—and don't do no vork at all yust sit dere! Vot you say?"

"Sort of puller-in you vant me for—eh?" asked Rudolph.

He was finally persuaded to accept the offer for a consideration of seven dollars a day. The hours of his morning practice were adjusted so that the new appointment could be filled.

As an advertising achievement Schneider's arrangement was a stroke of genius. He put up a sign informing the public that the greatest baseball player in the world would visit his former employer every day at noon. The first day the police reserves had to be called out to hold the throng in check; and photographs of the scene appeared in the public prints, with Schneider's name in full view. New customers came in shoals.

A team can't jump to the head of the league just because it is winning—for the teams ahead of it may be winning too. It was so at this time. Chicago and Pittsburgh were having their own way mostly with the cities lower in the list. The Giants dropped one or two games despite the hitting streak; but they crawled up three or four points at a time. Again and again their victories could be traced directly to a timely hit by the "man who never failed." And all New York knew that he would land the Giants on top soon.

After displaying himself under Schneider's awning for an hour one warm day, Rudolph walked into the store and behind the counter. Mohadji Khan had appeared unexpectedly before him a few minutes before and, without a word, had slipped a small fragment of a sheet of writing paper into his hand. On the piece of paper two or three words had been penned in a queer foreign hand, but quite legibly.

"Mister Schneider," said Rudolph, "der team goes avay Sunday, to stay six veeks."

"Go avay vere?" asked Schneider. "Vot for it leaf town?"

Rudolph explained that each city in the league had to have its home season and that the Giants could not be the hosts all the time.

"But I get tired of dis game," he added. "I t'ink maybe I don't go." Then, after a pause, he continued casually: "A manager ask me to go on der vaudeville stage; but Gretchen she say I might start a grocery store of my own, next block down here."

In an instant Schneider saw visions of his newly acquired patrons forsaking him if his former clerk should open a rival store near by. So the older man, thinking himself very adroit, persuaded Rudolph to consent to a partnership. They arranged to sign the papers that evening.

It was a glorious fourteenth day of June—this day. The sun shone lovingly on the Polo Grounds with a gentle warmth; and a breeze, ever so slight, blew over the close-clipped grass. Pittsburgh, still at the top and leading the Giants by four points, was to appear for the first time in many weeks; and New York was thirsting for the Pirates' blood. An hour too early the crowd began to pour in noisy, joyous, expectant.

Meantime, in the clubhouse, Rudolph Speckeldonner and John McGraw were engaged in a very private and very heated discussion. They sat in the manager's sacred office, with the door locked. McGraw, angry at what he had heard, blustered and threatened and cajoled in turn. Rudolph mostly kept silence; and whenever he did speak it was merely to repeat something he had said before. When the team went out on the field the two were still separated from the others; and the people on the stands recognized the familiar gestures of the manager as he conversed with the rightfielder.

The Pirates led off by accumulating three runs in the first inning. This put the home team in a bad hole and it seemed in no mood to pull itself out. The Pittsburgh infield made errors, but they cost nothing; the Giants made hits, but the hits came at the wrong time. Though Speckeldonner shone as never before, he could not do it all alone. He slashed out two two-baggers and a triple the first three times up but nobody was on base. And nobody could bring Rudolph in when he got there.

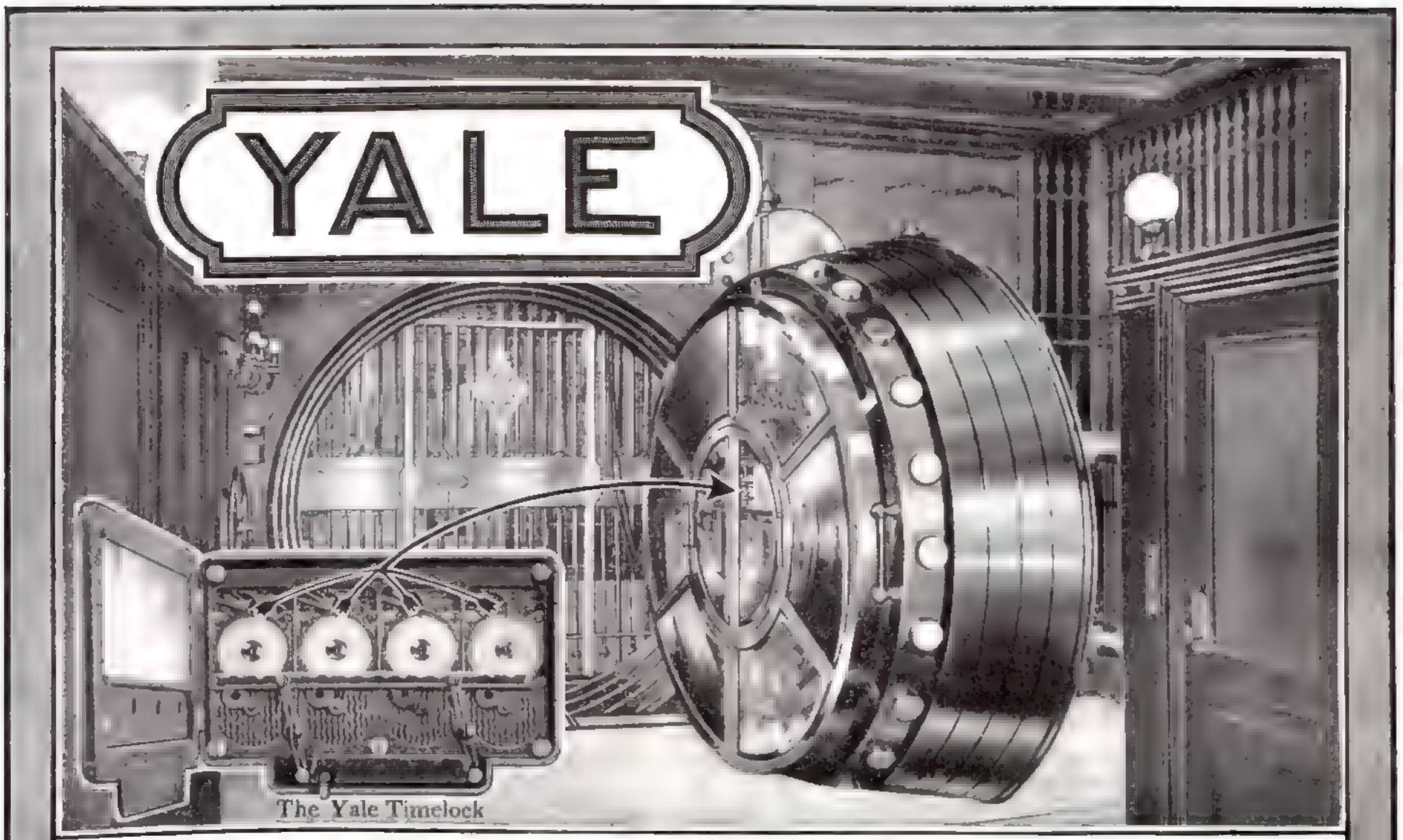
In the ninth the Pittsburgh twirler went up in the air. With two out and a man on first he delivered two free passes. There arose a mighty shout from the stands, for Rudolph Speckeldonner arose from the Giants' bench and walked to the plate. Usually he was the personification of indifference in his bearing; but now the crowd fancied they saw in him a real eagerness as he gripped his bat and swung it back on his shoulder. Whether the pitcher meant to do what he did whether it sprang from hopelessness, defiance or a state of hypnotism will never be known. What he did was to throw the first ball, without curve or kink, dead straight over the middle of the plate, three feet from the ground. Rudolph swung at it with all his strength. That ball, whose last triumphant flight put the Giants at the head of the league, has never been recovered. It was seen to sail over the center elder's head and into the fifty-cent bleachers—farther, it is said, than a ball had ever been knocked in the history of the game. As it fell in the cheap seats, it is probably treasured today as a holy relic in some section of town "where the other half lives."

The world of sports was shocked the next day by the announcement that Rudolph Speckeldonner had quit baseball. His contract, the newspapers said, permitted him to leave the team on twenty-four hours' notice and he had given the required notice to Manager McGraw just before the first game of the Pittsburgh series. If the rightfielder had made any explanation the manager had not seen fit to divulge it; so the public was left in the dark. One of the afternoon newspapers signified its distress by putting a mourning band of ink, one inch wide, around the four sides of the sporting page.

A little after dusk that evening the Speckeldonner family issued into the street. After walking a block or two they lined up in a row on the curb of Amsterdam Avenue, backs to the roadway. There they stood, with hands joined, Rudolph at one end, Gretchen at the other, Heinrich and Minna between. Behind them, over Central Park, hung the full moon; and its soft light caressed the gilt letters of a newly painted sign. It was toward this that the four, in silence, inclined their admiring eyes for on the sign were the words: Schneider & Speckeldonner, Fine Groceries.

Rudolph is a has-been now, but he is a has-been who retired at the height of his glory. And he is rich. For New York and every other place is crowded with folks who delight to rub elbows with the famous; and these lion-hunters come in flocks to buy from the man who made Hans Wagner look like a child at the game.

The Hindu cobbler still walks gravely up Amsterdam Avenue every two or three days to buy nine or eleven or seventeen cents' worth of vegetables. Rudolph wanted to reward him handsomely with money, but he would have none of it. Only under protest from the cobbler was a carpenter brought into the wooden block and made to stop the holes in the shanty. But Rudolph knew one form of gift that Mohadji Khan could not resist—and a dozen or so new mirrors, in fantastic shapes, now adorn the walls of the dim rear room.



The Yale Timelock

More than 75% of the great American treasure is guarded by Yale Timelocks

EVERY NIGHT, 30,000 Yale Timelocks take charge of the ponderous steel Vault and Safe doors in the banks of the United States.

All through each night—and over every Sunday and holiday—they tick away the seconds, proof against all human effort to draw the giant bolts they hold in their grasp.

At the appointed hour—and never a single second in advance—each Yale Timelock loosens its hold—permits the combination to be worked and the great doors are then free to swing open.

No instance is known where a safe or vault has been robbed through the failure of Yale protection.

In the works of The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., where are produced these wonderful Locks, we make the Yale Cylinder Locks, Night Latches and Padlocks, the accepted standard of lock excellence all over the world.

Millions of them are guarding, both by night and day, the incalculable wealth contained in the houses and buildings of every land.

No record is known where a Yale Cylinder Lock, Night Latch or Padlock has been picked by a thief.

Every kind of Cylinder Lock we make has the same unfaltering Yale Quality found in the thirty thousand Yale Timelocks that nightly tick away the seconds in the Banks of the United States.

No Product is a Yale Product unless it bears our Mark.

YALE, New York

9 Murray Street

Chicago, Boston, Washington, San Francisco, London, Paris, Hamburg

The Makers of Yale Products

Locks, Padlocks, Builders' Hardware, Door Checks and Chain Hoists.

Any Hardware Dealer can supply Yale Products. Let us send you—*free*—a little book that tells all about them.

What Racing Cars Taught

THE Speedway, the Road Race and the Endurance Run are the laboratories in which the strength of automobiles is shown.

A 300-mile race will disclose more weaknesses and show the need of mechanical efficiency more clearly than five years' use under ordinary conditions.

Most manufacturers use races and contests to obtain publicity for their cars.

Howard E. Coffin built some of the world's greatest speed and contest cars for much the same reason that the Government spends millions of dollars a year for powder and shot, that the gunners of the navy may learn to shoot.

His cars were to teach him to build better, stronger automobiles.

He learned in this way things that would have been impossible to learn in any other manner.

No other method would have demonstrated the need, for instance, of ten bolts instead of the usual five in the spokes of the front wheel.

The lighter construction had done very well, but in the terrible grind of a speedway, or in taking a sharp turn at high speed, it was found that front wheels frequently collapsed—often with horrible results.

Sometimes pleasure, as well as race cars, are sent at high speed [illegible]

Races demonstrated the need for newer tubing, fabrication. More than 60 per cent of all the better cars of American construction use the system of lubrication that Mr. Coffin created.

Putting a car up mountains and out canons, where the motor is driven at its maximum speed, while the car, because of the steepness of the grade, is sent along on low gear, will boil water and burn out the cylinders in which the cooling arrangement is not absolutely perfect.

Mr. Coffin learned in such contests things that would otherwise never have been known. He has recorded these experiences just as a skilled doctor keeps a case record, giving a history of the illness of each patient.

Is the Hudson "33" an Experiment?

You have probably been told that it is. But do you think a man of such skill and experience as that possessed by Howard E. Coffin could build an experiment?

Four famously successful cars!

He never built a failure. Each was a sensation and leader of its time. Each is a recognized standard car today.

They have been patterns for other makers. They set the standard for their time.

Think you that such a builder could produce an experiment?

More than a hundred years ago an astronomer predicted that at a certain minute of a certain hour of a certain day of a certain month of a year, some forty years later a comet would appear, visible to the naked eye at a definite point in the heavens. He was exact to the second as to the time.

He was ridiculed. He died years before the time for the appearance of the comet. His name was Halley. He never saw the comet which bears his name.

Science was the basis of that prediction, and not guesswork.

Science is what guides Howard E. Coffin in designing automobiles.

The rule of thumb is not in his method of work.

The races his cars were entered in, and in which they won records, many of which have not since been equaled, taught him many things. He knows from such knowledge just as the records enabled Halley to precisely name the minute when a comet which he had never seen, would appear.

Ask yourself again, then, could it be possible for a man of such experience to build a car that is an experiment?

Some may admit that there are many ideas in the Hudson "33" not found in other cars. They may even acknowledge that these ideas seem to be a distinct advancement in motor car building.

"But," they will counsel, "isn't it better to wait until a year's demonstration on the road has proven their value?"

Do you think that sound advice?

Let us look over the automobile history of the past few years.

Mr. Coffin brought out the *en bloc* cylinders—that is four cylinders cast as a unit—three years ago. In that motor he used a two-bearing crank shaft.

Competition said then it was "bad engineering."

"The cylinders," it was said, "could not be kept cool," and, "A two-bearing crank shaft," it was predicted, "would break under the lightest load."

The result forecasts the automobile history for the next two years.

[illegible] cylinders cast *en bloc* is the custom. In America it is a [illegible]

[illegible]

Other distinctive features of Mr. Coffin's previous cars could be given. The confirming answer of his advance engineering skill is found in the designs of many of the leading cars of America and Europe.

They have followed his lead.

Let Us Look Two Years Into the Future

This year marks another epoch in automobile designing.

It is a time of simplicity.

"Cars to be cheaper" and similar statements have been heard for some time.

Prices were actually reduced on many medium-priced cars when details of the Hudson "33" were announced.

Have you considered the cause for that?

Think you that manufacturers became philanthropically generous overnight?

In face of a rising market of materials and labor, do you think it possible to instantly install factory economies to warrant such price reductions of from 15% to 35%?

Does not this seem a more plausible reason:

The Hudson "33" changes the design of motor cars by reducing the number of parts required approximately 900.

It does away with the cumbersome, troublesome [illegible]

The Hudson "33" thus is lighter and cheaper to build by reason of the reduced number of parts required.

Simplicity, accessibility, and extra strength are gained also by eliminating much usual mechanical bric-a-brac.

The valves are enclosed in dust-proof, oil tight chambers. The system of using four and five cog wheels in the front of the motor, which are known as timing gears, has been changed by Mr. Coffin.

[illegible]

With the old design no maker has been able to make a permanent, [illegible] jingle and grind, and, if made of rawhide and fibre, soon wear out.

Mr. Coffin's design permits the use of steel, and still they are so arranged that they are practically noiseless. Design alone makes possible this great improvement.

Would tell many more things in the Hudson "33" that are in advance.

You can see many of them in the car.

The point we want to make is that the *real cause* for the reduction is due to the fact that makers recognize that a newer and better design has been produced, and therefore they must quickly dispose of present stock in order to build along the new lines.

Mr. Coffin's ideas will be found in the cars for 1912 and 1913. They will be common then.

The patent laws do not protect the designer in all details of motor car construction.

Others will be able to adopt a similar fan construction as that used by Mr. Coffin.

Others will have enclosed valves.

Others will simplify their designing.

Others will strengthen the frame, like that of the Hudson "33."

Others will build cars of better finish and style than was customary before the Hudson "33" was introduced.

These "others" realize that, and so prices on "old stock" had to come down to prepare for the making of a newer model, patterned, after the Hudson "33."

The Commercial Value of Happiness

[illegible] upon, [illegible]

The car is built in the newest, most modern automobile factory in the world.

[illegible] of the Hudson Motor Car Company [illegible] Mr. Coffin's associates for years. Some started when he started. The cars he designed, and which are known to practically every man who knows even the least thing about automobiles, they helped to build for him.

Such long association, such happy relationship, make the do-it-well organization.

It is contrary to the idea of [illegible] cars-at-any-cost plan of which we have heard so much.

This relationship of man and men is safety assurance to the passenger—low cost assurance to the owner. It means well chosen, thoroughly-tested materials; the best machine work the finest machinery will produce, and the thoughtful, painstaking attention of workmen who [illegible] their jobs because they do their work well.

There is a commercial value in such facts to the man who owns an automobile.

Inspect the car as carefully as your knowledge of automobiles and mechanics will permit.

But don't forget that your safest guide is the confidence, gained from [illegible] gain, that you have in the skill of the designer and the integrity of the builder.

Isn't the answer the Hudson "33"?

The "33" [illegible] in three models

Touring Car, $1,250
Pony Tonneau, $1,300
Torpedo, $1,350

Equipment includes three oil lamps, gas headlights, generator, tools etc. An extra equipment including Strathmore mohair top, Prest-O-Lite gas tank, Bosch duplex ignition system, with famous Bosch high tension magneto, for $150.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

6004 JEFFERSON AVE., DETROIT, MICH.

(28)

WESTERN WOMEN FARMING

(Concluded from Page 15)

time is of no particular moment, they fritter it away and waste their strength by working with hands and feet when their heads should be busy. Just a few days ago an Iowa woman wrote and wanted to know how I could stand the work of running eleven hundred acres. She said a hundred and sixty acres had proved too much for her—that she broke down after helping to pitch hay!"

With a look of deep distress Mrs. Sherman surveyed her ample form, encased in a gown of blue silk and soft, creamy lace.

"How much could I earn trying to pitch hay, milking the cows or running the gang-plow? Less than a dollar a day; and even with that low wage a common farm-hand could do the work better. Look at the hundreds of poultry women who consider themselves successful because they make a thousand dollars a year out of their hens, doing every stroke of work themselves, even to the cleaning of the chicken houses! They do not realize that poultry knowledge laboriously acquired is their capital their stock in trade which must be turned over as frequently as possible to return adequate interest. They do not realize that during all the time they are doing manual work, which could be done better by a day laborer, this capital lies idle and unproductive."

Mrs. Sherman began her farm operations in 1885, after twenty-five gay, carefree summers had passed over her head. For the ensuing quarter of a century the load of responsibilities she was carrying grew heavier every year; nevertheless her hands remained white and soft, wrinkles stayed away from her broad forehead and smooth cheeks, not one gray streak crept into the dark hair, and a girlish twinkle still sparkled in the laughing eyes. She had practiced what she preached and bent her thought rather than her back to the increasing burden, conserving her physical strength in order to keep her mental powers unimpaired.

Though the owner of the Minnewawa Ranch expounds the principles of scientific agriculture from the lecture platform and on demonstration trains, her farm is not an elaborate show place of architectural pretensions. The dairy barn is more serviceable than ornate; and upon the packing houses and other buildings not a nail, not a board, is placed unless the nail or the board has a practical purpose. Whenever theory and practice clash on the ranch, theory no matter how scientific and learned its sponsors goes into the compost pile.

Some years ago the viticultural experts of the state college of agriculture declared that winter spraying of the vineyards against mildew was unnecessary, futile and a needless expense. They proved their point by a carefully worked-out life history of the fungus that causes mildew. They showed that in winter the spores of this fungus are not on the vines and cannot, therefore, be killed by any fungicide that is sprayed over the vines. By the most eminent viticultural authorities the declaration that the fungus spore cannot be assassinated when it is not present during the killing process was indorsed strongly; but, despite the irrefutable logic of the argument, Mrs. Sherman calmly continued her winter spraying against mildew. Experience had taught her that winter spraying, even if it could not kill the absent spores, made life so miserable for them and subdued their activities to such an extent that she did not have to apply sulphur to the vines during the summer in light mildew years, when others who had omitted the winter treatment were forced to fight the fungus with sulphur; while in bad mildew years winter spraying greatly reduced the quantity of sulphur needed the following summer.

Two women, Miss Austin and Miss Hatch, were leaders among the pioneers who thirty years ago demonstrated that the great valley of the San Joaquin was ideally adapted to the culture of the muscat grape; and the efforts of these two teachers largely helped to establish the great industry which, from a comparatively small area, supplies nearly all the raisins consumed in the United States. Again, it was a woman, Mrs. Sherman, who laid the foundation for the constantly growing dairy industry of the San Joaquin Valley by dispelling the deep-rooted prejudice of the dairymen against alfalfa as food for milch cows by extracting an unnecessary and often imaginary taint from alfalfa butter.

Less than a decade ago Mrs. Vivian A. Mowat found herself alone in the world, with no source of revenue except an incumbered home and some life-insurance money, which she invested in a raisin vineyard of a hundred and sixty acres, upon which brooded a fullgrown mortgage incubus. Raisin lore was a closed book to her, but she opened it bravely and burned the early morning oil studying its contents until she had mastered every branch of the business of producing and packing. Then a disagreeable fact made itself felt. Despite the increasing yield of the vines the revenue shrank alarmingly when the price paid the growers by the packers diminished steadily. Some years it fell below the danger mark of three cents a pound, almost touched low ebb at two cents; nevertheless no grocery store, even in the producing districts, sold raisins for less than ten cents a pound, though sometimes three pounds were offered for a quarter. Mrs. Mowat could see no reason why a small part of the difference between three and ten cents should not be diverted from the middleman's to her own pocket. Instead of selling her crop to the packers she journeyed to Portland, Seattle and Tacoma, taking with her samples of her cluster raisins packed attractively in fancy boxes, displaying these samples before the buyers of department and large grocery stores. The prices quoted pleased the buyers; they also pleased Mrs. Mowat. Both being well satisfied, the trade was continued. Mrs. Mowat has extended her selling field to Eastern cities and her vineyard has increased in size to nearly four hundred profitable acres.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on Western farming by Walter V. Woehlke. The second will appear in an early number.

The Shift Boss

He's generally Irish or a canny "Cousin Jack,"
With a fist that's made of iron and a broad and bulging back;
And his speech is full of curses, which he doesn't often use
In talking to his Irish or his English-speaking crews.
You can cuss a Bohunk miner and he'll take it slow and quiet;
But you try it on a white man—and precipitate a riot.
So the boss is pretty careful in a rough and ready way,
For he isn't hired for trouble, but to
Make
Her
Pay!

He's been a common mucker and a miner and the rest
He's tried 'em all in sequence, from the worst job to the best;
And he may be mean and ugly, with a temper that is vile,
But you bet he knows his business in a pretty proper style.
And when some cheerful liar tries to hand a bunch to him
He gets the sudden kibosh in a manner that is grim.
It's what you do that gets him—not the pretty words you say;
For this social conversation never
Made
Her
Pay!

He's a harsh and husky ruler and his kingdom is a shift;
And he tries to keep 'em moving at a rate that's very swift.
He is hired to get the copper—and he gets it, you can swear,
If he's got the men to dig it and the rock is only there.
His everlasting holler is for "Rock!" to fill the chute;
And, no matter how you're sweating, you can never please the brute;
But he gets it; yes, he gets it and his little six a day
And the shift boss surely earns it when he
Makes
Her
Pay!

—Berton Braley

A Writer Has Recently Said That the American Woman is a Waster

Millions and Millions of Cans of

JAP-A-LAC

Made in
18 colors and natural (clear)—
Renews everything from cellar to garret

Sold every year to the Housewives of America is indisputable proof that this is not true

Jap-a-lac is a money saver—it is first aid to an injured income—the Jack-of-all-Trades among varnishes and stains—a stain, a varnish and an enamel all in one.

Jap-a-lac doubles the life of woodwork, restores varnished and painted floors to their original beauty, and brings a second youth to shabby furniture.

It enables a woman to rent an old fashioned house at a moderate sum, and with a little industry, and at a cost so insignificant that it does not affect any purse, make it as spick and span and up-to-date as a home which rents for several hundred dollars more per year.

You can change a tin or zinc bath tub into a white enameled tub, and take an old fashioned bath room and make it sanitary, spick and span and new. You can either varnish your chairs and tables or make a dingy, scarred refrigerator look as well as the day you bought it. You can enamel your pantry shelves with Jap-a-lac and have them sweet, clean, attractive and vermin-proof.

If you have a lot of old fashioned furniture, a can of Jap-a-lac will modernize it. With Flemish or Black Jap-a-lac an unattractive library can be altered into a charming, cozy room. Your husband and you can do the work in one night.

Let us send you a book to tell you all about Jap-a-lac. It has no *equal*—it has no *substitute*—it costs *little* and does *much*. *For sale everywhere.*

There is no substitute. Jap-a-lac is a trademark. Be sure you ask for Jap-a-lac. To be certain that you get Jap-a-lac, look for the name "Glidden" as well. Every dealer everywhere sells it.

All Sizes, 20c. to $3.00

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY

Cleveland, Ohio Branches **Toronto, Ont.**
New York Chicago

Hawes, von Gal HATS

Style — Smartness — With the Wear Guaranteed

von Gal Hats are recognized Style Standards. The hat-making world admits their leadership. They really *set the mode* in hats each season. Not in extremes beyond the limit of good taste. But in distinctiveness—and *smartness*.

Of the *quality* of *von Gal Hats* there can be no question. The guarantee behind every hat we make is *absolute*.

Every dealer in these hats is authorized by us to guarantee that *von Gal Hats* are not affected by climatic or weather conditions. Every dealer is also authorized to guarantee *your satisfaction*—or your money refunded. And we stand back of each guarantee.

See these hats of distinction at your local dealer's. Prices $3, $4 and $5. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for our new Spring and Summer Style Book "E" and we will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3 Hat

Factories:
Danbury, Connecticut
Niagara Falls,
Ontario, Canada

Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED
1178 Broadway, New York

Wholesale
Offices:
New York
Chicago—Boston

TO have a good head of hair in old age is the reward of beginning early and caring properly for the scalp all through life. Many a lost head of hair could have been saved by systematic shampooing with

Packer's Tar Soap

(Pure as the Pines)

What of *your* hair? Is it falling? Have you dandruff? Begin now to shampoo systematically with Packer's Tar Soap. It exerts on your scalp the restorative effect of pure pine tar in combination with other ingredients adapted to the needs of the scalp. Used by the medical profession for nearly forty years.

Send for booklet of practical information, "The Cure for the Hair and Scalp." Write to-day—a postal will do.

The Packer Mfg. Co., Suite 86C, 81 Fulton St., New York

THE BLUE ENVELOPE

(Continued from Page 22)

not ready to put myself in the class of doing ordinary laboring work for others.

It seems to me that a man owes it to himself, to his wife, and to his children if he has given himself that delightful but expensive indulgence, to retain what our wise forefathers called "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind." The opinion of mankind is that a man may rise from a lower level to a higher and be none the worse for his previous modest condition, but that he may not sink to a lower without distinct loss of consideration, and we did not wish to sacrifice consideration, for with it would be sacrificed the chance of consorting with people of our own tastes.

There was another thing. In the house or in our garden we were not only ready to work and to work hard, but we were ready to put on old clothes to save our better ones. Country life is very hard on clothes and shoes if one does any work about the place himself. I did not in the least care if a neighbor saw me working in an old coat, but on all occasions when we were to meet people as callers, or go out on the high-road, even if merely to the post-office, we were both of us determined to be properly dressed. Although we were ready to economize, and did at times almost fiercely economize, we never let ourselves fall into careless table ways. It is in such things that one keeps up his self-respect. To lower oneself in one's own eyes is but preparatory to lowering oneself in the eyes of others.

There was no effort at pretense. We tried to live in an ordinary way and merely did not talk of our affairs. The village was informed, through the medium of the woman who did our washing, that we were "all right"; her test—a test which she had long since succeeded in impressing upon the entire countryside—being that of pillowcases. If unmarked, the owner might or might not be rich, but was certainly of no particular account. If marked with "Indiarink," as she called it, the wife could be a good housekeeper, but that was about all that could be said. But if embroidered with a monogram the owner was "all right"—and here again the judgment was quite regardless of wealth.

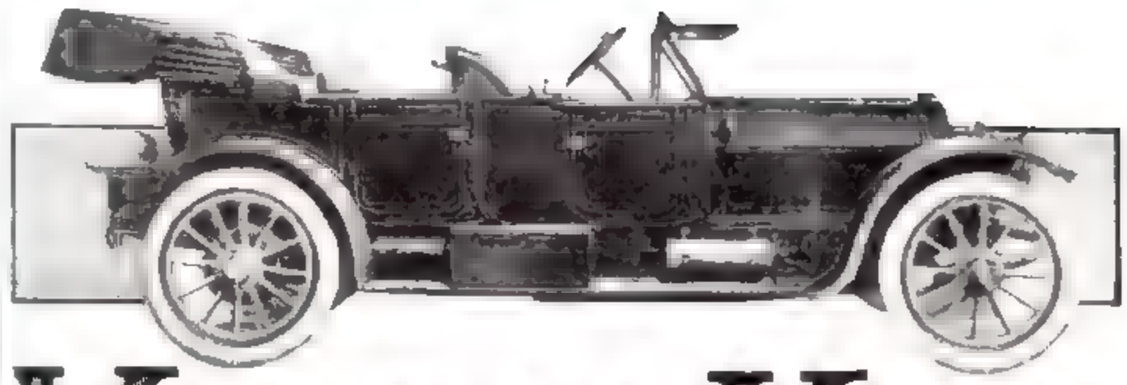
As a matter of fact, and a pleasant fact, the standards of the countryside had nothing to do with wealth. Ancestry meant a good deal, but even so there was ancestry and ancestry. There were people who traced their genealogy back to Revolutionary officers and lawmakers; there were people who traced back to private soldiers in the Revolutionary ranks; and between the two classes there was just as great a gulf fixed socially as existed when their ancestors fought under the American George against the English one.

In our own case I came to understand long afterward that the people, from the first, decided that we had very little actual wealth; and this from the fact, as we ought to have understood at the time, that we moved out from the city in midwinter.

That my wife and I did not talk of our affairs, that we did not ask for credit at the store, that we did not poke into the business of other people—these things made us the subject of tantalized curiosity. So far as I remember, I did not even mention that I had been a newspaper man, and likely enough my neighbors do not know it even yet, which makes me feel a little more sure of my anonymity in writing all this. It was not that I was in the slightest degree ashamed, but merely that it seemed unnecessary to talk about my own concerns; and so the village merely gathered that, whatever had been my occupation in the city, I had given it up to come out here and live. There was nothing mysterious to them about my reticence; it was merely and mildly tantalizing. Besides, there was the saving grace of the monogram!

Hadley, between whom and myself there was from the first a mutual liking, found his liking confirmed by the fact that, as he expressed it to the postmaster, who told it to the village parliament, through one of whose members it finally made its way to me, I was the only man in town, except himself, who did not take people into his confidence about his affairs.

Answers came from two of the fence men within a few days. One curtly said that his company was already represented in that neighborhood. The other man, though



KISSELKAR

EVERY INCH A CAR

KisselKar quality needs no explanation—the quality is **there,** and this is a fact known wherever automobiles are known. Every essential and detail contributory to the greatest comfort, ability or distinction of a motor car is embraced in the KisselKar.

The same grace in design and scrupulous regard for the niceties of finish and appointments that make the seven passenger 6 cyl. 60 H. P. $2500 model conspicuously upper class, is also found in the five passenger cars, 4 cyl. 30 H. P., $1500, and 50 H. P., $2000.

The refinement of mechanical detail is uniform throughout the entire Kissel line, accounting for the silence, glide-like riding qualities, low up-keep and reputation of the KisselKar among the more discriminating buyers.

KisselKar 3 Ton Truck

with the patented double wheel drive. Is more dependable than average trucks and has no competition to be more economical of gas...

Demonstration in principal centers of the United States can be arranged by most reliable dealers or at our own branches. Write for large illustrated portfolio.

Kissel Motor Car Co.
160 Kissel Avenue
Hartford, Wis.

50 H. P., $3500

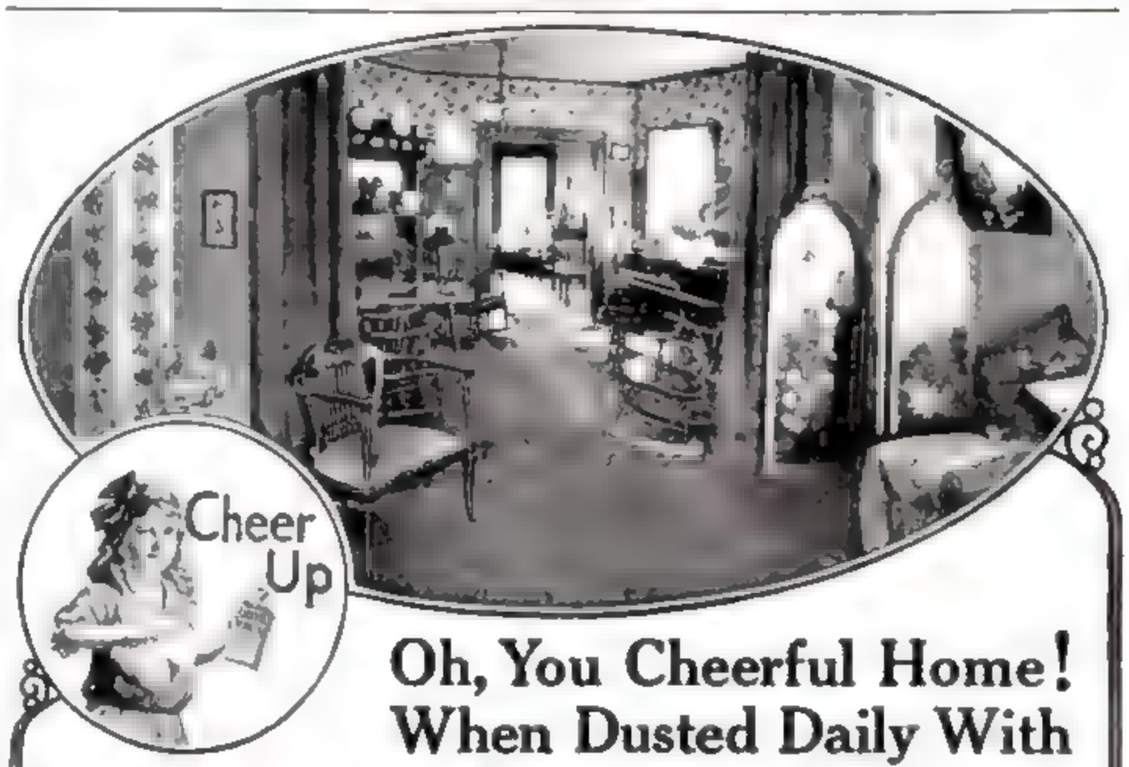
La France SHOE for WOMEN

Know BOTH the *Dealer and the Shoe

You have a right to know the shoe you buy as well as the dealer from whom you buy. Then you can go back and say: "I want another pair of La France, if you please." Very simple and very satisfactory.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & CO.
377 Washington Street Lynn, Mass.

*We receive thousands of inquiries each year to La France dealers. If there is no La France agency in your town, ask the Dealer, and you suspect as to the shoes, write us.



Oh, You Cheerful Home! When Dusted Daily With

LIQUID VENEER

See this illustration. From the front hall to the kitchen door, and in every room upstairs there's a big daily use for LIQUID VENEER. There are a hundred-and-one things about the house that can be made to look like new when LIQUID VENEER is applied with an ordinary cheesecloth duster in the daily dusting.

It is simply wonderful how LIQUID VENEER instantly removes all marks and discolorations, at the same time bringing out the original beauty of everything to which it is applied. There is no surface too fine or too costly and no article too cheap to be beautified through its use.

Trial Bottle Free

LIQUID VENEER is used in millions of homes *all over the world* for its labor-saving, dirt-removing and great beautifying qualities. To prove that it will do the same effective work in your home, we will send you a sample bottle free. We will simply ask you to tell us the name of your dealer and state whether you have tried LIQUID VENEER or not. If you have tried LIQUID VENEER you will kindly state whether it has done all we claim for it. If you have not tried LIQUID VENEER write us why you have not, and tell us whether your home is entirely free from dirt.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
67 Liquid Veneer Bldg. BUFFALO, N. Y.

COUPON

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
67 Liquid Veneer Bldg.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me free and postpaid sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER.

NAME

STREET & NO.

CITY & STATE

Collar News

If you have collar troubles, write us; we have had 45 years experience and may be able to advise you. Send for booklet showing these and other styles.

Quality

Unless a collar is stamped Linen you may be sure it is not. Linen costs more than any other collar material, wears much longer, looks better and if it was used you may be sure the collar maker would always so stamp them.

Barker Brand Linen Collars

are sun bleached Irish Linen and are stamped Warranted Linen. They last longer—launder better and fit more comfortably.

Look for this trade mark when you buy. It is your guide to linen collars.

Price

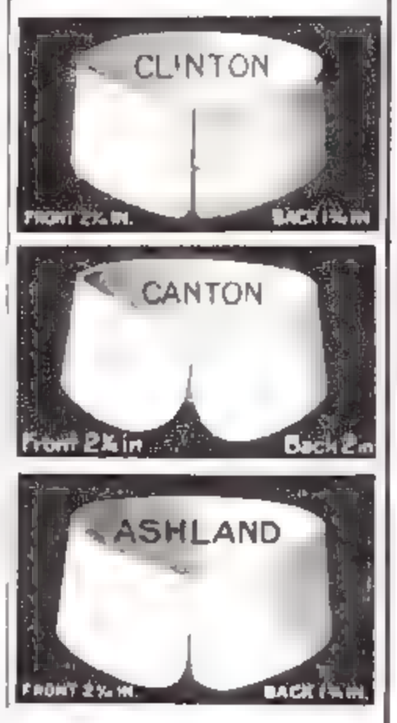
2 for 25c is the standard price for collars. That's what you pay for Barker Brand Linen Collars, but they really only cost half as much as others because they wear twice as long.

Made in ¼, ½, ¾ sizes and over 100 styles to choose from. Some of the latest styles are shown here.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Barker Brand Linen Collars, send us $1.00 and we will send you o postpaid.

Style

Most collar makers confine their talk to *style*. Barker Brand Linen Collars talk *quality* and show style. Here are three new popular styles.



WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

intimating that this was similarly the case with him, did not quite say so, but went out of his way to more than hint that in selecting agents the company must always be sure it was not taking men who had turned to this work because of having failed at something else. This was basically so right, from the company's standpoint, that I could not feel either anger or resentment. The third man did not answer at all.

I felt that I still had a chance with the second and at once wrote again, explaining in regard to myself more fully than in my first letter. I was a man of city training and experience who had come to the country to live that, I knew, could cause no surprise in these modern days of increased country living—and my experience had accustomed me to meet all sorts and conditions of men, which ought surely to be a qualification for saleswork. And, after all, should they wish me to become their agent, there would be no money coming to me except as commission on sales actually made.

Even then the matter hung fire for a while and there was more correspondence before it was settled; but within two months I was their accredited agent, at fifteen per cent commission, and had in my possession samples of fence material, full instructions as to how to construct the fences, and so on. I was able to secure a workable quantity of fencing knowledge with a day or two of close application and study; it was far from a comprehensive knowledge, but it was enough to let me talk with fair understanding of prices and sizes, of heights and mesh and weight, of freight rates, of construction. It was just enough to let me begin.

I soon learned to expect a lot of unexpected questions, but it was all a matter of keeping cool and meeting them. Among the puzzles there was the eternal and surprising one that an acre is not always the same so far as fencing is concerned—that is to say, an acre or ten acres in one shape does not take the same amount of fencing as an acre or ten acres in other shapes. And there were other discoveries equally puzzling.

A general shortage of money in the countryside was a primary condition and seemed to be the principal reason for not putting up even needed fencing. A general shortage of money among men who were in a position to sell food to millions! I have not even yet come to a full understanding of the economic side of all this, but I am sure that it is a condition so needless as to be positively grotesque. There must be fine financial possibilities in dairy and vegetable farming in the vicinity of great cities; it needs only the combination of farming knowledge with somewhat of business skill.

Lack of money was not the only reason for not putting up fences, even where badly needed. I was a little surprised by the refusal of a well-to-do farmer to buy, for there were bad sections in his fencing near the railroad track; but a sardonic neighbor pointed out that worthless stock, permitted to break through and wander in front of a fast express, is likely to be paid for by a railroad at anything but a worthless price. Another man told me that he might have bought if his wife had lived, for she had constantly been urging him toward better fencing. "She was my sixth," he said gloomily. "She was a great hand to work; could dig almost as well as a man! But I don't more'n get a woman fair bruk in than she ups and dies. I do have the darnedest luck with women!"

My first sale was to an Italian truck farmer; and I sold him a little bill of fifteen dollars, from which I had for myself the princely remuneration of two dollars and twenty-five cents when the entire deal was completed. Still, I felt proud, absurdly proud, small though the sum was and far as it was from representing my actual outlay in expenses up to that time; for it was my first sale and showed me that I could do it. In this case I went out and showed the man how to build the fence, staying right with him until it was done and explaining how to make firm the corner posts and gateposts with braces of wood and of wire, and how to twist the bracing wires into a hard cable, under good tension. I wanted my first job to make a perfect showing and I also wanted the personal experience of the work.

Although two dollars and twenty-five cents was so small an amount by my old-time standards, it showed me how my standard of money had changed; for the value of money, after all, is not its amount but what it will buy. Whereas two dollars and twenty-five cents would barely have paid for a single day of my city rent, it would pay my rent here for more than a week.

It was a region of stone walls for farm fencing, the amount of rail or wire fencing being comparatively small. Many of the walls were crumbling and falling, and there were no longer men left who could build or even rebuild. The labor represented by those walls, which had been built when the land was cleared of the stone that made them, must have been enormous. Although it was hard to convince the owners of the advantages of wire fencing, I at least saw one opportunity -that of gates, to take the place of clumsy bars, and soon sold quite a number.

Better than this, an idea came to me that I was able later to make of value to me; in fact, there were really two ideas and both were for the utilization of these tumbling-down walls.

The first idea was that, as soon as good macadam road building should begin hereabout, with the general growth and development that I was anticipating, I could buy many of these stone walls at a bargain. The owners would be glad to trade and pay some money for new wire fencing in place of these decrepit old walls, not only because the stone walls were in bad shape and did not always run where they were wanted for modern needs, but also because they were much too broad and took up altogether too much ground space; for the country had originally been so full of stone that the walls were not only walls but long lines of gathered stone, built wide. After getting the stone and selling wire fencing I hoped I could turn around and sell the stone to road contractors for macadamizing.

The second idea was somewhat similar. It was to sell the picturesquely weathered stone from the walls, as the country should grow up, to house builders, who would need just that kind of stone for foundations and likely enough for entire houses.

However, both of these ideas were for the future alone. For the present I could only make direct sales, and every fence that was put up I looked upon both as a demonstration and as an advertisement. During the first year I made a total of only sixty-three dollars and fifty cents in fence commissions; but the second year I made one hundred and forty dollars.

For these sums I worked very hard. I spared no pains to master the various problems. I made myself able to show a man how he would profit by dividing a field into fenced parts, letting one entire section grow undisturbed while another was grazed. I also looked up neglected fields that for want of fencing had been allowed to lapse into waste and become covered with weeds and blackberry briers. Now and then I obtained quite an order from some estate manager or absentee owner to care for such fields; and from my profits, small as the total was, I had to deduct the time and expense of some trips to the city.

The agricultural department of the state was then going through a period of special activity and was sending out lecturers to deliver free talks on various agricultural subjects at such points as made application. I saw to it that an application sufficiently warm went from our town; and when the experts came their talks were well attended by the progressive-minded for miles around and I was thus put in touch with many a large landowner. As the agricultural lecturers advocated everything fenced, from chicken runs to cow pastures, my own interests were also thus furthered.

I found, however, that I could not live by fencing alone; it could only be by fencing combined with something else—but in setting down this summary of two years' fence work I am getting a long distance ahead of my general story and must go back to the early days.

VI

ONE thing I tried to do, shortly after I began my first efforts at fence selling, was the handling of laborers and job-men. I knew they were wanted and set myself to find out who wanted them and when, and then to have them on hand I to have the margin between what was paid to me and what the men were to be paid. I got in touch with some Italians who were making a settlement at a point some miles away and also arranged with two or three Americans; but, somehow, I only lost time and some money by it and gave it up; for,

COLGATE'S
SHAVING LATHER

MADE BY THREE METHODS GIVES ONE RESULT

MERELY A MATTER OF CHOICE WHICH YOU USE

Stick, Powder, Cream

Whatever the method, the *lather* is the same—softening, soothing, sanitary.

Always best in its lasting abundance, best in its antiseptic qualities and best in its delightfully skin-refreshing effect.

Do not ill-treat your face and handicap your razor by using an inferior lather.

Colgate's is the only lather that can be made by three methods with but one unvarying quality.

Trial size of any for 4 cents

COLGATE & CO.
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199 Fulton St.
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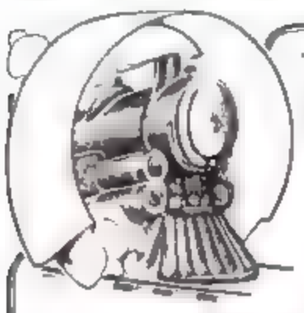


The Smoke and Dust of Travel Won't Soil

Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars

They are permanently clean and the most satisfactory and practical collars that you can possibly wear. They will save you $16.00 a year in laundry bills. Launder them yourself any time, any place, with a damp cloth.

Collars 25c each Cuffs 50c a pair

The Fiberloid Co., 7 & 9 Waverly Place, New York

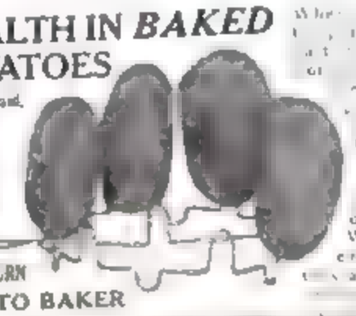
LITHOLIN

HEALTH IN *BAKED* POTATOES

Sent postpaid.

15c

Dealers Supplied



The No-BURN POTATO BAKER

provides the only way for baking potatoes perfectly. It never lets you off all trouble. It holds the [illegible]

YERAD CO., 501 Cortlandt Bldg., New York Agents Wanted

though my men were bespoken for every sunny day and every day when the ground was dry, no one wanted them on rainy days and few immediately after a rain, when the gardens were heavy.

Perhaps at that time I was deficient in business skill and management; perhaps it requires a man who would work along with the laborers as foreman and would be sharp and even savage in driving them, as I have seen padrones manage gangs of Italians. At any rate, there are possibilities in it; it is undoubtedly one of the ways of earning money in the country.

I think the dismaying thing in my new life was the stoppage of the usual weekly pay-envelope. Nothing can be stranger to a man who all his life has been accustomed to a pay day than the stoppage of it. Irregularity in amount is quite another matter; it is the total doing without it that counts. Fortunately it was an additional way to make me realize that I was at length working for myself.

Another thing that may seem odd was that on my infrequent visits to the city I did not look up old friends or even go to familiar restaurants. I had nothing to be ashamed of; but I had not as yet succeeded in my new life and therefore did not wish to talk about it with any one. Under such circumstances a man becomes so sensitive that he wants to get into a hole and draw the hole in after him.

That we could not see far into the future was from the very first the saving grace of it all. Had we been able to see and realize the actual heartbreaking difficulties, we should neither of us have had the courage to face them; but, as it was, we went on with cheerful bravery, meeting problems as they arose and keeping our minds and hands occupied. "Foolhardy!" Of course—but what would the world be without successful foolhardiness!

Beginning in winter, as we did, caused us to appreciate practically that there is very much more in country life than the growing of vegetables and chickens. But, of course, that side of our life was to be highly important; and even while that first bitter weather was continuing we began to prepare for our campaign along those lines.

We had everything to learn. As to chickens, we studied a good chicken manual and followed what it taught. In every necessary addition, my wife acquired working knowledge from an old village woman who sold eggs. It was she who warned us of rats and weasels and cats; who taught my wife to pip the beaks of all the little newly hatched chicks; to put broods together under obliging hens after nightfall, and to diagnose the color of the hen's combs and say whether they were laying or not. Good fortune made us decide on brahmas for a breed; the first three, acquired before the blizzard, were of that kind and it seemed best to have our yard all alike. We started with fifteen hens and two roosters, and at once began to have excellent results in eggs, even though it was wintertime; and with the coming of spring there were little broods of chickens. We learned later, however, that breed is not everything.

In every direction there were things to learn. I remember, on one of the early days, when going out to look over the patch of raspberry and currant bushes, that a neighbor happened to wade out through the diminishing snow toward me, and I silently marveled at what seemed his almost superhuman knowledge in knowing the old canes that needed cutting out from the new ones that must remain; for in that season all stalks looked alike to me. After a while I came to marvel that there could be anybody who did not know such simple things!

Neighbors, by the way, often stopped and commented, leaning over the fence or walking out into field or orchard, and I think on the whole it was from curiosity rather more than helpfulness; but I did not resent it, for I was thus able to find out a good deal without seeming to be doing so.

The fourteen apple trees, rather old ones, that formed the orchard, were in need of trimming; that was evident even to untrained eyes; and I learned, mainly from a book, the principles of the art of tree trimming, aided as usual by local volunteer information.

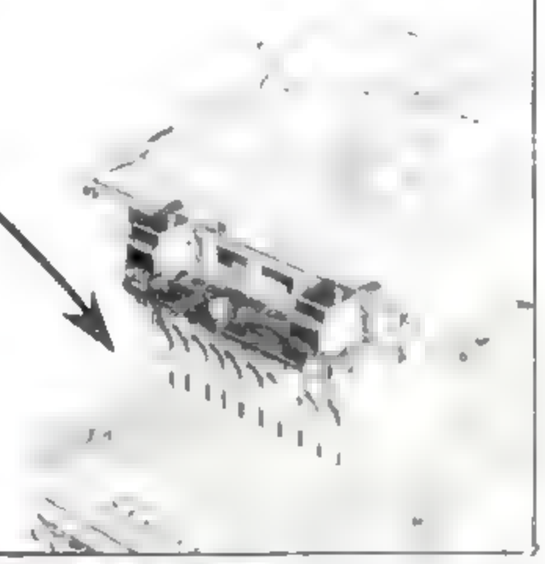
I learned, too, the delights of fagoting; something almost unknown to American farmers, common though it is in Europe. Fagoting gave me a great deal of fuel both for the kitchen and for the evening fires on the hearth, and at the same time it increased the good looks of the orchard and the place.

Absolutely The Latest typewriter improvement is the new *Key-Set Tabulator* of the Model 11 Visible

Remington

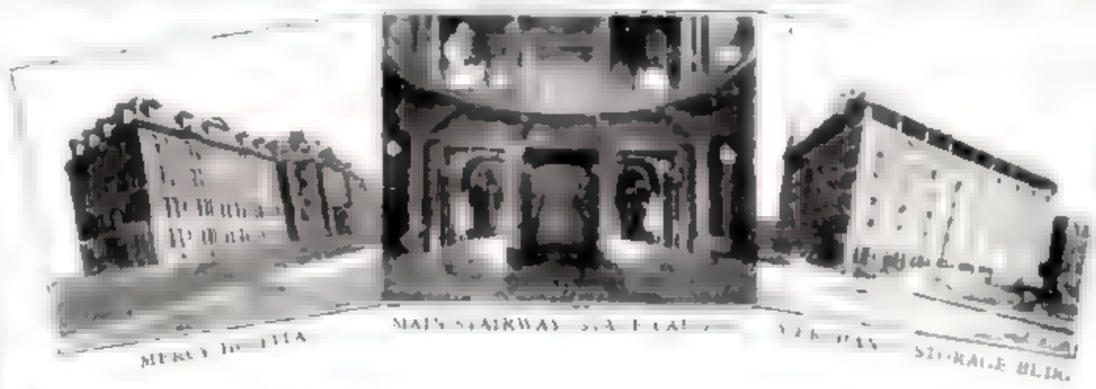
It sets the tabulator stops *instantly* for any kind of billing, form or tabular work. This is absolutely the latest and greatest of all recent labor-saving improvements in the billing typewriter.

Here is the key which sets every tabulator stop.



Absolutely satisfactory service is guaranteed to every purchaser of the Remington.

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere



Begin Business in Des Moines

WHEREVER you are, you know Des Moines—wherever you go, you hear of Des Moines—whatever you read, you see something about Des Moines.

Des Moines is the city of well-to-do people It is the City of Certainties It is *the* city for the young man. The biggest businesses in Des Moines are owned by young men who began their business careers within the past twenty years. Prosperity here is not only a habit, but a natural condition.

Des Moines—The City of Certainties

is the center of the State of Iowa, the richest state in the Union—the heart of the region of continuous prosperity the distributing point of the panicless part of the country—the center of nearly 30,000,000 acres of improved farms—the trade center for 2,250,000 people with money.

To-day Des Moines does not supply more than one-third the demands of its trade territory.

Begin business—move your factory—establish a branch here. Study Des Moines. It is not "booming," it is growing normally

The Greater Des Moines Committee will give you personal attention and prompt personal service. Ask us for "WEALTH" and other information about Des Moines, or tell us what you want to do and we will write you fully. Use the certainty coupon below, or write us to day.

CERTAINTY COUPON
Greater Des Moines Committee
103 Coliseum Building, Des Moines, Iowa
Send me "WEALTH" and the Des Moines Certainty Book.
My business is _____
Name _____
Address _____

THE GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
103 Coliseum Building Des Moines, Iowa

A MEDIÆVAL CONDITION

Telephone Service—Universal or Limited?

TELEPHONE users make more local than long distance calls, yet to each user comes the vital demand for distant communication.

No individual can escape this necessity. It comes to all and cannot be foreseen.

No community can afford to surround itself with a sound-proof Chinese Wall and risk telephone isolation.

No American State would be willing to make its boundary line an impenetrable barrier, to prevent telephone communication with the world outside.

Each telephone subscriber, each community, each State demands to be the center of a talking circle which shall be large enough to include all possible needs of intercommunication.

In response to this universal demand the Bell Telephone System is clearing the way for universal service.

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

A handy thing to have about the house
Did you ever try to saw a piece of tough wood and think you'd struck iron? If you'd used a
Simonds Saw
it would have made that wood seem like soft pine. That's because the peculiarly hard, tough, Simonds steel holds a sharp, quick-cutting edge for years with ordinary household use. It doesn't pay to struggle with a cheap saw. Pay a little more and get a Simonds. Every saw guaranteed. At your dealer's.
Write us for "Guide Book for Carpenters"—FREE—and learn how to sharpen and care for a saw.
SIMONDS MFG. CO., Fitchburg, Mass.
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Story-Writing and JOURNALISM taught by mail. MSS. revised and sold on commission. Send for free booklet, "*Writing for Profit*", tells how, gives proof.
The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin Indianapolis

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. **$1.00**
Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

All this was excellent cold-weather work; and having perforce a good deal of time I set about pruning and trimming other trees besides those of the orchard.

How to tell good branches from bad when there were no leaves on the trees, by the sound, when struck lightly with a club, was another of the marvels that soon ceased to be a marvel. I learned, also, the fact that an apple-tree branch growing directly upward would never give fruit and should therefore be cut off.

Early one evening I went over to see Lem Hadley. Walking to the back door of his house—he never used the front—I noticed as I passed the window that he was asleep in his chair, the picture of weariness. I would have gone away, but he suddenly awoke and opened the door to welcome me.

"Come in," he said; and then, surveying an attempted supper, he added ruefully: "Water's boiled away—potatoes burned up—fire's out—and I'm tired and hungry."

I had him go back and take supper with us—we were having it somewhat later than usual that day—and then he unbosomed himself of some of his business troubles—more than he had ever done before.

"Trouble is, my men want to swap yarns and exchange guffaws at the barn door, and watch a cloud to see if it is going to rain. I need to have more time to stay right with them. If you hadn't come along and taken some of my work I'd have gone West—was planning it. I like to go to the county-seat and do jury duty once a year, because I hear other men's troubles instead of my own—yes; I'm on the list every year; it's all chance, you know, but just the same some men get it right along and others never do. And it makes a sort of vacation for me. Now, see here; can't you do more with me—not only letter-writing and so on but actual making up of estimates? I can tell you prices and all that. If you can I'll do more for you. You can have the use of a horse any time you want to drive around the country."

Nothing could have been more welcome to me than this proposal, for it eased matters greatly for me. A horse and runabout were precisely what I most needed. A man cannot do business in the country if he walks. It is practically impossible for the farmer to consider of importance the man who goes about the country on foot. In a general way, it was arranged that one hour of my work was to be offset by an hour of his horse or half an hour of one of his men and a team. It worked out admirably, for we both tried to be fair and we knew we could help each other.

All this—it is worth while repeating it, for it is vital—more and more showed me practically what I had early seen theoretically, that it is not the actual amount of income that counts. With the lessening of things to pay for there was a lessening of need for money.

I laid out the plot for the vegetable garden as soon as the snow melted, which was toward the end of February. The ground formerly used for the purpose seemed excellent and I found it to be really so, it being a rich sandy loam.

I saw theoretically that the smaller the garden the less would be the work in plowing, digging, planting, weeding, cultivating, hoeing; but before deciding on the exact amount of ground I carefully consulted the books and then laid out a space fifty feet by seventy-five. Besides this there was to be a space for field corn for the chickens and another for winter potatoes; but with the exception of these two rough crops the fifty feet by seventy-five was ample. Indeed, we could have done with even less. The best results come from small gardens.

I studied seed catalogs and a garden book before buying seeds, and carefully made up a list reaching to just a little over four dollars.

Being a stranger, I included cauliflower, and only afterward learned that I was the only one in the township who was growing that delightful vegetable! I started in, also—through following the books—with successional planting: to have peas, for example, not only once but frequently from early spring to late fall; and I was amazed to find that this, too, was something unpracticed thereabout. Such things as this, pointing to the unprogressiveness of the farmers of the vicinity, helped me partly to understand why they were not, as a class, more prosperous.

I saw to repairing the fences and made the barn floor sound and good, thus giving a good workshop until such time as the space should be needed for a horse, a cow and conveyances. There were many things I was ready to do around the place, for from the first I hoped to buy it.

It was surprising what a steady drain of money there was: a few necessary tools; constant supplies of nails and screws but such things cannot be itemized. I can only say that there were times when it seemed as if the petty expenses loomed to a higher total than the steady expenses on which I had estimated.

There is so much work to do in the spring: there are days of pruning, tying up, planting seeds, raking, making chicken houses, setting hens, making mouse-proof corn bins, tightening hinges, making wire coops for feeding little chickens. The return to the house would mean a hurlyburly of dinner-getting; noon always came too soon; six o'clock always came too soon. The work seemed so good—so immediate a way of solving difficulties. Heretofore life each day had been thinking, planning, working for others—remote from the material returns of food and fish and chickens and eggs.

We got it down to a system; we straightened up the little library when we left it in the evening; we went to bed earlier than in the city, for the unwonted life in the open air made a heavy sleepiness come over us as we sat by the fire. We did not get up so early as the neighbors. It is hard to change the habits of a lifetime completely; but, anyhow, there was no use in getting up too early in the country—the dew is so heavy that more shoes and clothes are spoiled than gain made. The poet who idealized the man who was always "brushing with hasty steps the dews away" did not stop to realize the messiness of it and the material damage. Anyhow, evenings utilized as a time to sit and talk, or read beside a light, have a pleasantly civilizing influence. It isn't best to go to bed with the chickens. Next morning, after breakfast, the noon meal was prepared for, the table was set, potatoes and other things were prepared, ready to cook; the house was put to rights; the lamps were filled, ready for the coming night, and water and wood brought in for the entire day. Thus we felt prepared for caller, for friend, for business—for the unexpected. Then we went forth for work in the garden and the out-of-doors—the dew gone and our minds free.

In a way, our garden was secluded; and we hoed and planted in what, except for such as came openly walking in upon us, we deemed a sort of happy solitude. But as a matter of fact the entire village knew all about our garden and everything we did. One family even watched us from their perpetually occupied seats on their porch, taking turns with a field glass, from their house on a hill a mile away.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

United States Tires

Will Mean Lower Up-Keep Cost for Every Motorist

It has been easy for the automobile dealer to realize how much the organization of the United States Tire Company means in improved manufacturing conditions, in greater purchasing power, and in wider distribution and sales efforts for the four great tire companies which comprise this new organization.

It should be just as easy for the motorist to realize how much the United States Tire Company means to **him** in the production of better automobile tires.

We propose to reduce the up-keep tire cost for every motorist in America. We propose to make possible the more economical operation of every automobile in this country. We propose, through the production of superior automobile tires, to give added pleasure, added safety and added economy to motoring everywhere.

For many years Continental tires, G & J tires, Hartford tires and Morgan & Wright tires have been recognized by the motoring world as leaders in the tire field. In the five great factories of these four leading tire makers, throughout a period of time so long that these names have become household words, these four leading manufacturers have made **good tires**—

Continental
G & J

Hartford
Morgan & Wright

Each of these tires has had its own marked points of superiority. Motorists have come to know wherein each of these tires has been better than any other tire made. It remained for the United States Tire Company to bring into one working group all the tire knowledge, all the tire skill, all the tire experience which have given to each of the four brands its own field of leadership.

Every point of superiority which in the past has identified each of these tires **individually** will be applied to **all of them.** Into each of these good tires the United States Tire Company is building **every better feature of the three others.** Our application of this aggregate knowledge, this aggregate of proven methods, **must be and is** productive of

America's Predominant Tires

United States tires embody advantages which the motorist could not and cannot secure through the use of any other tires. From no other source can he even **hope** to secure tires into which have been built such **complete** superiority. Furthermore, he can actually buy these tires

At the Same Price Asked for Other Kinds

United States tires are sold under the four well-known brand names: Continental, G. & J, Hartford and Morgan & Wright, and include eight styles of treads and three styles of fastenings—the widest range of selection ever offered the motorist.

United States Tire Company, New York

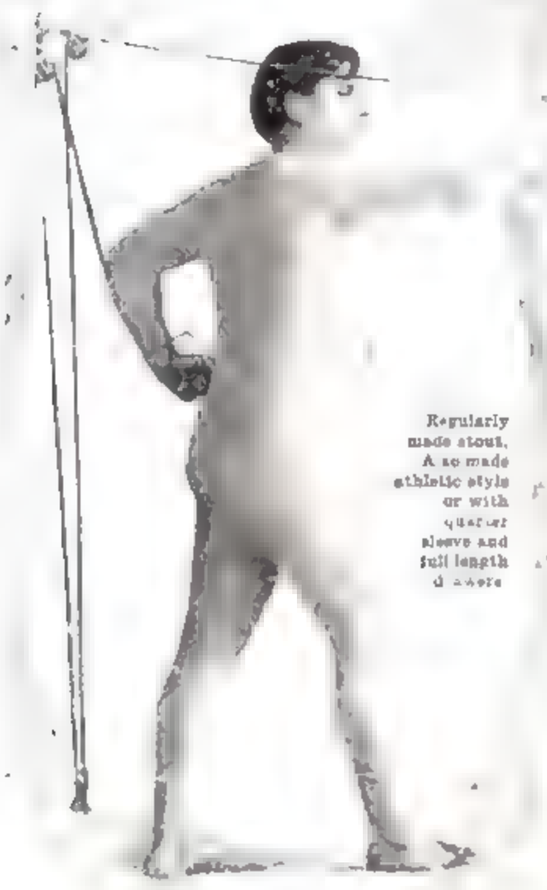
Branches, Agencies or Dealers Everywhere

Four-fifths of the Best Dealers Sell

UNITED STATES TIRES

All the way from one American coast to the other—wherever automobiles or automobile accessories are sold—there you will find a United States Tire dealer. It means much to the motorist that thousands of dealers—four-fifths of all the **best** dealers in America—have pinned their faith and their future to United States Tires. These dealers are not the sort that take chances with desirable patronage. They make it their business to sell the best products the market affords, building not for a day, but for the years to come. The fact that an **overwhelming** majority of these leading dealers, these **responsible** dealers, have recognized the superiority of United States Tires is conclusive corroboration of whatever we **have** said or **might** say of the **better service** to be had from our products.

SPRING



Regularly made stout. Also made athletic style or with quarter sleeve and full length drawers

Superior
A PERFECT UNION SUIT

Regular style showing perfect all over fit

Quarter sleeve and ¾ length drawers

SUMMER

Back view of athletic style showing the lap without the gap

You Cannot Guess the Ease of Underwear Without Knowing Superior A PERFECT UNION SUIT

UNDERWEAR was invented for man's health and comfort, and the man who would find both in the greatest degree should wear ***Superior Union Suits.***

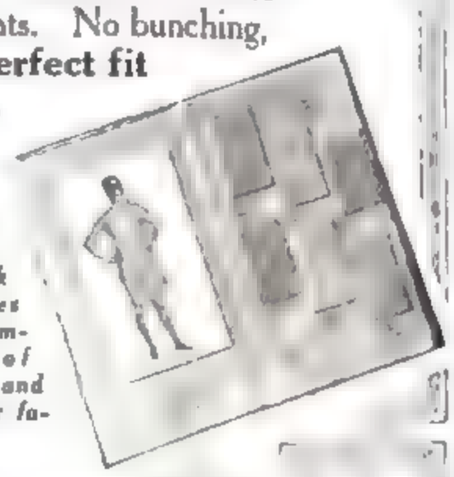
Perhaps you are one of the many men who have felt that there **must** be an *easy, healthful, comfortable underwear* if you could *find it.* The solution of your troubles is the ***Superior Union Suit.*** SUPERIOR is *shaped*—it conforms to human lines—it fits like a second skin. It is *elastic*, permitting free movement of every part of the body—it is *ventilating*, allowing *free action* of the pores of the skin.

The *shoulders*, the *waist*, the **lap that cannot gap,** the *crotch*, the finish of wristlets, anklets, neck, **re-inforced** button-holes, etc., all have distinctive features peculiar to SUPERIOR construction. SUPERIOR is the Union Suit **with the troubles left out**—none of the vexations of the old style garments. No bunching, binding, bagging or sagging. A size and **perfect fit** for every man no matter what he measures.

If your dealer cannot show you SUPERIOR UNION SUITS, write direct to us. Do not accept substitutes. We will see that you are supplied and will also forward postpaid, free booklet of SUPERIOR Styles and Fabrics.

SUPERIOR UNION SUITS in Spring and Summer Weights are sold by retailers everywhere at $1.00 $1.50 $2.00 $2.50 $3.00 and $3.50

THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO., *1001 River St.,* **Piqua, Ohio.**



Write to-day for the Superior Book of Styles and samples of Spring and Summer fabrics

CHALLENGE
Brand
WATERPROOF

Challenge Waterproof Collars equal linen in style and fit—they are *far better than linen* in service and comfort: can be cleaned with a damp cloth.

The perfect dull linen finish is an exclusive patented feature not approached in any other waterproof collar. *We guarantee every collar* to give satisfaction in service and appearance.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. "A"

Established 1883 725-727 Broadway, New York

Boston Chicago St Louis
Detroit Philadelphia,
San Francisco
Toronto

COLLARS & CUFFS

$2351.00 in Seven Months

Is the amount one of our traveling representatives earned by appointing exclusive agents to sell *The Saturday Evening Post.* Other men are earning almost as much.

More Salesmen Are Wanted

To appoint exclusive agents in towns of 3000 and less. Thousands of towns are still open. Each town you close will net you a commission of 50% or 75%. Side-line or full time. Not a cent of expense to you. *Exclusive territory.* No equipment to carry—not more than a pocketful at most.

If you are a salesman and want some ideal side-line work or if you want to give your whole time to the work drop us a line.

Address Box X. P.

Circulation Department, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia

Scott Paper Towels

are so cleanly (not a soiled spot on them) and they leave the skin so delightfully soft, that after you've thought of the fabric towel menace, you always want the

Scot Tissue Towels

"Use like a Blotter"

"Public towels are prohibited in the new public buildings in Cleveland. Government regulations will not allow the use of the common fabric towels, they are a menace to health and a spreader of disease."

"Scott" Paper Towels are made of extra heavy crêpe paper, are exceptionally absorbent. They are clean and *white*.

Ask your Dealer for the Introductory Parcel.

750 Extra Heavy White Tissue Towels with a fixture $2.00

Or if you live west of the Mississippi River, send $2.50 for the above "Scott Parcel" and 750 "Scot Tissue Towels with fixture. Write us today. If your dealer is not supplied, we will direct you where to buy.

An exceptionally interesting proposition for large consumers who write us.

Representative Druggists, Grocers and Dealers wanted everywhere.

Scott Paper Company

Makers of the "WALDORF" and "SANI-TISSUE"—the Sanitized Toilet Papers, and other hygienic specialties.

664 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

Ask your stationer

You want Esterbrook's

Easiest writing

Longest wearing

Their reputation extends over half a century.

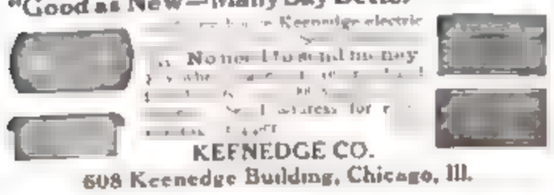
The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John Street, New York

Safety Razor Blades 2½c

— RESHARPENED —

"Good as New—Many Say Better"

Keenedge electric



No need to send money

Send dollar for trial

KEENEDGE CO.
608 Keenedge Building, Chicago, Ill.

HIS SUCCULENCY—THE OYSTER

(Continued from Page 19

muffled bass drum. Sitting in an open boat you may hear them drumming distinctly many fathoms below. Especially at night the sound is weird and eery beyond description. It makes the oysterman shudder, too, for this fish takes his oysters bodily, shell and all, and crushes them between its powerful grinders or "dental pavements." Fixed in solid bone far back in the mouth these grinders are set like grains of corn, or rather like cobblestones in a pavement. The enamel on them will turn the edge of the hardest steel tool. There is a New England record of a single haul bringing in twelve thousand two hundred and fifty drumfish averaging thirty-three pounds each, or over two hundred and two tons. Imagine the devastation caused by such an inroad.

In this connection a curious thing happened to the owner of a fish factory in the lower Chesapeake Bay. His seine caught a big school of drums; but when he attempted to grind them up for fertilizer they simply wrecked his machinery. He probably forgot or didn't know about the "dental pavements."

For ages the only friend the oyster is supposed to have had is the small crab so often seen within the valves of a newly opened oyster or in the stew—in which case the crab is red like the lobster after being boiled. Even the ancient Pliny speaks of this little crab as "a discreet doorkeeper, who in return for safe quarters pinches the oyster, warning it to close its shell in time of danger." This is something like the rhinoceros bird (see T. R.), which rides around on the back of the rhinoceros, feeding upon the ticks that infest its tough hide and by its action aiding the poor sight of the pachyderm. Although it has no eyes the oyster has no need of the unwelcome crab, for its sense of touch is so keen that it will close its valves the instant a boat comes near the bed. A man once wrote to Mr. Ingersoll: "Thunder sours milk and kills oysters. You may load a vessel to its utmost capacity, start for market, and one good round clap of thunder will kill every oyster in the vessel immediately. . . . pounding upon the side of a vessel will kill every oyster that feels the jar."

The Truth About the Greening

With the caution characteristic of the scientist Mr. Ingersoll says he is not sure of the precise truth of this statement. Nevertheless, for years no chopping of wood was allowed on schooners carrying oysters and, until quite recently, no steamers were engaged in transporting oysters on account of the jarring of the machinery.

These and many other queer beliefs were only fancied troubles of the oysterman. The real vicissitudes he has suffered and they are many—have been chiefly of two kinds: those imposed by Nature and those the oysterman has brought upon himself. As to the first kind one naturally thinks of the oyster with the green gills. When the tonger or dredger sees them he curses his luck, for there is an almost universal prejudice against them in America on account of their greenish color, generally described as coppery.

There are still thousands of people who think them not only unfit to eat but actually poisonous—all due to the supposed presence of copper in their bodies. Notwithstanding that, when you happen to see a "greening," eat it. You will almost invariably find it fat, in good condition and peculiarly fine in flavor—though that is a matter of taste. The color merely indicates that the oyster has had an abundance of the best food, consisting of diatoms, which form about ninety per cent of the animal's daily meal.

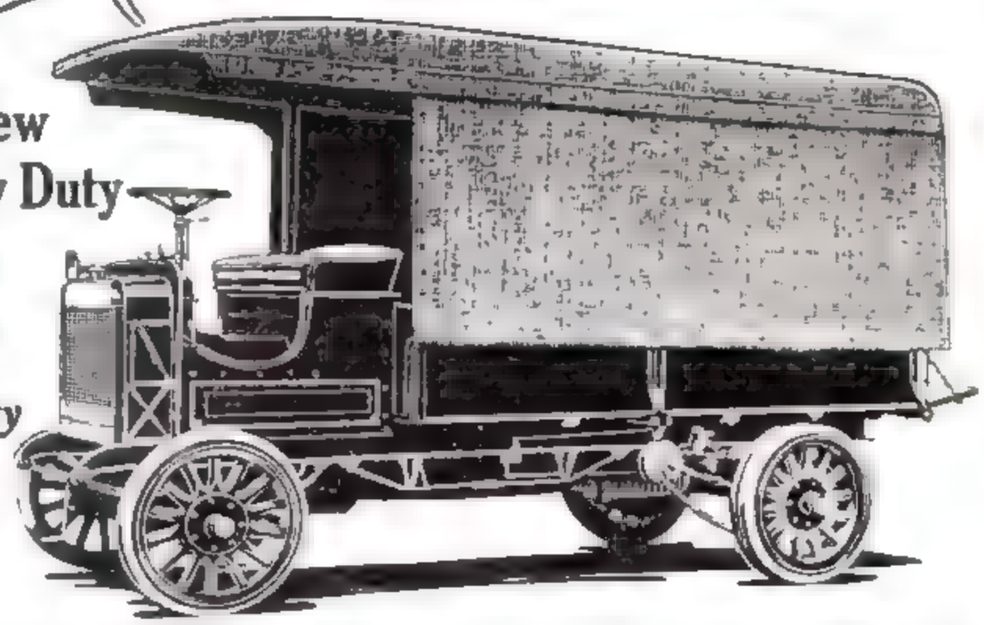
These minute plants are at once the joy and despair of the microscopist by reason of their beauty and the endless variety of their shape and coloring. Many of them might be fairly called iridescent. Under a powerful lens they fairly glitter with every conceivable shade. The green color in the oyster is produced by a substance called hydrocyanin, occasionally found in some of these plants in unusual quantities.

Every sort of experiment, chemical, gastronomic and analytical, has proved it to be absolutely harmless. In Europe vast

The Rapid MOTOR TRUCKS

The New Heavy Duty Rapid Truck

Capacity Three Tons



The Motor Truck after Ten Years' Experience

It requires ten years concentrated effort, by a complete manufacturing organization in a thoroughly equipped factory building motor trucks only, to produce motor trucks that measures up to the high standard set by the Heavy Duty Rapid.

Figure cost per ton-mile of this truck against every other method of delivery and you will find it is the most economical by which any saving can be made where heavy goods are to be hauled.

It is respectfully suggested that a number of leading department stores, ice and coal dealers, flour and feed jobbers, bottlers and manufacturers of bulky articles cannot afford a heavy expense for hauling goods to their customers.

If you have heavy hauling you should at least find out how a Rapid Truck would serve you. The amount of saving may surprise you. Let us know details of your business. Write us for the record of Rapid Trucks in lines of business similar to yours. Also, tell us in detail about your local delivery condition.

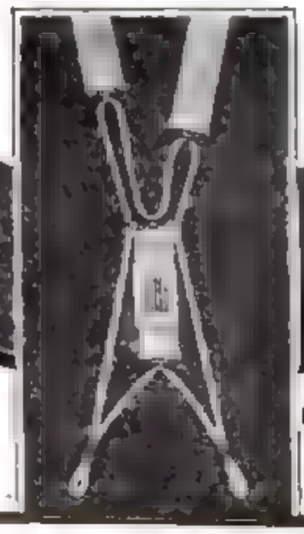
RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO.
324 Rapid Street, Pontiac, Mich.

MERIT is always determined by the increase and continuance of public approval—shown by our increased sales each season.

MERIT is the base of our Money Back Guarantee on President Suspenders. Insist on this Shirley Guarantee when you buy suspenders.

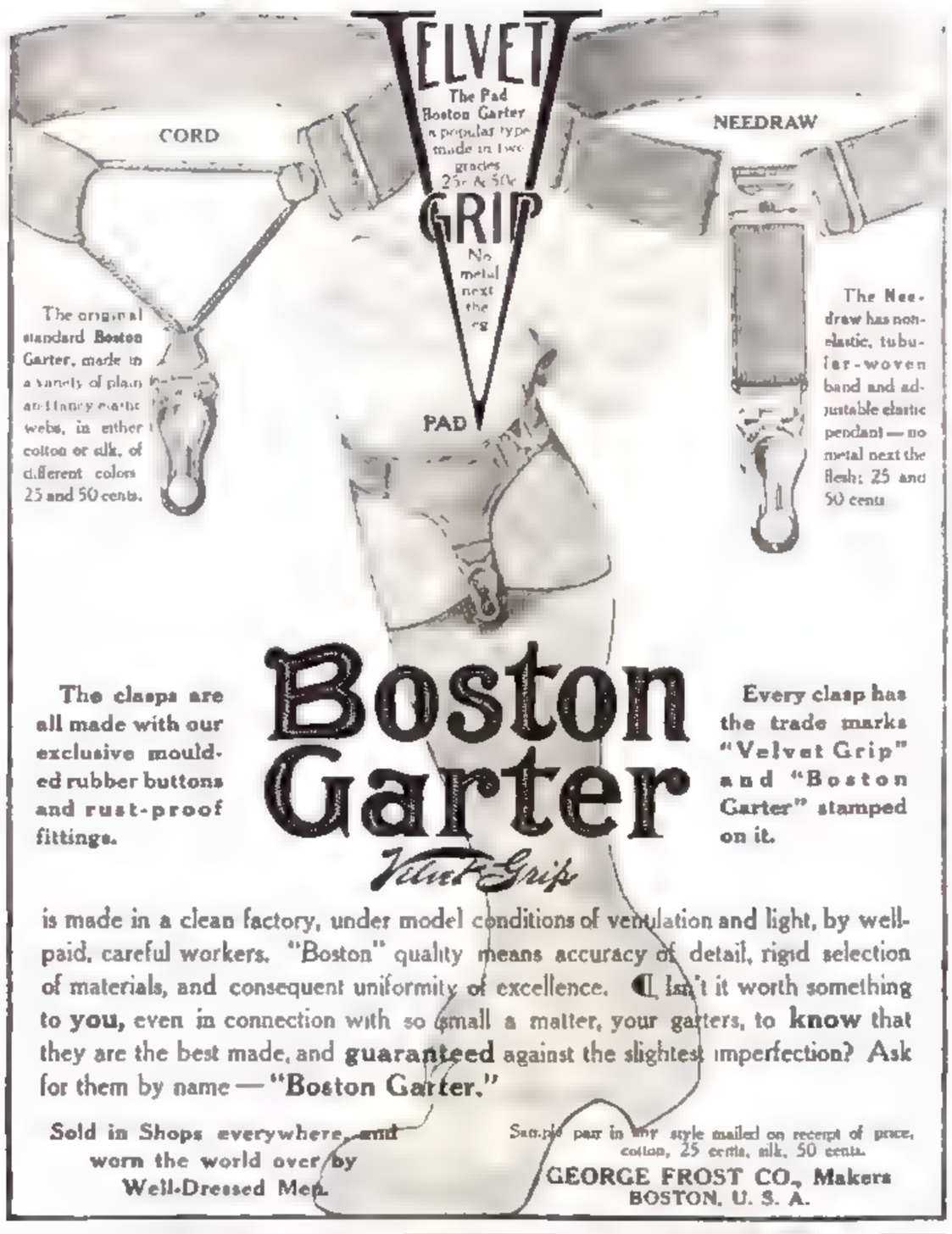
The one suspender that takes the strain off the shoulder and makes your trousers hang as your tailor intended

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT GUARANTEED SUSPENDER



Price 50 cents from all dealers or from factory, light, medium or extra heavy, extra lengths for tall men.

The C.A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS
1717 Main St., Shirley, Mass.


VELVET GRIP
The Pad Boston Garter a popular type made in two grades 25c & 50c
No metal next the leg
CORD
NEEDRAW
PAD
The original standard Boston Garter, made in a variety of plain and fancy elastic webs, in either cotton or silk, of different colors 25 and 50 cents.
The Needraw has non-elastic, tubular-woven band and adjustable elastic pendant — no metal next the flesh; 25 and 50 cents

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

The clasps are all made with our exclusive moulded rubber buttons and rust-proof fittings.

Every clasp has the trade marks "Velvet Grip" and "Boston Garter" stamped on it.

is made in a clean factory, under model conditions of ventilation and light, by well-paid, careful workers. "Boston" quality means accuracy of detail, rigid selection of materials, and consequent uniformity of excellence. ¶ Isn't it worth something to **you**, even in connection with so small a matter, your garters, to **know** that they are the best made, and **guaranteed** against the slightest imperfection? Ask for them by name — **"Boston Garter."**

Sold in Shops everywhere, and worn the world over by Well-Dressed Men.

Sample pair in any style mailed on receipt of price, cotton, 25 cents, silk, 50 cents.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
BOSTON, U. S. A.

pains are taken to impart this very color and flavor to oysters. Indeed, should you ever take lunch at Monte Carlo and ask for half a dozen on the shell, you will be served with these tiny Green Marennes, as they are called, so expensive that they come to you still attached to the lower shell to prove that you are getting the real thing.

It is pretty safe to say you would not eat a red oyster, though it is known that this condition, in which the bivalve appears to bleed when opened, is caused also by the coloring matter in certain of its food. This comes without warning in different localities and at no particular season. It, of course, puts the oysterman out of business for the time being, because in this condition the animal is peculiarly repugnant in appearance. It does no harm, however, and disappears as suddenly as it came.

Last year there was a great hue and cry about a new disease that was killing a lot of oysters in a certain well-known field. A hurry call was sent for the state biologist, who, after a careful examination of the bivalves in these particular beds, reported that they had died, and others were suffering, from "starvation, smothering and overwork."

It is no uncommon thing for a sudden shifting of currents, caused by a storm or freshet, to throw mud and sand over an oyster bed in such quantities as to obliterate it completely. But in this case just enough sand had drifted over these oysters gradually to clog their gills, through which they get their supply of oxygen as well as their food. The incident well illustrates the utter helplessness of the animal fixed to a certain spot, able only to snap its valves continuously and so wear itself thin in the constant effort to get rid of the sand. Feeding was impossible under these circumstances and the report of the biologist was entirely correct.

Fortunately not much damage was done by the hasty, ill-considered report in the newspapers about the new disease; but it shows the remarkable lack of knowledge possessed by the average oysterman and others who have handled the animal all their lives.

A Hope for Dyspeptics

In this connection it may be said that a great deal of what has been written about the oyster and typhoid fever has been exaggerated—some of it being nothing but tommyrot.

The oyster does not and cannot contract typhoid fever. The germ cannot multiply under the condition in which this cold, bloodless animal lives. When taken into the stomach the germ is undoubtedly soon killed by the gastric juices, along with other micro-organisms. When, however, the oyster is caught with the germ sticking to its gills it can and does convey the typhoid germ to man. But such cases are fortunately becoming as rare as they are inexcusable, for they are possible only when the water has been contaminated by man first. No oysterman would dare assert his right to ship oysters taken from polluted water. And the oyster planter's vested rights are undoubtedly such that he can compel the state to keep the waters over his beds absolutely free from contamination.

The Superintendent of Marine Fisheries in the State of New York is authority for the following statement: "It may be said that in practically every case of typhoid fever the bacillus has been carried by drinking water, milk or other ordinary foods; while all the outbreaks of typhoid in this country which may be reasonably attributed to the consumption of oysters may be counted on the fingers of one hand."

No oyster grown in unpolluted water has ever been found to contain any harmful germ or bacillus. The chief, almost the only, danger from typhoid, so far as the oyster is concerned—and this is a very real one—lies in the custom of "floating." That is, by transferring the animals from salt and brackish water to the fresher water in the mouths of rivers and harbors for the purpose of changing their flavor and increasing their size.

The oyster is not only a safe, splendid food, but good medicine too. A continued diet of raw salt-water oysters will come pretty near curing the worst case of chronic dyspepsia, the salt in them acting as a fine natural tonic.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles on the oyster by Harry Snowden Stabler. The second will appear in an early issue.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

The Apex

Button Oxford

Tan 3 Button Low Cut; also in Black Velvet Calf

The Greater Comfort of Florsheim Oxfords is due to the "Can't-gap" insteps and "Hugtite" heels. "Natural Shape" lasts, of course. Styles that fit your taste as well as your feet.

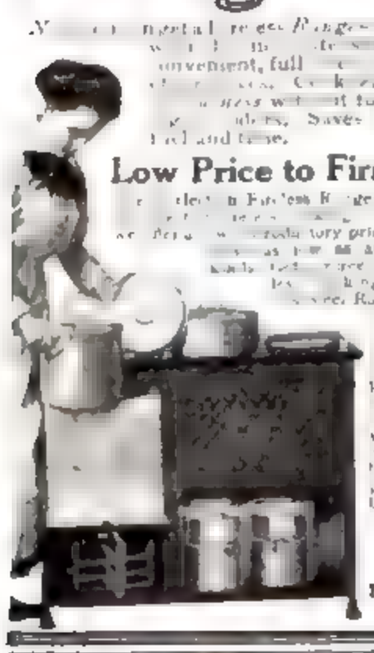
Ask your dealer about The Florsheim Shoe, or send the amount, and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our booklet "The Shoeman," showing styles that *are* different.

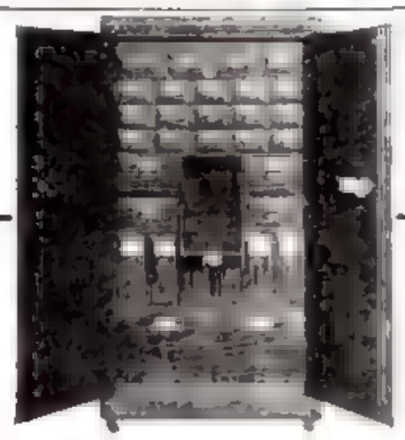
The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

At Last! A Steel Fireless Range—30 Days' Free Trial



Low Price to First Buyers

Johnston-Slocum Company
Box 217
CARO, MICH



For All Business Papers—

Globe Cabinet Safe

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Cincinnati, U. S. A.
New York, 380-382 Bd'y. Chicago 376-378 Wabash Ave.
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FREE SAMPLE goes with first letter. Something new. Every [illegible] wants it. Orders $1.00 to $100.00. Nice pleasant business. Write at once.
METALLIC SIGN CO., 423 W. Clark, Chicago

Fine Rugs woven from Old Carpet
DENWORTH RUG MILL, 3045-47-49-51 Boudinot St., Phila. ‖ SEND FOR CATALOGUE

ASK US TO SHOW YOU HOW

to save one-half to two-thirds of your Coal Bills

If you contemplate building a new home or remodeling your old one, write TODAY and ask us to show you how you can easily reduce your coal bills from 50% to 66⅔%. It won't be hard for us to do, because thousands have already proved by actual test that

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON **UNDERFEED** HEATING SYSTEMS

Warm Air Furnaces—Hot Water or Steam Boilers

[illegible] all that we [illegible] claim more. The [illegible] cheapest [illegible] consumer stoker; it [illegible] health, it soon pays for itself and keeps on saving [illegible]

C. J. Rupert, Conneautville, Pa., has had an UNDERFEED furnace three winters. He writes "I heated my ten-room house in 1909-10 with ten tons of slack coal at a total cost of $15.00."

[illegible] Furnace Booklet with many testimonials [illegible] our Special Catalog of Steam and Water Boilers — both FREE. Heating plans of our Engineering Corps are FREE. Fill in and return Coupon below today.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO. 329 W. Fifth Street CINCINNATI, O.

I would like to know *more* about how to cut down the cost of my coal bills from 50% to 66⅔%. Send me FREE [illegible]

UNDERFEED Furnace Booklet
Boiler Booklet
[illegible] Book [illegible] you desire

Name _____

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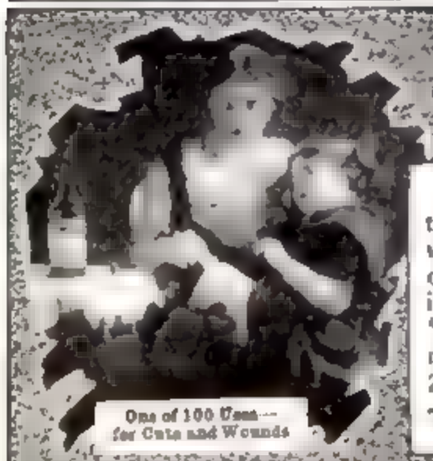
Dioxogen



A cut, wound or *any* break in the skin may cause trouble if neglected. The application of Dioxogen prevents simple accidents from becoming serious; Dioxogen destroys harmful germ-life, thus *preventing* infection; it is always efficient and is safe for children as well as "grown-ups" to use. Descriptive booklet, describing many toilet as well as emergency uses, and introductory 2-oz. bottle, will be sent *free upon request.*

The Oakland Chemical Co., 75 Front St., New York

The Duntley Cleaner

Demonstrated FREE In Your Own Home

You can pay for it in small monthly payments. A postal card will bring full details.

Agents Wanted Everywhere

Duntley Mfg. Co., Dept. 11, Chicago

Our Great Offer of $500.00 in Cash for a Name
For the Young Men's Clothes We Make Calls for Your Best Efforts

IN seeking a name or brand worthy of the clothes we make for Young Men, one suitable to put on the label that goes into every suit and overcoat, and to use in every advertisement we prepare, we not only offer you the honor of naming the most prominent line of Young Men's clothing in the world, but we attach a liberal money reward that makes your endeavor well worth while.

What kind of a name do we want? Read these facts about the clothes and you get an idea.

First, there is thorough tailoring, real hand work of a kind not found in other makes. This produces a more accurate fit, with correct draping and pronounced style lines, tone and general effect to make them distinctive.

They are made from *selected* fabrics, all-wool goods and the very finest in texture, weave, finish, fastness of dye, length and strength of yarn.

The patterns are *confined*, exclusive with us. That means, we take all a mill makes of these patterns. No other maker has them. The retail stores that sell our goods are the only ones to show them.

Finally, we specialize in clothes for Young Men. The garments are made with direct reference to their tastes and ideas, their interests and activities both in a social and business way. Therefore, they are more suitable and appropriate. But, though superior in every detail, they are still lower in price. Be sure to get them when you buy clothes.

Fix the Above Facts About the Clothes We Make for Young Men in Your Mind
Then Read the Conditions of Our Great $500.00 Offer and Give Us a Name

Short, catchy names that are easy to remember will be favored. Names now used by others to advertise clothing cannot be considered.

You are permitted to suggest as many names as you can think of or find. In case you have already suggested one or more names, but have since thought of others, send them also. You may suggest names as often as you desire until end of contest.

We will acknowledge receipt of your suggestions with a beautiful McFall art poster.

Note This Condition

As the clothes are sold and the contest conducted through retail stores, all suggestions must be sent us through a store that sells clothing. Names sent direct cannot be considered. Simply take your list of names to the store in your city that sells our clothes and ask that it be sent us. If you cannot locate this store, send the names through any clothier.

Those in our employ are not permitted to enter the contest. With this exception, our offer is open to all without regard to sex or age.

Some name will positively be chosen from those submitted in this contest. If only one person suggests it, he will receive $500.00; if suggested by several, prize will be equally divided.

Contest ends May 6th. Name or names of winners will be printed in *The Saturday Evening Post* of June 10th. Here's a great opportunity. Don't miss it. You've as good a chance as any.

Write for our booklet "Young Men's Clothes." Shows the Spring styles and tells all about the Name Contest

Ederheimer, Stein & Co., Young Men's Clothes, Chicago

ARE you one of the thousands of manufacturers who pay large annual varnish bills without taking any active, personal interest in the selection of the varnish itself?

It's a costly mistake.

You cannot afford to maintain a disinterested attitude toward the selection and purchase of the finishing materials if it is your money that pays the bills—if your profits are in any way affected by the quality or appearance of the finish of your products, and by the cost of production in your factory or shop.

Every day we are showing manufacturers how they can greatly increase the quality of their finishing without increasing the cost for finishing materials.

We're showing others how they can reduce the cost of finishing or increase their output by reducing the time and labor spent in the finishing department.

We are pointing out ways by which a product can be made more attractive and salable without any increase in the cost of finishing.

These and other money-making and money-saving opportunities are well worth your while—no matter how far removed you may be from the actual use of the varnish

Look into the purchase and use of materials in your finishing department.

If you don't find Berry Brothers' label on the cans or stenciled on the barrel-heads, call us into consultation with you.

You can never be sure that your finishing problems have been satisfactorily and economically solved until you have exhausted the resources, knowledge and experience of our organization.

Send for our booklet, "*Choosing Your Varnish Maker*," and learn briefly what our goods, ability and service are.

Better still, ask us to send one of our specialists, who understands the finishing problems of your particular business. It will place you under no obligation whatever.

Berry Brothers' Varnishes

Shellacs, Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers & Dryers

Berry Brothers' Products not only meet the [illegible] they are [illegible] of manufacturers. They [illegible] finishing are [illegible] in Architectural Finishes for floors, doors and wood-work in homes and all other buildings

[illegible] great ultimate [illegible] As one [illegible] we occupy an authoritative position that commands

the [illegible] confidence of millions of users—[illegible] the world over. If you want the most accurate and reliable information about [illegible] for any use or purpose

ASK BERRY BROTHERS

FOR HOMES AND OTHER BUILDINGS

SOLD THROUGH LEADING PAINT DEALERS AND PAINTERS EVERYWHERE

WHETHER you use varnish for buildings in a small way or large way, it is important that you—*you personally*—choose the varnish and then see the label. Your choice will always be right if you insist on having one of the following four leading Architectural Finishes

Be sure the can bears the Berry Label.

TRADE LIQUID GRANITE MARK

For [illegible] floors [illegible] per [illegible] Its [illegible] has made it the best known and most widely used of all [illegible] There [illegible]

WOOD LUXBERRY FINISH

For finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior wood-work It has for years been the standard to which all other varnish makers have worked

ELASTIC OUTSIDE FINISH

For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather Dries dust free in a short time and possesses great durability under most trying conditions.

ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH

For interior wood-work exposed to severe wear and finished in full gloss, such as window sills and sashes, bathroom and kitchen woodwork, etc ; and stands the action of soap and water to an unusual degree

ANY dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock You can always tell them by the well known label on the can used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade-mark—your protection against substitution

Send for free book, "*Choosing Your Varnish Maker*" Enclose 10c in stamps we will send Dennison's interesting and instructive 56-page book "Around the World in a Berry Wagon." It contains 28 full page drawings in color by W W Denslow of "The Wizard of Oz" fame), representing the journey of two children to the leading nations of the world, with descriptions

FOR ALL MANUFACTURING PURPOSES

SOLD BY US DIRECT TO THOSE WHO BUY SUFFICIENT QUANTITIES

EVERY manufacturing requirement in Varnishes, Shellacs, Air-drying Black Japans, Baking Japans, Stains, Lacquers, Fillers and Dryers can be filled under the Berry Label.

The following list contains but a few of the 300 classes of large users in whose needs we specialize. Whether your line of business is mentioned or not, write us for list of products made for your use

Agricultural Implements
Automobile and Carriage Builders
[illegible] Manufacturers
Brass Goods Manufacturers
Cycle Manufacturers
Electric Railways
Electric Supplies Manufacturers
Foundries
Furniture Manufacturers (of all kinds)
Hardware Manufacturers
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THE GRAIN OF DUST

(Continued from Page 35)

precious fascinating selves. The result is that some day we find the liking—and friendship—and love of those around us has limits—and we are left severely alone. Of course, if one has a great deal of money, one can buy excellent imitations of liking and friendship, and even love—I ought to say, especially love—"

The color flamed in her face.

"But," he went on, "if one is in modest circumstances or poor, one has to take care—"

"Or dependent," she said, with one of those unexpected flashes of subtle intelligence that so complicated the study of her character. He had been talking to amuse himself rather than with any idea of her understanding. Her sudden bright color and her two words "or dependent"—roused him to see that she thought he was deliberately giving her a savage lecture from the cover of general remarks. "With the vanity of the typical woman," he said to himself, "she always imagines she is the subject of every one's thought and talk."

"Or dependent," said he to her easily. "I wasn't thinking of you, but yours is a case in point. Come, now—nothing to look blue about! Here's something to eat. No; it's for the next table."

"You won't let me explain," she protested, between the prudence of reproach and the candor of anger.

"There's nothing to explain," replied he. "Don't bother about the mistakes of yesterday. Remember them—yes. If one has a good memory to forget is impossible, not to say unwise. But there ought to be no more heat or sting in the memory of past mistakes than in the memory of last year's mosquito bites."

The first course of the supper arrived. Her nervousness vanished, and he got far away from the neighborhood of the subjects that, even in remotest hint, could not but agitate her. And as the food and the wine asserted their pacific and beatific sway, she and he steadily moved into better and better humor with each other. Her beauty grew until it had him thinking that never, not in the most spiritual feminine conceptions of the classic painters, had he seen a loveliness more ethereal. Her skin was so exquisite, the coloring of her hair and eyes and of her lips was so delicately fine that it gave her the fragility of things bordering upon the supernal—of rare exotics, of sunset and moonbeam effects. No; he had been under no spell of illusion as to her beauty. It was a reality—the more fascinating because it ever waxed and waned, not with any regularity of period, but capriciously.

He began to look round, furtively, to see what effect this wife of his was producing on others. These last few months, through prudence as much as through pride, he had been cultivating the habit of ignoring his surroundings; he would not invite cold salutations or obvious avoidance of speaking. He now discovered many of his former associates—and his vanity dilated as he noted how intensely they were interested in his wife.

Some men of ability have that purest form of egotism which makes one profoundly content with himself, genuinely indifferent to the approval or the disapproval of others. Norman's vanity had a certain amount of alloy. He genuinely disdained his fellowmen—their timidity, their hypocrisy, their servility, their limited range of ideas. He was indifferent to the verge of insensibility as to their adverse criticism, but at the same time it was necessary to his happiness that he get from them evidences of their admiration and envy. With that amusing hypocrisy that tinges all human nature he concealed from himself the satisfaction, the joy even, he got out of the showy side of his position. And no feature of his infatuation for Dorothy surprised him so much as the way it rode, roughshod and reckless, over his snobbishness.

With the fading of infatuation had come many reflections upon the practical aspects of what he had done. It pleased him with himself to find that, in this first test, he had not the least regret, but on the contrary a genuine pride in the courageous independence he had shown—another and strong support to his conviction of his superiority to his fellowmen. He might be somewhat snobbish—who was not?—who else in his New York was less than supersaturated with snobbishness? But snobbishness, the determining quality in the natures of all the women and most of the men he knew, had shown itself one of the incidental qualities in his own nature. After all, reflected he, it took a man, a good deal of a man, to do what he had done, and not to regret it, even in the hour of disillusionment. And it must be said for this egotistic self-approval of his that, like all his judgments, there was sound merit of truth in it. The vanity of the nincompoop is ridiculous. The vanity of the man of ability is amusing, and no doubt due to a defective point of view upon the proportions of the universe; but it is not without excuse, and those who laugh might do well to discriminate even as they guffaw.

Looking discreetly about, Norman was suddenly confronted by the face of Josephine Burroughs, only two tables away.

Until their eyes squarely met he did not know she was there, or even in America. Before he could make a beginning of glancing away, she gave him her sweetest smile and her friendliest bow. And Dorothy, looking to see to whom he was speaking, was astonished to receive the same radiance of cordiality. Norman was pleased at the way his wife dealt with the situation. She returned both bow and smile in her own quiet, slightly reserved way of gentle dignity.

"Who was that speaking?" asked she.

"Miss Burroughs. You must remember her."

He noted it as characteristic that she said, quite sincerely: "Oh, so it is. I didn't remember her. That is the girl you were engaged to."

"Yes—'the nice girl uptown,'" said he.

"I didn't like her," said Dorothy. "She was vain."

"You mean you didn't like her way of being vain," suggested Norman. "Every one is vain; so, if we disliked for vanity we should dislike every one."

"Yes; it was her way. And just now she spoke to us both as if she were doing us a favor."

"Gracious, it's called," said he. "What of it? It does us no harm and gives her about the only happiness she's got."

Norman, without seeming to do so, noted the rest of the Burroughs party. One of the men was a handsome young foreigner, and it took small experience of the world to discover that he was paying court to Josephine, and that she was pleased and flattered. Norman asked the waiter who he was, and learned that he came from the waiter's own province of France, was the Duc de Valdôme. At first glance Norman had thought him distinguished. Afterward he discriminated. There are several kinds or degrees of distinction. There is distinction of race, of class, of family, of dress, of person. As Frenchman, as aristocrat, as a scion of the ancient family of Valdôme, as a specimen of tailoring and valeting, Miss Burroughs' young man was distinguished. But in his own proper person he was rather insignificant. The others at the table were Americans. Following Miss Burroughs' cue, they sought an opportunity to speak friendlily to Norman—and he gave it to them. His acknowledgment of those effusive salutations was polite but restrained.

"They are friends of yours?" asked Dorothy.

"They were," said he. "And they may be again—when they are friends of ours."

"I'm not very good at making friends," she warned him. "I don't like many people." This time her unconscious and profound egotism pleased him. Evidently it did not occur to her that she should be eager to be friends with those people on any terms, that the only question was whether they would receive her.

She asked: "Why was Miss—Miss Burroughs so friendly?"

"Why shouldn't she be?"

"But I thought you threw her over."

He winced at this crude way of putting it. "On the contrary, she threw me over."

Dorothy laughed incredulously. "Oh, I know better. Mr. Tetlow told me."

"She threw me over," repeated he coldly. "Tetlow was repeating malicious and ignorant gossip."

Dorothy laughed again—it was her second glass of champagne. "You say that because it's the honorable thing to say. But I know."

"I say it because it's true," said he.

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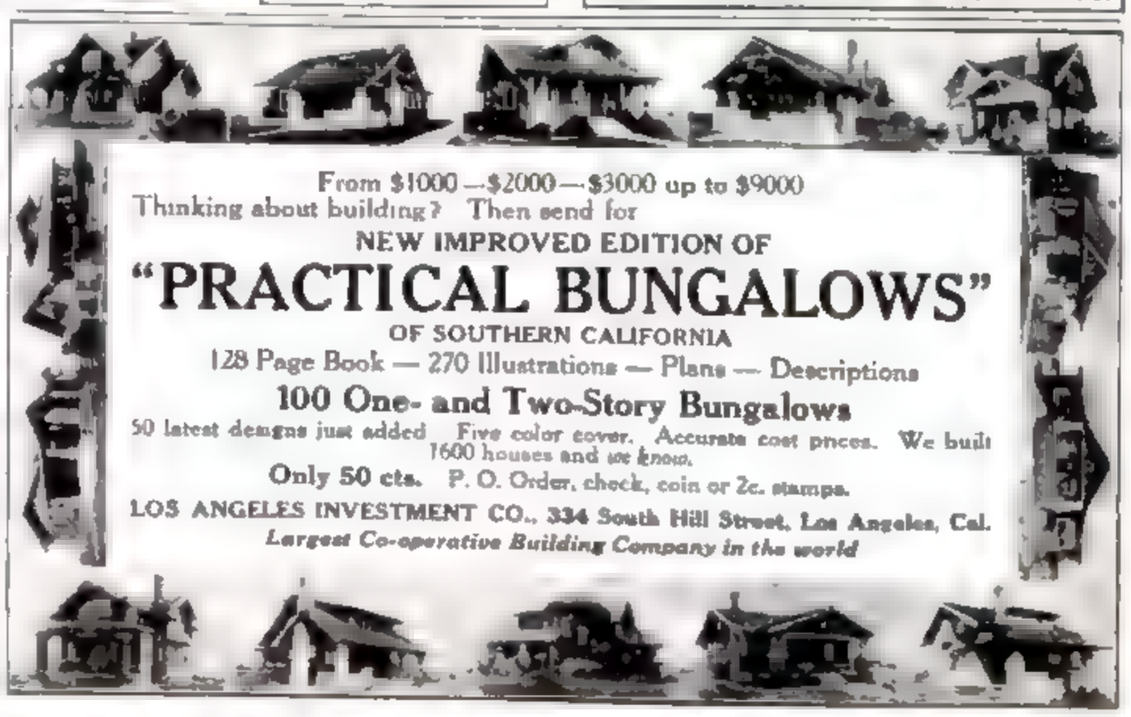

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He spoke quietly, but even if she had drunk many more than two glasses of an unaccustomed and heady liquor she would have felt his intonation. She paled and shrank and her slim white fingers fluttered nervously at the collar of her dress. "I was only joking," she murmured.

He laughed good-naturedly. "Don't look as if I had given you a whipping," said he. "Surely you're not afraid of me."

She glanced shyly at him, a smile dancing in her eyes and upon her lips. "Yes," she said. And after a pause she added: "I didn't used to be. But that was because I didn't know you or much of anything." The smile irradiated her whole face. "You used to be afraid of me. But you aren't any more."

"No," said he, looking straight at her. "No, I'm not."

"I always told you you were mistaken in what you thought of me. I really don't amount to much. A man as serious and as important as you are couldn't—couldn't care about me."

"It's true you don't amount to much, as yet," said he. "And if you never do amount to much you'd be no less than most women and most men. But I've an idea that you could amount to something."

He saw that he had wounded her vanity, that her protestations of humility were precisely what he had suspected. He laughed at her: "I see you thought I'd contradict you. But I can't afford to be so amiable now. And the first thing you've got to get rid of is the part of your vanity that prevents you from growing. Vanity of belief in one's possibilities is fine. No one gets anywhere without it. But vanity of belief in one's present perfection—no one but a god could afford that luxury."

Observing her closely he was amused—and pleased to note that she was struggling to compose herself to endure his candor as a necessary part of the duties and obligations that she had taken on herself when she gave up and returned to him.

"What you thought of me used to be the important thing in our relations," he went on, in his way of raillery that took all or nearly all the sting out of what he said, but none of its strength. "Now, the important thing is what I think of you. You are much younger than I, especially in experience. You are going to school for life with me as teacher. You'll dislike the teacher for the severity of the school. That isn't just, but it's natural—perhaps inevitable. And please my dear—when you are bitterest over what you have to put up with from me—don't forget what I have to put up with from you."

She was fighting bravely against angry tears. As for him, he had suddenly become indifferent to what the people around them might be thinking. With all his old arrogance come back in full flood, he was feeling that he would live his own life in his own way, and that those who didn't approve—yes, including Dorothy—might do as they saw fit. She said:

"I don't blame you for regretting that you didn't marry Miss Burroughs."

"But I don't regret it," replied he. "On the contrary, I'm glad."

She glanced hopefully at him. But the hopeful expression faded as he went on:

"Whether or not I made a mistake in marrying you, I certainly had an escape from disaster when she decided she preferred a foreigner and a title. There's a good sensible reason why so many girls of her class—more and more all the time—marry abroad. They are not fit to be the wives of hard-working American husbands; in fact, I've about reached the conclusion that of the girls growing up nowadays very few in any class are fit to be American wives. They're not big enough. They're too coarse and crude in their tastes. They're only fit for the shallow, showy sort of thing—and the European aristocracy is their hope—and their place."

Her small face had the fascinating expression of a child trying to understand things far beyond its depth. He was interested in his own thoughts, however, and went on—for if he had been in the habit of stopping when his hearers failed to understand, or when they misunderstood, either he would have been silent most of the time in company or his conversation would have been as petty and narrow and devoid of originality or imagination as is the mentality of most human beings as is the talk and reading that impress them as interesting and profound!

"The American man of the more ambitious sort," he went on, "either has to live practically if not physically apart from his wife, or else has to educate some not too difficult woman to be his wife."

She understood that. "You are really going to educate me?" she said, with an arch smile. Now that Norman had her attention, now that she was centering upon him instead of upon herself, she was interested in him and in what he said, whether she understood it or not, whether it pleased her vanity or wounded it. The intellects of women work to an unsuspected extent only through the sex charm. Their appreciation of books, of art, of men, is dependent, often in the most curious indirect ways, upon the fact that the author, the artist, the politician or what-not is betrousered. Thus, Dorothy was patient, respectful, attentive, was not offended by Norman's didactic way of giving her the lessons in life. Her smile was happy as well as coquettish, as she asked him to educate her.

He returned her smile. "That depends," answered he.

"You're not sure I'm worth the trouble?"

"You may put it that way, if you like. But I'd say, rather, I'm not sure I can spare the time—and you're not sure you care to fit yourself for the place."

"Oh, but I do!" cried she.

"We'll see—in a few weeks or months," replied he.

The members of the Burroughs party were rising. Josephine had the choice of two ways to the door. She chose the one that took her past Norman and his bride. She advanced, beaming. Norman rose, took her extended hand. Said she:

"So glad to see you." Then, turning the radiant smile upon Dorothy, "And is this your wife? Is this the pretty little typewriter girl?"

Dorothy nodded—a charming, ingenuous bend of the head. Norman felt a thrill of pride in her, so beautifully unconscious of the treacherous attempt at insult. It particularly delighted him that she had not made the mistake of rising to return Josephine's greeting, but had remained seated. Surely this wife of his had the right instincts that never fail to cause right manners. For Josephine's benefit he gazed down at Dorothy with the proudest, fondest eyes. "Yes—this is she," said he. "Can you blame me?"

Josephine paled and winced visibly, as if the blow she had aimed at him had, after glancing off harmlessly, returned to crush her. She touched Dorothy's proffered hand, murmured a few stammering phrases of hasty compliment, rejoined her friends. Said Dorothy, when she and Norman settled at their table again:

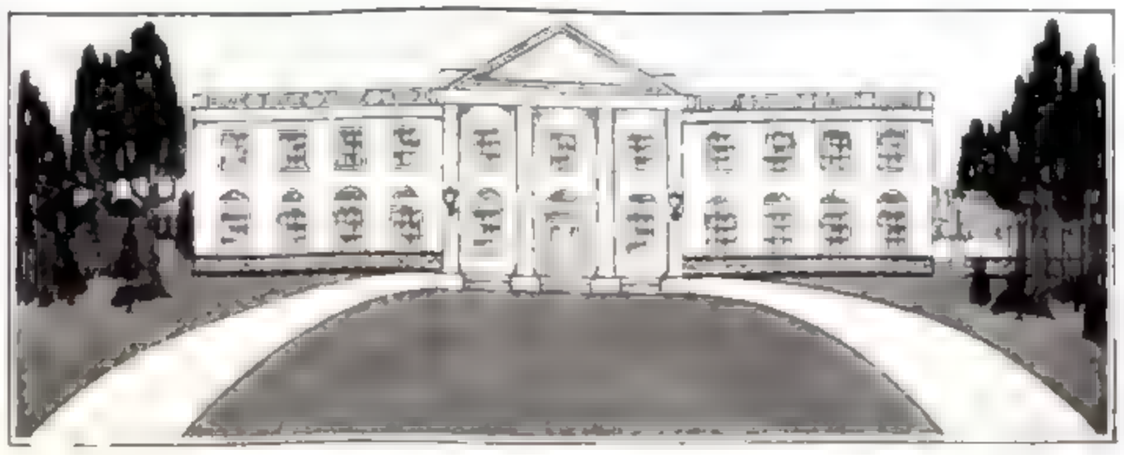
"I shall never like her. Nor she me!"

"But you do like this cheese? Waiter, some more of that same."

"Why did she put you in such a good humor?" inquired his wife.

"It wasn't she. It was you!" replied he. But he refused to explain.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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HOW TO MAKE CAPITALISTS

Continued from Page 13

Klomans went to Miller, who introduced them to his friend, Henry Phipps, then twenty years of age and a bookkeeper. Mr. Miller advanced the sixteen hundred dollars required by the Klomans, with the understanding that Phipps should repay half of it out of his share in the profits and take half of Miller's interest in the business—"which, for propriety's sake," Mr. Bridge observes, "was put in the name of Phipps," because Miller was purchasing agent of the railroad that patronized the forge.

Two years later came the Civil War, "and axles that had been selling for two cents a pound jumped to twelve cents. When it came to filling Government orders for parts of gun carriages there was no limit to prices for prompt delivery. Soon the firm was working almost exclusively on high-priced Government orders." Soon, also, quite naturally, it was able to expand, building a new and larger establishment at Twenty-ninth Street, Pittsburgh. "An idea of the great profits of a rolling-mill at this period may be obtained from the fact that between 1860 and 1864 the price of rolled bar-iron advanced from fifty-eight to one hundred and forty-six dollars a ton, while the cost of pig iron ran only from twenty-two to fifty-nine dollars."

There was a quarrel among the partners, however, and Andrew Carnegie, a friend of Phipps and Miller, was called in as peace-maker. Mr. Carnegie was then twenty-eight years old and had risen to be local superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, enjoying the personal favor of Tom Scott, the master spirit in that concern. The upshot was that the next year 1864 Carnegie, Miller and others built a rival mill at Thirty-third Street, four blocks from the Kloman-Phipps shop. A year later this plant was consolidated with the Kloman plant under the title of Union Iron Mills Company, with a capital of five hundred thousand dollars.

This was in May, 1865, and the Civil War was about over. Cutting off the profitable Government contracts left the new concern in straits to find an outlet for its products. It came, indeed, rather close to failure, and Mr. Carnegie is said to have offered to sell his stock at less than thirty cents on the dollar. But the West was opening up; there was a great deal of railroad building to be done; immigration from Europe, bringing much cheap labor, was increasing. Although the war was over, the huge war tariff on iron and steel remained. There was still a profit of about fifty dollars a ton on rolled iron.

The Fortunes of Zimmer

There were some labor troubles too. Not long after the new company was organized the puddlers went on strike. The company sent over to Europe for workmen to break the strike. Among the strike-breakers so imported was a German named Zimmer, who presently described to Kloman a German mill in which he had worked where they rolled plates in a manner unknown in this country. From Zimmer's description Kloman was able to construct a similar machine—now known as the "universal mill." From the first it was a great success. Indeed, Mr. Bridge says: "This little idea of the German workman has been worth millions of dollars to the firm that imported him to take the place of a striker. As for Zimmer himself, his reward was a well-paid position as foreman of the mill he erected and of its improved successors. He accumulated a competence and was believed to be possessed of upward of one hundred thousand dollars before he died." In which respect he was luckier than many another workman whose little idea has been worth millions to his employer.

Before this time they were making Bessemer steel rails in a small way in England. Indeed, in 1862, J. Edgar Thomson, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was induced to give a trial order for one hundred tons at a hundred and fifty dollars in gold—equal to about three hundred dollars in currency—a ton. Unfortunately, these experimental rails proved unsatisfactory. In 1871 William Coleman, father-in-law of Thomas Carnegie, proposed to make steel rails in this country. Andrew Carnegie, visiting Europe the next year, investigated the Bessemer process there and joined Coleman's venture. Mr. Carnegie's principal business abroad had been to sell some bonds for Thomson and Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Scott himself took an interest in the steel-making venture, which was capitalized at seven hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Carnegie's contribution to the capital is said to have been two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is the venture that afterward became widely known as the Edgar Thomson Steel Works—the name being chosen in honor of the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Early in the history of the works it cost fifty-seven dollars to make a ton of rails. Thanks to the improved processes introduced and presented to the company by able employees this cost had fallen by 1879 to thirty-six dollars a ton. Meanwhile the price of rails—thanks, certainly, to the tariff—had gone up! And from a quite early date there seems to have been a rail pool for the purpose of preventing any foolish competition among the several mills. As early as 1876 the net earnings of the Thomson works were estimated at three hundred thousand dollars, or about forty per cent on the capital. For 1878 the net earnings are stated by Mr. Bridge at four hundred and one thousand eight hundred dollars; for 1879 at more than five hundred thousand dollars; for 1880—with about forty dollars a ton profit and the output constantly increasing—at one million six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, which would be more than two hundred per cent on the original investment. The capital, meanwhile, had been increased by accumulated profits; so the actual rate of net earnings was merely one hundred and forty per cent.

The Tariff Still on Guard

When the Edgar Thomson Steel Works were started Mr. Carnegie had retired from the railroad service. While he was still connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad, however, in 1865, he joined in organizing the Keystone Bridge Company, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, largely to build iron railway bridges. A number of other officials of the Pennsylvania were interested in this venture, which seems to have had plenty of orders from the start. It has been said on high authority that all the Carnegie concerns enjoyed valuable favors from the railroads in the way of freight rebates.

A bet was made that a two-converter Bessemer plant could not produce fifteen hundred tons of ingots in a month. Two years later the same plant produced eight thousand tons in a month—and not long after that thirteen thousand tons, or nearly tenfold what its capacity had been supposed to be. This was partly due to the mechanical genius of Captain W. R. Jones, a Carnegie superintendent. By taking a couple of pieces of rail, shaping and placing them in a certain manner so as to throw the steel as it came through the rolls upon a moving bed, Captain Jones saved the labor of a dozen men, besides expediting the work. Numberless inventions and improvements were thus made by the practical men at the mills, swelling the profits of the companies. Out of accumulating profits the capital was increased; sometimes struggling rival works were bought cheap. Thus the original Homestead plant—started by Kloman, who had split with Carnegie—is said to have been bought by promissory notes which were paid off out of the earnings of the plant. All the while, of course, the tariff ever stood on guard, protecting the mills against foreign competition, which might have compelled them to give consumers a larger share in the benefit of improvements.

Net earnings of the various Carnegie concerns for 1881 are stated at $2,000,377; for 1882 at $2,128,423. The next three years they were only a little over a million dollars annually; but in 1886 they were $2,925,350; in 1887 $3,441,887.

This, Mr. Bridge observes, was "before Mr. Frick came into supreme power and multiplied Carnegie profits elevenfold in eleven years." Meanwhile Mr. Carnegie had been acquiring a majority interest in the concerns, which were presently united in the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited.

In 1899 Judge Moore entertained an ambition to promote this company and, after some negotiations with Mr. Carnegie, prepared a prospectus for the information

OCCIDENT FLOUR

Costs More -Worth It

We PLEDGE you satisfaction in Occident Flour

Use up one sack -if it fails to win your highest praise, your grocer will refund the purchase price

Occident FLOUR costs a little more in the Flour—less in the bread. More loaves to the sack—better bread at every baking

We GUARANTEE it

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

RUSSELL-MILLER INCORPORATED OCCIDENT NORTH DAKOTA MILLING COMPANY

OCCIDENT FLOUR

A RETURNING FASHION!
POPE BICYCLES
Columbia, Rambler, Cleveland, Tribune

Contain many distinctive features of great merit not found in other makes.

The Pope Daily Service Bicycle

A new proposition. Send for full particulars about this magnificent wheel and our convenient method of selling it

CAUTION! Thousands of very low grade wheels with fancy paint and deceptive names are offered at high grade prices. If you want a reliable bicycle at a low price, beware! Every one knows these Qualities. Pope wheels are safe to buy and ride. $25 to $100.

THE POPE MFG. CO., 452 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.

$1 English Knock-about Hat

Genuine Panama Hats $1 and up

Panama Hat Co. Dept. A 830 Broadway New York City

Old Style LAME PEOPLE New Style

The Perfection Instep Support

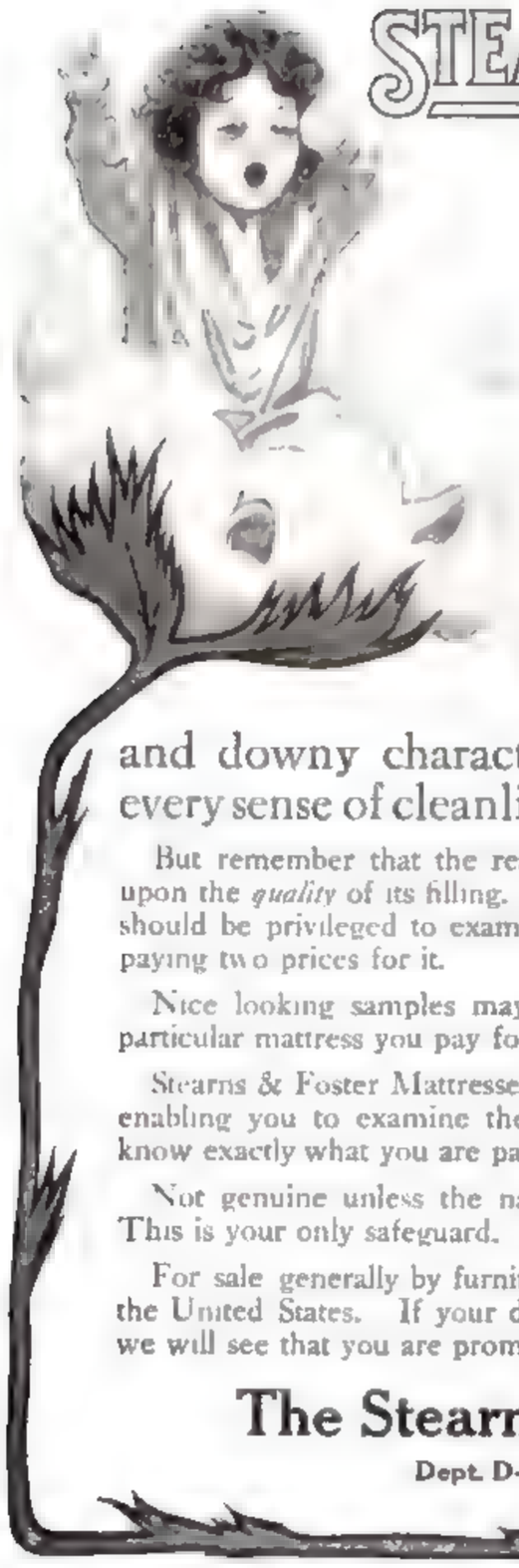
HENRY S. LOTZ, 313 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

5-10-25¢ STORE

An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.



STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

Made in Four Grades

The Anchor
The Windsor
The Lenox
The Style "A"

COTTON is the ideal filling for a mattress because its natural purity and downy character make a strong appeal to every sense of cleanliness, comfort and refinement.

But remember that the real value of a mattress depends very largely upon the *quality* of its filling. When you buy a mattress, therefore, you should be privileged to examine the inside of it; otherwise you may be paying two prices for it.

Nice looking samples may be one thing, but your interest is in the particular mattress you pay for.

Stearns & Foster Mattresses are provided with a laced opening device enabling you to examine the quality of the cotton inside. You thus know exactly what you are paying for.

Not genuine unless the name "Stearns & Foster" is on the label. This is your only safeguard. Insist upon it.

For sale generally by furniture dealers and department stores thruout the United States. If your dealer can't supply you, drop us a line and we will see that you are promptly cared for.

The Stearns & Foster Co.

Dept. D-6, Cincinnati, Ohio

of those who should subscribe to the underwriting syndicate. This prospectus stated that the net earnings of the Carnegie Steel Company, including the Frick Coke Works, for March, 1899, were $1,652,038; and for April, 1899, $1,888,227. Steel prices, meanwhile, had risen and the prospectus adds: "Had current prices been obtained for the shipments made during those two months, the net earnings would have been, for March, $3,182,574; for April, $4,325,922." At the average of those two sums it will be seen that the net profits would amount to forty-five million dollars a year—though the capital of the Carnegie Steel Company, consisting mostly of accumulated surplus profits, was only twenty-five million dollars.

Ten years later Congress harkened to the plea of the owners of the Carnegie mills that the steel business in this country really couldn't get along without a stiff import duty to protect it from the pauper labor of Europe. About the same time the Pittsburgh Survey was published, showing how luxuriously the greater part of the Steel Trust's labor was living -sometimes working twelve hours a day for seven days a week in order to earn bread and oleomargarine!

The company paid a cash dividend of twenty-two million dollars the next year, and the year following that the company was absorbed by the Steel Corporation—the consideration being $304,000,000 in first mortgage five per cent bonds, $98,277,120 in seven per cent preferred stock and $90,279,040 in common stock. At current stock exchange quotations this stock is worth, in round numbers, one hundred and eighty-five million dollars. Add the bonds and the twenty-two million dollars cash dividend and you have over five hundred million dollars of tiptop capital, created in a single generation out of an original cash investment of perhaps one or two per cent of that amount. When the profits were first beginning to roll up, Mr. Carnegie cried exultantly: "Where is there such a business?"

Where, indeed? But do not imagine that this is only the record of a golden era that has vanished. The era is still with us, as golden as ever.

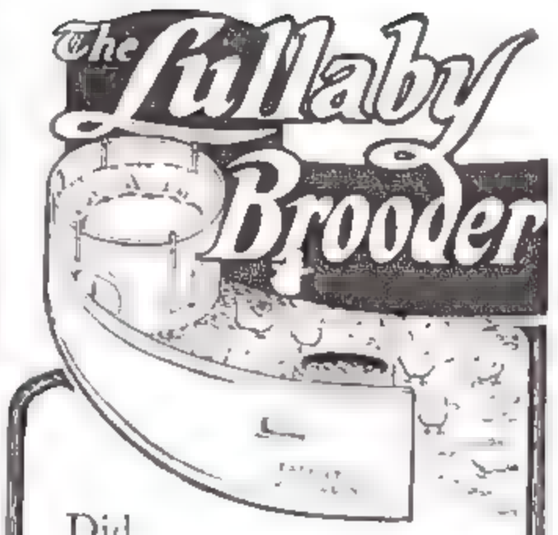
Services Paid for in Stock

When the Steel Corporation was organized in 1901 with a capitalization, in round numbers, of fifteen hundred million dollars—containing the huge inflations referred to above—people of ordinary imagination were rather dazed. Could the trust earn enough, they asked, to support the immense and highly watered issue of bonds and stock? The latest complete annual report that is available at this writing covers the year ending December 31, 1909. It shows that in the eight years and nine months from the date of organization, April 1, 1901, to the end of 1909, the corporation's net earnings applicable to dividends—after deducting the expenses, taxes, bond interest, sinking fund requirements, all ordinary charges for maintenance and depreciation of the plants, and some extraordinary charges for extension of the plants—were, in round numbers, six hundred and sixteen million five hundred thousand dollars.

Dividends paid amounted to three hundred and forty-three million dollars, leaving for surplus two hundred and seventy-three million dollars. How well the plants have been maintained out of earnings may be judged from the fact that for ordinary maintenance and repairs thirty-four million dollars was deducted in 1909 and twenty-seven million dollars in 1908. Each year something for extraordinary replacements and betterments has also been deducted from earnings. Out of earnings the enormous new plant at Gary, Indiana, has been built and many other plant extensions made. Out of earnings, indeed, three hundred and nine million dollars have been spent for additional property and construction, and thirty-five million dollars of mortgages have been paid off. The protected steel industry, in short, is still multiplying itself out of its own profits.

"Practically all of the stockholders in the Carnegie company, other than Mr. Carnegie himself," Mr. Schwab testified, "were people without capital, who were given stock for their services." Mr. Carnegie's own original contribution of capital was exceedingly small. It was partly, at least, by the active favor of the Government, with its high tariff, that the regiment of steel millionaires was created.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three papers by Will Payne



Did you ever stop to figure out the real value of an early chicken?

When three months old they should weigh enough to bring about $1.50 in the market. This means that every time you lose one of the early chickens you are out the $1.50 you might have made if the chicken had lived.

The Lullaby Brooder can be bought for $1.50. It would have to save the life of *one chicken* to pay for itself.

Not only will the Lullaby Brooder raise and save your chicks but it will raise them better and [illegible] thereby increasing the value of your flock.

Get the Lullaby Brooder catalog today. Many [illegible] information. Worth $1.50 [illegible]

The PARK & POLLARD CO

DRY MASH Makes them LAY OR BUST

[illegible] CANAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.

To Poultry Supply Dealers [illegible] liberal proposition.

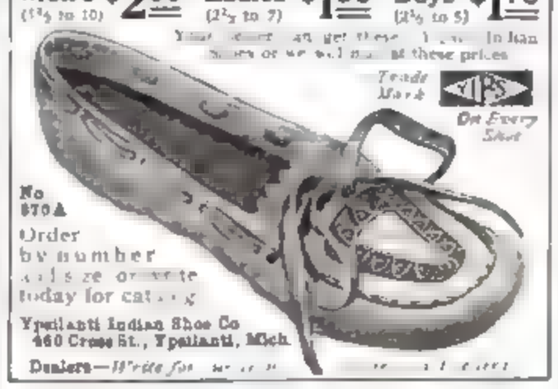
They die outdoors!

"Yipsi" Indian House-Shoes Outdoor Shoes

[illegible] handsomely decorated. Not a novelty but a real, [illegible]

Men's $2.00 (5½ to 10) Ladies' $1.90 (2½ to 7) Boys' $1.75 (2½ to 5)

[illegible] get these [illegible] in Indian Moccasins or we will mail them at these prices.



Ypsilanti Indian Shoe Co
460 Cross St., Ypsilanti, Mich.

Dealers—Write for [illegible]

ARITHMETIC
SELF-TAUGHT

A [illegible], easy-understood volume for all [illegible] learning this [illegible] Fine [illegible]

257 Pages Requires no teacher [illegible] 50 cents

[illegible] stamps accepted [illegible]

GEO. A. ZELLER BOOK CO.
Est. 1870. 4476 W. Belle Pl. St. Louis, Mo.

FOX MOTORS
Hold the World's Endurance Record

[illegible] or Automobile [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Original Photograph Taken During Our Civil War

This Photograph, snapped August 1863 in camp in Virginia, shows the Drummer Boys of the 93rd New York in actual service in our Civil War. This is but one of 3500 equally unusual photographs

THIS photograph has never been shown the world before—and it is but *one of 3500 photographs* of the Civil War lost for nearly 50 years that we have just found again. Send the coupon with 10 cents for mailing and we will give you *eighteen* of these Photographs *free.*

RIGHT into history they marched, these bright boys of the Ninety-third New York. Only fourteen or fifteen years old, they went through the four years of our Civil War, brightening the long march, cheering the camp and inspiring the discouraged men on the battle line with the crashing beat of their drums. Often, too, they helped the surgeons in the field; and often grabbed a gun and plunged into the fight themselves. Just boys! But they saw the Battles of Bull Run and Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and the Wilderness; they heard the whistle of the Confederate bullets and they saw the blood run red under their own Stars and Stripes. Right in line with their older comrades, they helped make the 93rd New York one of the *great* regiments of all history. For that regiment lost more in killed and wounded than Tennyson's famous "Light Brigade." Theirs is a story you ought to read.

The Army of Boys

NEARLY a million of boys of from ten to sixteen years old got into the Union Army by swearing they were eighteen, that being the age limit for enlistment, and the Federal troops have been called "an army of boys."

In the Confederate ranks, also, there were thousands of boys, because every one over fifteen was expected to serve in the army. And the ships on both sides had their thousands of boys.

And we have 3500 photographs that the world has never seen of those two armies and navies. Did you ever hear the story of the taking of these photographs?

Adventures in the War

MATHEW BRADY was a great artist-photographer in New York, in the days when photography was new. When the war broke out Mathew Brady went into the fight, armed not with a gun but with the camera. Many were his narrow escapes. Once he wandered for days in the woods, armed only with a broadsword and dreading capture at every moment; once the Confederates mistook his cameras for guns and opened fire on them.

3500 Photographs

BUT he stuck to his great task, and when the war ended he had a superb collection of thousands of photographs of the men on land and sea, in camp and battlefield, in hospital and prison. Here in these pictures you will see a real war—the greatest war that ever took place on the American continent, and one of the mightiest wars of all history. And this is no imaginative artist's handiwork. It is the living impression, caught in the heat of the conflict, and preserved on the camera plates, so that it is as clear, as new, as fresh today as it was fifty years ago when these boys slung their drums over their shoulder and beat the inspiring strains of "*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching.*"

Lost for so many years, these photographs are now at last in such shape that every American can own them; for the Review of Reviews has put them in ten tall volumes, and you can have them for less than one cent a picture.

18 Given Away

SEND the coupon for 18 of these pictures free. The whole story is too long to tell here. We have put it all in a handsomely illustrated book, which we will send you free if you mail the coupon at once. At the same time we will give you 18 reproductions of these unique photographs which you can frame and keep. Each of these pictures is on a sheet 12 x 12½ inches, and has under it the whole story of the picture.

This offer cannot be held open indefinitely. Send the coupon today and 10 cents to cover mailing charges.

Review of Reviews Company, 13 Astor Place, New York

Review of Reviews Company
13 Astor Place, New York, N. Y.

Send me, free of charge, the 18 reproductions of your newly discovered Brady Civil War photographs, ready for framing and contained in a handsome portfolio. Also send me the story of these photographs and tell me how I can get the whole collection for the value of one photograph. I enclose 10 cents to cover the cost of mailing

Name

Address

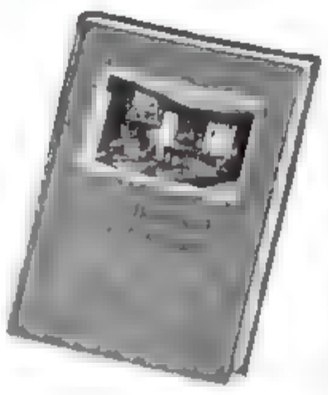
You should see our Portfolio of color schemes before you paint your house

It is always difficult to select pleasing color combinations from color cards. It is also difficult to select the paint, varnish or stain best suited to the surface it is to cover.

This Portfolio, "Color Schemes for Exterior House Painting," shows many harmonious color combinations on various styles of houses, and gives complete specifications for securing the results shown, naming the particular paint, varnish or stain which will make these pleasing results permanent.

Before you build, remodel or redecorate send for and study our Portfolio, "A Cottage Bungalow." It is a complete plan of interior decorations, each room being carefully worked out and shown in colors, with complete specifications. Even the rugs, draperies, hangings and furniture are included.

Send for these two Portfolios today. They are free. You will find them both wonderfully helpful in making your home attractive, and in bringing to your attention the kind of paint, stains and varnishes with which you can best carry out your ideas.



"Your Home and its Decoration"

is an attractive 200 page book filled with practical hints on home decoration. Contains 12 beautiful color plates and 130 other illustrations. Everyone interested in correct home decoration should have a copy of this book. Price $2.00. Postage 15c. extra.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Sold by dealers everywhere. Ask your local dealer for color cards and full information. For the Special Home Decoration Service write to The Sherwin-Williams Co., Decorative Dept 619 Canal Road, N. W. Cleveland, Ohio

Tires That Never Puncture

ARE those covered with **Standard Tire Protectors.** They do not develop blowouts or other tire troubles, as like most other tires they are responsible [illegible] the danger and annoyance of tire troubles.

[illegible] the **Standard** Non-Skid Tire Protector [illegible] It [illegible] Our Standard [illegible] anxiety and a great deal more pleasure in motoring.

Standard Non-Skid Tire Protector
(Or Plain Tread if Preferred)

Standard Tire Protectors [illegible]

For Full Information — [illegible] Standard Tire Protectors, [illegible] all motorists say about them — write [illegible]

Standard Tire Protector Company
809 So. Water Street, Saginaw, Michigan

ROXFORD

Money's Worth

is a big question in underwear this summer, the way cotton prices have gone up.

Roxford Underwear

is the same high-grade balbriggan or "gauze" that it was before the rise in cotton.

You'll find Roxford extra money's worth all round—in the *knitted* fabric itself—in style—in roomy, generous cut—in niceties of make and finish.

Go to the best haberdasher or department store and ask for Roxford: All styles of garment for *men and boys*—All weights—All colors—50c., 75c. and $1.00 a garment.

Send for the little ROXFORD BOOK. It tells facts worth knowing about *The Good Knitted Underwear for Men and Boys.*

Roxford Knitting Co.
Dept. K
Philadelphia

Reach

Cork Center Base Ball

(Patented)

Used exclusively by the American League.

Official for all leagues.

Connie Mack says — [illegible] It [illegible]

The Champs say [illegible]

Try it out this season on your team. Ev[illegible] will say he finest ball he ever batted. It certainly will [illegible] batting averages.

Live, popular dealers everywhere sell Reach Base Ball Goods—"The Very Best." Write for our new 1911 catalogue, printed in colors. FREE.

The complete book on base ball — THE REACH GUIDE — [illegible]

A. J. REACH COMPANY 1705 Tulip Street Philadelphia, Pa.

COUNTER ENCOUNTERS

Continued from Page 17

manner in which many mothers decided this question was evidenced by the fact that, early on the morning for which the sale was advertised, more than twice the number necessary to buy the coats had arrived on the scene.

This advertisement and its results are certainly significant of the wonderful change wrought in advertisement writing; for, only a few years ago, the advertisement of these coats would have appeared in a style something like this:

> WONDERFUL VALUE IN GIRLS' COATS
>
> Mixtures at Serge Coats at Four Dollars Worth Eight
>
> Broadcloth Coats at Five Dollars, Worth Ten

Indeed, this kind of advertising still has its faithful adherents. And, indeed, women's ears are not yet dulled to its siren call. Yet, though the sale of "silk petticoats at two-thirty-five—values five to seven dollars"—is still well attended, there are many women who smile skeptically at such announcements. It is these women who will be won by an honest statement of some disqualification, such as "odd sizes," "one or two of a kind," "discontinued patterns."

And that is why, in place of the old, derided bargain-hunts of former days, we find an era of much saner economies. Nowadays many women economize a third on their wardrobes by buying at the so-called "end of the season." These same women realize the honest pretensions of the semi-annual sales of china, furniture, underclothes and shoes. And they have learned by long experience that when an advertisement reads "sample line" they may get an article at one-half or one-third of its former price. Hundreds of sensible shoppers today are ready to profit by the frank avowal that fine Irish tablecloths are "a third under price, because they come without napkins that match." And hundreds of others look forward eagerly to the sales of underwear "seconds," which are held each year by a great department store. Indeed, so far as seconds are concerned, they are now wearing a halo of popular approval; for, in this overparticular age, the word has come to mean only a dropped thread something which, at the worst, may be remedied by a few stitches.

The Magic Word "Imported"

More and more, in fact, the leading stores of the country are edging away from the loose statements, the unexplained opportunities, the unconvincing "reductions" of former advertising years. In many organizations there are critics whose sole business it is to see that advertisements tally exactly with the merchandise represented. For sales managers are commencing to see the blighting effect that such slipper-and-gown statements have upon the public confidence, and are determining that, in the words of one prominent merchandise man, "every parcel sent from the store must be an advertisement."

To give an instance of the dangers that lurk in this sort of exaggeration, there is the case of some suits sold in a certain department store last winter. The announcement of their sale was headed by one group at thirty dollars, which, it was claimed, had sold from forty to one hundred dollars. As a matter of fact, this statement was not untrue; there were hundred-dollar suits in the group, but their number was only four. As may be imagined, these disappeared within fifteen minutes after the sale started. As may be imagined also, every woman who came in for the remainder of that day asked to see the hundred-dollar suits at thirty dollars. When told that these had been already sold each one of the aspirants uttered some scornful comment.

"Don't believe you ever had any!" sniffed one.

"Just a ruse of these stores!" snapped another.

"I'll never come back here as long as I live!" muttered a third.

At last, surrounded by a group of accusers, the assistant buyer brought out from the fitting rooms all four of the dresses and showed them full of confirming pins; but even this, together with the displayed price-tag, failed to bring conviction. And, at the end of the day, the poor buyer, her pinions trailing in the dust, came forth with the piteous declaration: "Never again! Hereafter I quote no values. I feel that we have made more enemies than we can hope to make up for in months."

One day there came into the misses' department of a certain store a woman who asked to see corduroy coats for her small girl of ten. She was shown two styles at about the same price—one an American model and the other recommended as "imported." After only a minute's hesitation, the woman decided on the latter.

When she was gone the salesgirl remarked cynically: "Funny how they all fall for it—that word 'imported.' Now this American model is twice as heavy and really better made; but three out of five customers who come in here think this English coat is great."

It is an illustration of the hypnotism still exerted upon the American shopper by the word "imported"—a hypnotism asserted in everything, from towels to saucepans, from ready-to-wear frocks to the trunk that carries them.

Every one who, in the pursuit of correct literary style, reads the daily advertisements of merchandise must be struck by the constant pedaling on the recommendation, "Exclusive patterns." It is not at first apparent of just what value is the suggestion that your Irish tablecloth may be in a different pattern from that of your neighbor's across the way, or just why the thought of sharing the cut of your baby's mittens with Mrs. Brown should be so irksome. Yet it is a fact that many women ask the salesman whether "any other stores carry" a particular thing; and that these women purr when told: "No, madam; we control this article in this special pattern."

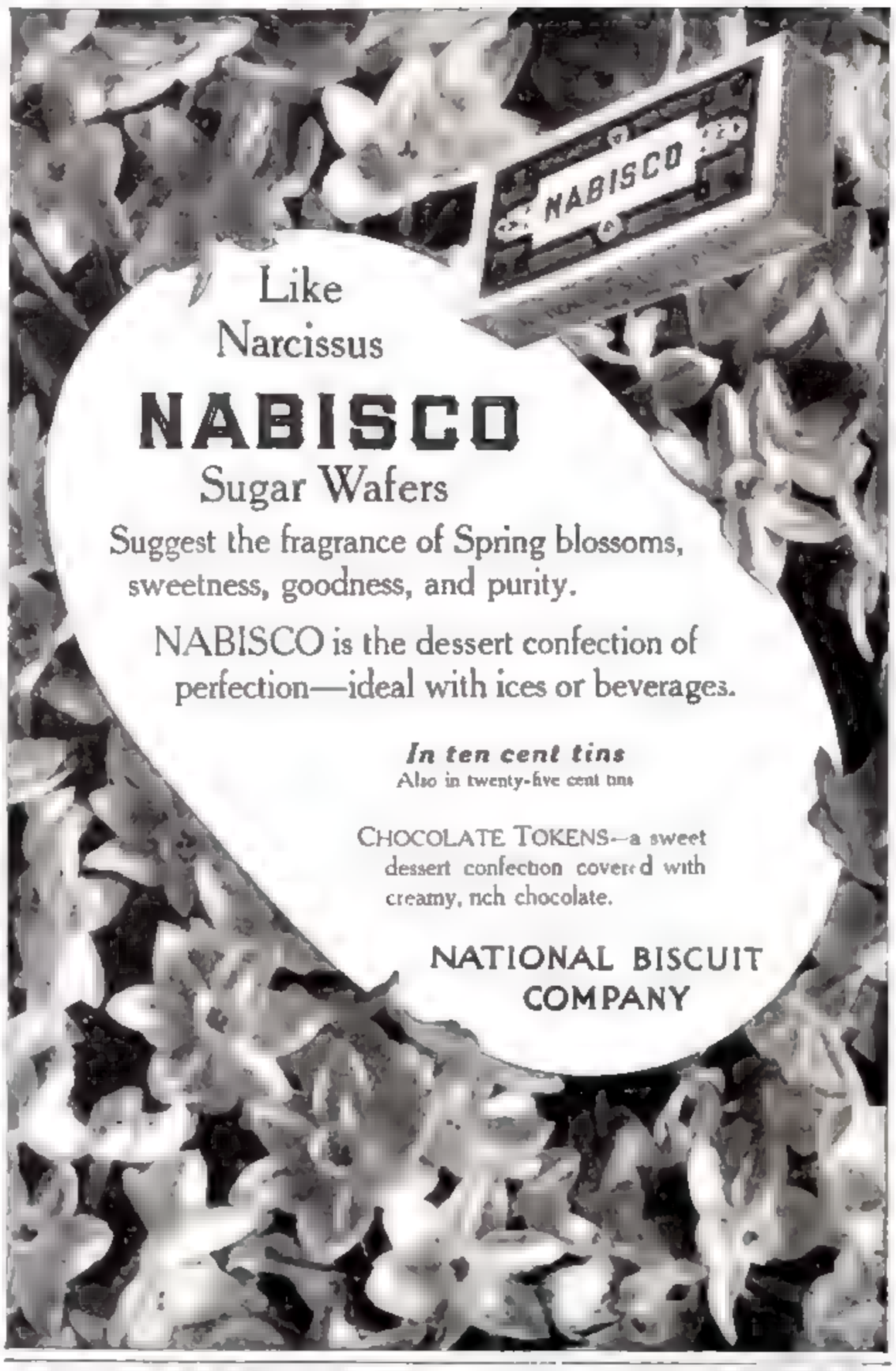
The Followers of Special Price

Another potent phrase in the sale of most clothing today is "Easy to Launder." From the emphasis laid on this qualification, in fact, it might be surmised that we were approaching another Deucalion flood, the stormy waters of which were to be tinged with the most caustic of soaps. Particularly is this the case in children's clothes, where the first thing pointed out in a little gingham frock is that it "buttons down the back and is no trouble to do up."

While speaking of children's clothes it is interesting to note the great stress laid on "sensible" in the presentation of such garments today. For nowadays childhood does not sit solemnly in its appointed corner, terrified by the words: "Don't spoil your clothes!" On the contrary, only clothes which may be "spoiled" are admitted to modern favor. The wise mother turns her children forth in gingham or chambray suits and frocks, and even the preferred party frock of today is one that will come triumphantly forth from suds and water. As for juvenile coats, nothing could be more practical. For the most part, they are cut on severely overcoat lines; and, even for best wear, pastel shades make a difficult exit.

Among the shopping tribes that sweep over the modern store, none is more worthy of mention than the main-aisleites. These are the women who start from home with the wholesome intention of going to the manicure's or to a lecture, and who, on their way through the store, are caught in the toils of a flowered kimono at the "special price" of three-ninety-five. It is very probable that the main-aisleite already has enough kimonos to clothe the Flowery Kingdom, but she is simply not able to resist an opportunity when placed beneath her very eyes. It is the knowledge of this infirmity that makes the wise buyer more anxious for a table on the main aisle than for a three-column advertisement. And it may be justly inferred that the main-aisleite's home is crowded with clothes—stuffs that she does not need—with plethoric purses and redundant belts.

Is the great department store of today taking the place of the cathedral of mediæval times? Is it fast becoming the center of our artistic and social life? One thinks so when one sees how many women congregate in these places for the purpose of writing a letter, or meeting a friend, or going to a concert. Nowadays it is assumed that


NABISCO
Like
Narcissus
NABISCO
Sugar Wafers
Suggest the fragrance of Spring blossoms, sweetness, goodness, and purity.
NABISCO is the dessert confection of perfection—ideal with ices or beverages.
In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins
CHOCOLATE TOKENS—a sweet dessert confection covered with creamy, rich chocolate.
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

UTICA PLIERS

Give you fingers of steel and enable you to do many things you could not accomplish with any other tool. Superior design, material and workmanship and low cost are reasons why you should insist upon getting no other

At all Hardware and Electrical Supply Dealers

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO.

Printed Matter on Request. UTICA, N. Y.

This Fastener for YOU

100 in a box, 15c

Two Points, and two lips, hold top, bottom and middle papers with equal security.

The De Long Hook and Eye Company, Philadelphia

Samples [illegible] free on request

Twin Grip PAPER FASTENERS

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices

All leading varieties pure bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book [illegible] for Profit. Tells how to raise poultry and run Incubators successfully. Send 10c for postage.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 19, Freeport, Ill.

SALESMEN WANTED

[illegible] automobiles in home territory. Must have [illegible] county, but knowledge of oil business not necessary. Write for particulars today.

WHITE STAR REFINING CO., Detroit, Mich.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance* and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the [illegible] grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices [illegible]. We save you $10 to $25 [illegible] tires. Imported [illegible] at unheard of low prices

RIDER AGENTS WANTED [illegible] Ranger [illegible] to ride and exhibit a sample astonished at the [illegible] Write at once [illegible] DO NOT BUY bicycle [illegible] from any one at any price until you receive our catalogue and [illegible] BICYCLE DEALERS [illegible] You can sell our bicycles under your own [illegible]

SECOND HAND BICYCLES [illegible] our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once at $3 to $8 each [illegible] sundries parts repairs [illegible] half usual prices

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE [illegible]

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our [illegible] illustrated and [illegible] a great land of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. K-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

"By George, That Blade Lasted a Year."

YOU may not be as fortunate as the gentleman in the picture, or as fortunate as Mr. Hiram Percy Maxim, who shaved with one AutoStrop blade 151 times. But certain it is that $5 invested in an AutoStrop Razor will be your total shaving expense for years.

Besides, AutoStrop stropping preserves the edge anywhere from one month to one year—even longer; and what's more, gives a head barber edge that gives head barber shaves.

'Phone or write your dealer for an AutoStrop Razor. If it doesn't give you head barber shaves, dealer will cheerfully refund your money. We protect him from loss.

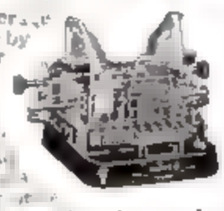
Whatever is put off never gets done. Get an AutoStrop Razor today.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Avenue, New York
233 Coristine Bldg., Montreal; 61 New Oxford Street, London

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR
STROPS ITSELF

Sell Yourself a Typewriter

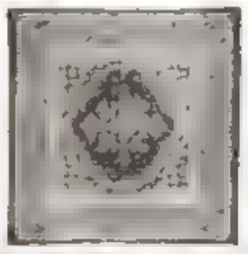
Save $50—5 Days' Trial



You can earn $50 the average cost of selling in person by [illegible] typewriter [illegible] $5 months for the [illegible] That's how the [illegible] We buy these [illegible] Our Thousands, direct from the makers, and we sell without agents. Our book, "Typewriter Secrets," tells the whole story. Ask us now to mail it

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
704 Masonic Temple, Chicago (11)

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets From the Mill We Pay Freight



Many [illegible] dealer [illegible] and save you 33 1-3 per cent. [illegible] well known Regal Rug. [illegible] $3.75. Our Brussels Rug [illegible] $1.68 Splendid [illegible] Brussels Rug [illegible] $11 [illegible] Invincible Velvets [illegible] $16 Standard Axminsters [illegible] $16.50 [illegible] Lace Curtains, [illegible] Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums at Mill prices.

Write today for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG 14. Sent free. Shows latest [illegible] patterns

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO
2450-2462 Jasper St. Phila.

PATENT WHAT YOU INVENT!

Your Ideas May Bring You a Fortune

Free book gives list of needed inventions and tells how to protect them. Write for it. Send sketch of invention for free opinion as to patentability.

Patent Obtained or Our Fee Returned.

H. ELLIS CHANDLEE & CO.
1287 F Street, Washington, D. C.

HALCYON MESSALINE TRADE MARK Petticoats

Are close-fitting, smooth-draping beautifully modeled garments — what you want for the latest style in dress.

Another Hydegrade SUCCESS

Ask your dealer for HALCYON MESSALINE PETTICOATS and be sure the word "HALCYON" is on the label.

Hydegrade HALCYON MESSALINE

Every Petticoat Guaranteed

Halcyon Messaline also [illegible] at the [illegible]

A. G. HYDE & SONS, New York Chicago
Makers of Featherbloom Taffeta and other Hydegrade Fabrics

Best grade cedar canoe for $20

We sell direct, saving you $20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power [illegible] at factory prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 118 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE [illegible] finest boys' publication [illegible]

will send us the names and addresses of two or [illegible] friends we'll send you a sample of this splendid magazine FREE. $1.00 a year. 10c a copy at all newsdealers.

THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO. 496 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

every woman would like a dash of Pagliacci with buying her oilcloths; and great artists are employed by the leading stores to give their customers a soul-massage with the Liebestod from Tristan und Isolde. New ways are constantly being sought to engage the customer's attention with entertainment; and it is surprising to find how many shoppers go to a certain store "because things are so comfortable."

Every woman has her shopping heel—the portion of her not dipped into the Styx of reason or proportion. There, for instance, is the woman who buys one article at the expense of all others; who is willing to wear a petticoat frayed like a Mexican's trousers in order that she may indulge her mad passion for shoes or gloves or perfumes.

Sit down any day in the shoe department of any large store and you may have the pleasure of watching a woman in a shabby dress and a pensive hat buying several pairs of shoes at ten dollars a pair.

There was the case of the professor's wife. I know she was a professor's wife because I heard her telling her life's history to the man who was waiting upon her. When I first saw her she had on a pair of seven-dollar boots, which she was very ruefully surveying. At last the discontent on her face deepened to resolution and she said: "Suppose you try on a more expensive pair than this. These don't seem to fit my instep very well—I have such a high instep, you know; and it does seem a shame to ruin it."

The salesman, meeting this smirking comment with creditable soberness, thereupon produced another box, from which he drew a more resplendent pair of shoes. The woman's face lighted up when he told her the price—ten dollars.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with delight. "That feels decidedly more comfortable. After all, there's no use trying to economize on *my* feet. Other women, with a different kind of instep, can buy cheap shoes, but I simply can't do it."

After this she decided that she wanted some evening slippers, and I watched her buy two equally futile pairs of satin with high heels. When she at last rose to go the salesman had made out a schedule for twenty-one dollars.

"Well, well!" she said as she handed the clerk the money—such worn, pathetic, difficult-to-save-looking bills. "I suppose my husband will be very angry with me. He gave me this money to buy a suit—and here I've spent it nearly all on shoes."

"What do you know about that?" remarked the young salesman to me afterward. "Is it any wonder that men commit crime? Why, that woman comes in here every season and spends the money given to her to purchase a suit on the silliest shoes she can find."

Neptune's Alias

Equaling this woman in obduracy is she who cherishes a prejudice against a trade-marked name. One such came in not long ago and asked for a pair of silk stockings, whereupon the saleswoman showed her a brand named Neptune.

"Neptune!—I couldn't think of buying a pair of Neptune stockings," sputtered the woman. "I had them once and they went into holes the first wearing."

"Then how would you like the Juno stockings?" capitulated the other promptly. "Many women prefer those."

The woman looked mollified. "Of course," said she, "that is what I want. The Juno stockings are what I always wear."

"Fool 'em every day on that," said the little saleswoman to me when the shopper was out of hearing.

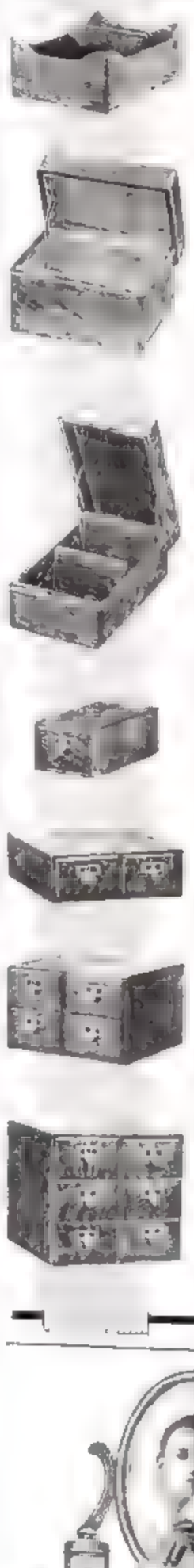
"How's that?" I asked.

"Neptune—Juno; Juno—Neptune," she chanted dancingly. "All the same thing—made by the same manufacturer; only there are some women who have taken a prejudice against them under one name and like them under another."

Subsequently I learned of many similar aliases under which travel certain trade-marked articles. For truly "the rose by any other name will not *sell* so sweet," and "violet" is frequently a judicious baptismal reenforcement.

Among all the counter-irritants with whom the salesperson is obliged to struggle, the woman who always insists upon having the same style of article is entitled to illumined letters. This woman comes in and asks for corset "ABC–No. 675"; in reply

Macey



CARD INDEX CABINETS

Card Index your business. You'll be surprised how simple and convenient those troublesome records become when Card Indexed.

The Macey Card Index System arranges, records, classifies and indexes all kinds of information in a manner much less laborious and more satisfactory than with books. Macey Card Index Cabinets will accommodate records for any purpose—for any business—large or small.

Send for catalogue No. P-4210. You will find the most complete and comprehensive line of filing appliances in the world, illustrated and described in our 120-page book. With the Macey "Inter-Inter" System you can secure a combination of filing appliances to fit your own particular needs—practically a special cabinet. With the old style sections you must modify your plans to suit the cabinet.

We will assist you in applying the Macey Card Systems or Filing Systems to your requirements. Give us your problems when you ask for catalogue—remember the number—P 4210.

The Macey Co.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

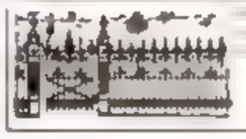
After Shaving

Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM Toilet Powder

[illegible] insist upon [illegible] using of [illegible] It is antiseptic [illegible] many of the *skin diseases* [illegible] Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c. Sample box for [illegible]

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

Make money in spare time



[illegible] girls

THE STEWART IRON WORKS CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio
169 Page Catalog FREE.

Section of towel actual size.
Note the nubs. It's the nubs that rub.

A QUICK rub—and a rub *dry*. That's what makes the RUBDRY towel the crowning feature of the bath. It sends the fresh, warm blood rushing through the body. Revives the tissues. Makes a man fit for work or play.

The NEW

RUBDRY Bath Towel

Guaranteed for 1½ years.

RUBDRY towels come in 5 sizes—39c, 53c, 73c, 85c and $1.25 each. We recommend the 53c (medium) size and the 85c (large) size as giving best values.

Get a pair of RUBDRY towels today—from your Drygoods man, Druggist or Men's Furnisher if you can. If not, direct from us. We pay expressage in such cases.

RUBDRY towels are packed in individual boxes and guaranteed 1½ years. Washed *right* RUBDRY towels last 4 and 5 years.

1 Sample Washcloth—4c to pay postage.
Large Demonstration Sheet Free.

Rubdry Towel Co., 167 So. Angell St., Providence, R. I.

A Larter Vest Button

LARTER
SHIRT STUDS
& LARTER VEST BUTTONS

Larter Vest Buttons can be changed from one fancy vest to another, just as quickly as you decide which one you will wear. Larter Shirt Studs have the same advantage. Let your jeweler show you how handsome and convenient they are.

A Larter Shirt Stud

Look for this trade-mark on the back of every piece. It is proof of the genuine.

The Larter guarantee is, "if an accident ever happens to the back of a stud or button, a new one given in exchange."

Sectional view of Larter Vest Button

If your jeweler doesn't sell them, write us for the name of one who does.

Write for Illustrated Booklet

It illustrates many of the immense variety of Larter styles, and suggests the proper studs and buttons for all occasions of dress and negligee.

Larter & Sons, 21 Maiden Lane New York

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper-plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style. Fashionable wedding invitations and announcements, die stamped stationery, at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free.
Charles H. Elliott Co., 1636 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

to which the saleswoman says regretfully: "I am very sorry indeed, madam, but we are just closing out line ABC—No. 675. We have another corset here, though, which I think will suit you even better—SXG—No. 987."

"Closed it out!" cries the woman furiously. "I should like to know why. That is the only corset I ever got in my whole life that exactly suited my figure. I'd like to know why you people can't keep on having a good thing in stock."

In reply, the saleswoman has to convince her customer that it is no demoniacal caprice, no deliberate attempt to inconvenience the public, which has led the store to relinquish corset ABC.

"You see," she concludes soothingly, "with these dresses they wear nowadays there really wasn't enough demand for ABC to justify us in keeping it. But I know that this SXG will give you just as much comfort and better service. We've never had a single complaint since we started handling it."

Now and then the woman refuses to be thus persuaded into a change and goes out muttering curses on an upstart generation of storekeepers. More often, however, she starts off with the substitute ungraciously tucked beneath her arm.

There are some women who regard a salesperson in the same light as the family physician or the parish priest. They confide immediately to him every happening of their lives and the chain of circumstances which led to each happening.

"I'm going to Europe next month," says this confiding one tensely as she leans over the underwear counter. "I really hadn't meant to go, but my cousin has been very ill and her doctor recommended a sea voyage. There is no one else to go with her and so I shall have to close up my house and go along. It really doesn't suit me very well, either, for my son's wife is just getting over an appendicitis operation and he wanted me to look after his house for a while. But—don't you think really I had better get fleece-lined combinations, with long sleeves? I haven't worn long-sleeved underwear for a long time—but they say Paris is very cold and those European places are frightfully damp." And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Exchange Counter Classics

This is the sort of woman who, as a rule, trusts implicitly to the saleswoman's counsel. With a greedy ear she devours her comments on an article's suitability, reasonable price and beautiful exterior. "But the saleswoman said it was the kind they always sold for traveling," she reiterates, with a pathetic trust, in the face of subsequent objections from her family circle. "I asked her particularly and she told me so."

Unfortunately the habit of bringing back things is one that cannot be termed an idiosyncrasy of the modern shopper. Solder a thing with the seal of Solomon, tie it with the most stubborn of strings, place upon it any number of prohibitory tags—and the article will be brought back with unruffled demeanor after two weeks' wear. I once saw a chiffon hat returned that looked as though it had been serving a sentence as a bathsponge, with the plump assurance that it had never been worn. Another time a baby-coat, with a telltale trail of dirty fingers, was brought in with the solemn classic that the baby had been given another just like it in the meanwhile.

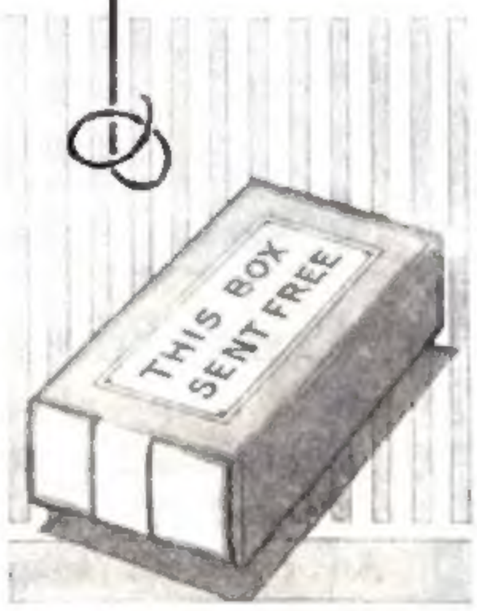
The incident which lends luster to all such narratives is one which occurred not long ago in the toy section of a certain store. To the exchange desk came pattering a large, fat woman, with a small toy spaniel in her hands.

"I should like to exchange this, if you please," she said with much assurance at the desk.

The girl at the desk looked the spaniel over carefully and was about to credit it when she saw its tag. "Hoyt & Hoyt!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Why, madam, this dog was never bought here."

"Of course not!" replied the shopper, looking up with a meringue smile. "I didn't know that made any difference!"

Sunshine Specialties



Biscuit Confections

Five Kinds Sent Free

We offer to send to each Miss and each housewife a box of these new desserts. We want the biscuits themselves—these Sunshine Specialties—to tell you how delightful they are.

They will surprise you, for never before were such biscuit confections produced in America.

One is a chocolate wafer filled with sweet vanilla cream. One is a sugar sandwich. Others are crisp, sweet biscuits with enticing flavors. This sample box will make you wish to always have a box at hand.

It will also do more. These Sunshine Specialties come from the Sunshine Bakeries—the finest in the world.

All Sunshine Biscuits—from soda crackers up—are made with the skill which makes these. All are baked—as these are—in ovens of white tile.

When you taste these exquisite productions you will insist on biscuits with the "Sunshine" brand.

Send us simply your name and address, and the name and address of your grocer. A postal will do. The next mail will bring you this assorted box. After that, let your grocer supply you the kinds which you like best. Cut out this reminder so you won't forget to write for the box today. (14)

A reminder to write to
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.
181 Causeway St.
BOSTON, MASS.
for a free box of
SUNSHINE SPECIALTIES

SHUMATE "Tungsten" Razor

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Here, at last, is a Razor good enough to guarantee for life! Our offer: Pay dealer $2.75 (or send to us) for a **Shumate Tungsten Razor**. Use, or even misuse it, and if your "Tungsten" falls short of perfect service **at any time** it will be exchanged **free**. Nick the blade, break the handle, damage your **Shumate "Tungsten"** in any way; our offer holds good; you **can't** lose!

$2.75 At Any Good Store or Direct From Us

The secret of **Shumate Razor** superiority lies in the exclusive process of genuine **Tungsten Alloy Steel**, which takes a keener edge and holds it longer than any steel known. Full concave, hand-ground blade, elegant plain handle. No matter how many standard razors you have, you should own a **Guaranteed-for-Life Shumate**. If you are experimenting with a Safety try a **Shumate Standard** and watch it shave its way into your favor.

Other Styles at Various Prices

SHUMATE RAZOR COMPANY
(Estab. 1886.) Dept. A, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE! CAR OWNERS' HANDBOOK

Gives a remedy for every tire emergency—is quoted as authority by American and foreign auto journals. Tells how to get 10,000 miles use and about the

SHALER Stitch-in-Time Vulcanizer

How it makes one tire outwear three. How it repairs any casing or inner tube anywhere. Uses denatured alcohol for fuel. Send name for your copy of our booklet, *"Care and Repair of Tires,"* before the edition is exhausted.

C. A. SHALER CO.
1361 4th St. Wausau, Wis.

Make your rowboat a power boat in a minute

Your rowboat can be made an efficient power boat by simply clamping to the stern an Evinrude Rowboat Motor. Fits any shape boat or stern. No brackets or alterations to boat necessary. Speed as high as 7 miles an hour. Not affected by waves, spray, or weeds.

Evinrude Detachable Rowboat Motor

Does away with the tiresome rowing. It is simple, compact, light and smooth running. All rowboat owners, fishermen, cruisers, vacationists, and hunters should have one. Engine and gasoline tank weigh about 32 pounds and can be carried like a suit case.

Agents write for special proposition. Catalog with illustrations and descriptions of this marvelous motor FREE—Write.

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY
200 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Big $1 Offer—KEITH'S

No 1070—$2200. One of the 215.

72 page month-ly magazine for 6 months, a copy of my new book

100 PLANS
Bungalows Cottages

Keith's Magazine is the recognized authority on building and decorating artistic homes. $1 a year.

Keith's 1911 Big $1. Plan Books, direct or thru Newsdealers, are—

215 Bungalows and Cottages	175 Plans cstg. $5000. to $6000.
200 Plans cstg. $3000. to $4000.	125 " " 6000. and up.
175 " " 4000. to 5000.	120 " Concrete and Brick.

Any one of these $1. Plan Books FREE with a year's subscription $2.
A year's sub. to "Keith's" and any two books $3; any five, $5.
M. L. KEITH, 660 Lumber Exch., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the real truth about
PATENTS
Write, Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence
610 F. Street, Washington, D. C.
Established 50 years—Booklet and advice FREE

PRINT FOR YOURSELF

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

Swift's Pride

Cleanser
Soap
Washing Powder

Swift's Pride Soap is a scientifically made soap—always to be depended upon because of the high quality of materials and the care used in manufacture. An excellent soap for general laundry use. Try Swift's Pride Soap next wash day—you will order it again.

Swift's Pride Washing Powder is the busy woman's best aid for cleaning of any kind. It saves time wash day—is a great help in washing dishes—makes china shine and cut glass sparkle, and does all of the work right. Get a package today.

Swift's Pride Cleanser comes in a handy sifting top can, full of help for the housewife. Goes to the bottom of all dirt—loosens grease and grime—scours, brightens, polishes anything. Tell your grocer he must send Swift's Pride Cleanser next time.

At
All
Dealers

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

Hamilton Coupons are packed with above articles. Complete illustrated catalog of free presents and a 50 Coupon Certificate mailed on request by The Hamilton Corporation, 29-35 W. 32nd St., New York. A Postal Card will do.

Inter-State

The INTER-STATE Refers You to Real Records—Not Boastful Claims

Records made by your own neighbors who are Inter-State owners. Here is a radical departure from the usual motor car advertisement. Here are given **real** Reasons Why The **Inter-State** motor car with the "high-quality-sane-price Idea" behind it should be YOUR choice. You are asked not only to read every line of this vital message to Automobile Buyers, but you are asked to

Send For a List of Names

of your own neighbors who are now driving the Inter-State, men who have given this car the **real** Test of actual **service.**

We logically figure that the Prospective Purchaser would be more impressed by the word of his Neighbor or Friend as to the performance and wearability of that friend's own car than to read pages of glittering Advertising Generalities, so—

We send you these names that you may ask these men and abide by **their** decision.

This gives you the opportunity of a fair judgment; it allows you to ask your Neighbor what **he** thinks of his car; it eliminates the element of speculation; it gives YOU the opportunity of buying a car whose Dependability is proven. So, write for these names today. Learn what your friends and neighbors say of this car. Learn of the car's records at their hands. Use coupon below.

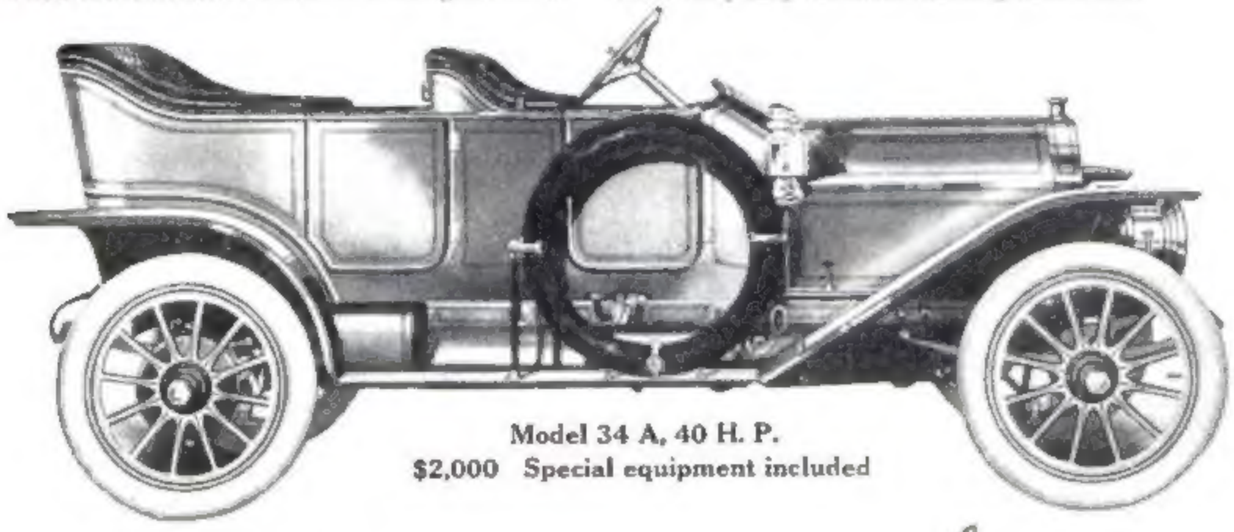
A man can afford to put just so much money into a car for the pleasure and convenience or service the car gives him.

If you buy a "Bargain-price," "Assembled" car it means that, to keep your peace of mind, you will be forced to sell it at a great financial sacrifice in a few months, and try again. For the Cheap car is bound to be cheaply constructed. Its greedy appetite for repairs will soon assert itself.

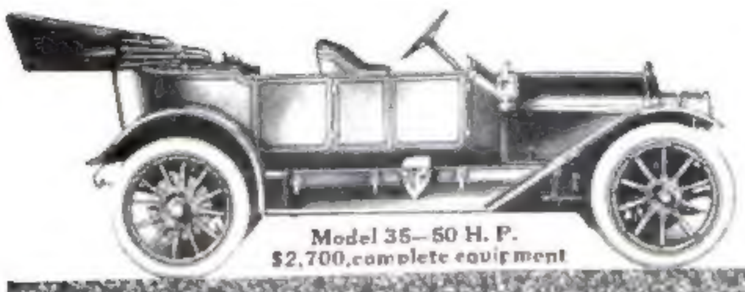
Then, if you go to the other extreme—that of buying the High-priced car—you do so at the extremely probable Risk of putting more **into** it than you and your family can get **out** of it.

The answer to the problem is the Medium-priced Inter-State, the car of **Long-endurance** and **Lasting** Service, the car that gives you the utmost in Motoring Luxury for the **price that should be paid.**

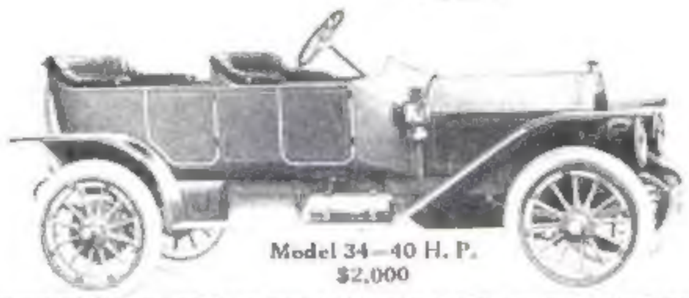
Here then is the explanation of our "high-quality-sane-price Idea," the Idea that has brought the Inter-State the greatest tribute possible, the enthusiastic praise of Owners, after the years, not mere months, of **service.**



Model 34 A, 40 H. P.
$2,000 Special equipment included



Model 35—50 H. P.
$2,700, complete equipment



Model 34—40 H. P.
$2,000

Distinctive Features of Medium-Priced Inter-State 40 H. P. Models

(Space does not permit of giving features of 50 h.p. models in this announcement.)

Bore of Motor 4½ in.—Stroke 5 in.

1.—This ½ in. greater stroke gives more horsepower for lighter weight motor. 2.—Motor of longer life. 3.—Greater economy of gasoline—20 miles to the gallon under favorable road conditions. 4.—Less radiating surface. 5.—Smoother running, less noise. 6.—Reduced speed of action means reduced wear on bearings, valves, valve-stems, cams and crank shaft. 7.—Longer stroke also results in reduced temperature at exhaust valves. Thus, valve-grinding is exceptional. 8.—Increased compression and resultant economy of operation. 9.—Better mixture and vaporizing of charge; this gives greater flexibility; the motor can be throttled down to lower speed and a steadier, more quiet and smooth pull on hills.

Integral Clutch and Gearset Runs In Oil

(Found only in a few of highest priced cars.)

Greater rigidity and absence of friction—no loss of power, as clutch and gearset are of integral or unit design.

Power Transmission By Enclosed Propeller Shaft

No universal joints exposed to dangerous flying stones from wheels; no destructive sand or dust can work in crevices.

118 in. Wheel Base. 2 to 8 in. longer than in cars any ways near price of **Inter-State.**

Wonderfully Easy Riding Springs. Front Springs semi-elliptic, 40 and 42 in. long. Rear Springs ¾-elliptic and 45 in. long.

Proper Distribution of Weight. 10,000 to 15,000 miles of service to original tires are result of car's lightness and even distribution of weight.

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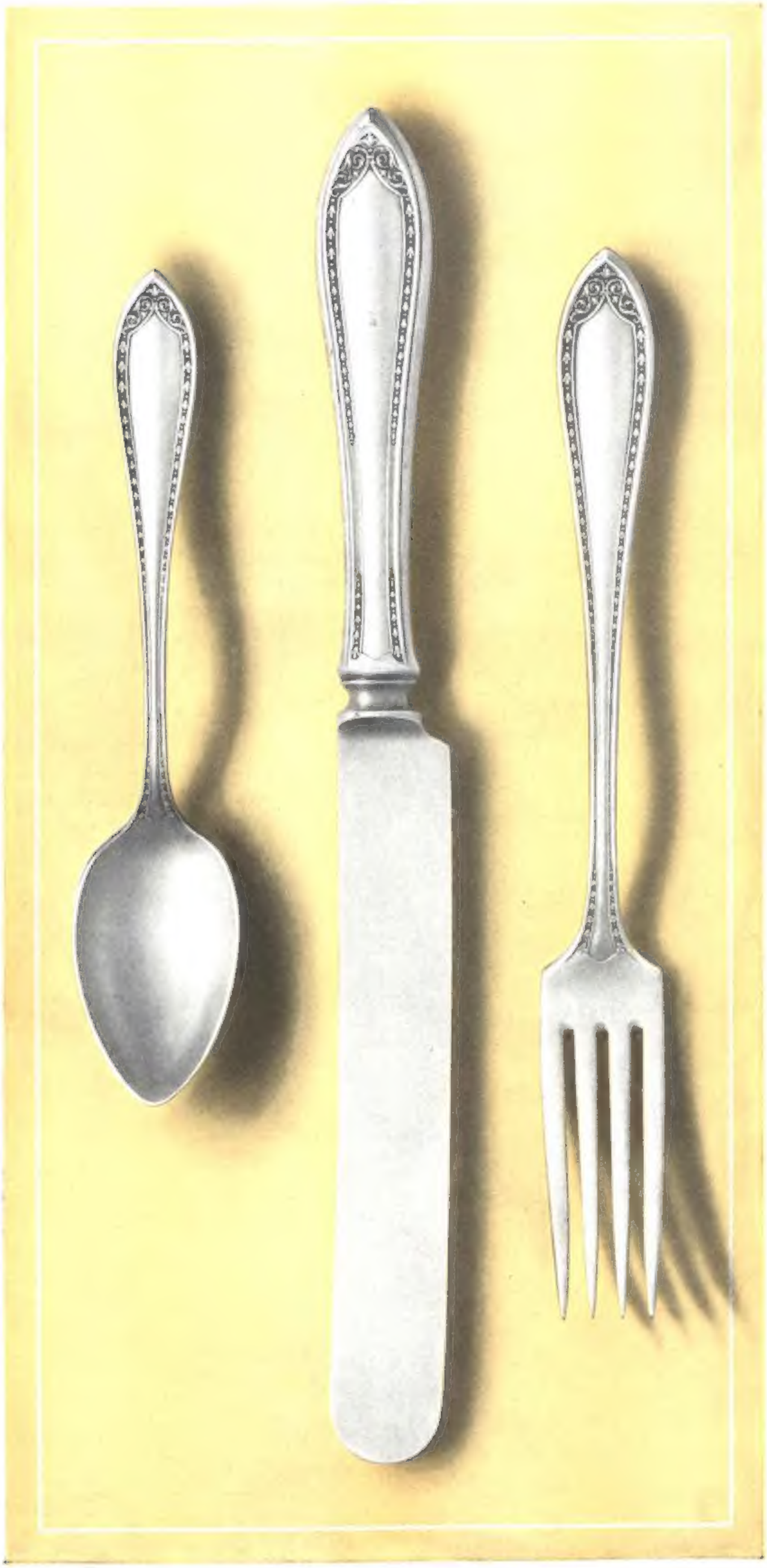

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